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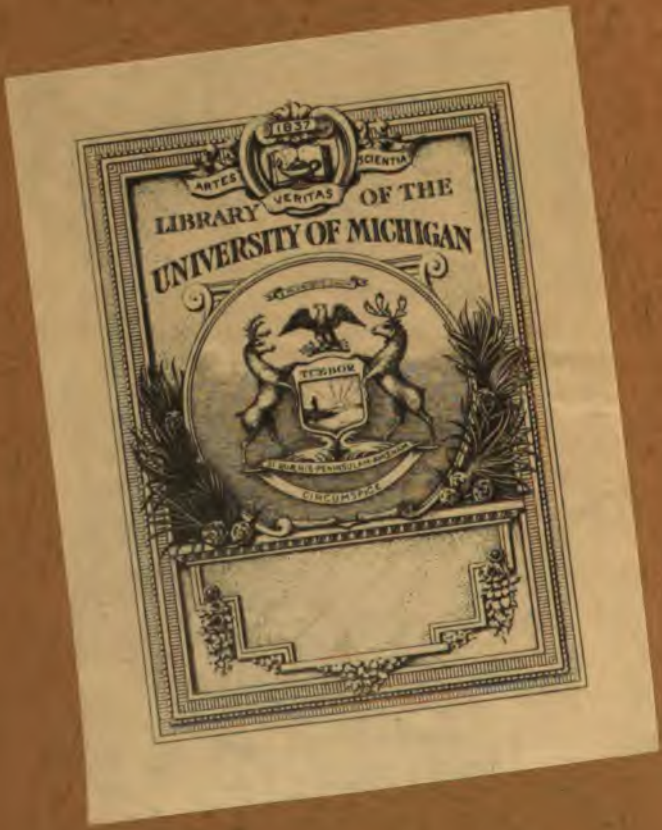

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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE TEXT REVISED

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN NINE VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

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THE FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

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THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

First printed in the folio of 1623.—In this play little or nothing of Shakespeare is to be traced: but the fact of its being admitted into the folio may be regarded as a proof that he had touched it here and there.—The "*Henery the vj*," which Henslowe mentions as first acted on March 3, 1591-2, and as frequently repeated afterwards (*Diary*, p. 22, sqq. Shakespeare Soc. ed.), was perhaps *The First Part of King Henry the Sixth* in its original state, and the play to which Nash alludes when he says, "How would it haue ioyed braue Talbot (the terror of the French) to thinke that, after he had line two hundred yeares in his tombe, he should triumph againe on the stage, and haue his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least (at seuerall times), who in the tragedian that represents his person imagine they behold him fresh bleeding." *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Diuell*, sig. F 3, ed. 1595.

1864. "The *Three Parts of King Henry the Sixth* appear to me to have been written by Shakespeare in conjunction with others. Marlowe was probably one of his coadjutors. The Temple-Garden scene and those scenes which relate to the death of the Talbots were perhaps all that he contributed to the *First Part*. Possibly he may have also written the interview between Talbot and the Countess of Auvergne.

"He seems to have written more of *The Second and Third Parts*.

"I believe that the first folio has given us all these three plays substantially as they were first written, but not without occasional errors, and even sophistications. As to *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, I have little doubt that they are merely piratical depravations of *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry the Sixth*. These two pirated plays, however, with all their imperfections, and in the midst of every variety of corruption, seem here and there to have preserved the genuine text in passages which are incorrectly given in the folio, and consequently ought to be studied by modern editors.

"I have merely stated my opinions: to bring forward the reasons on which they are founded would carry me far beyond the limits of a note." W. N. Lettsom.

I must observe here, that I am far from agreeing with my friend Mr. Lettsom about *The Three Parts of King Henry VI*. I still believe that *The First Part of King Henry VI.* was not written by Shakespeare in conjunction with any other author or authors, but that it is a comparatively old drama, which he slightly altered and improved. Nor am I inclined to relinquish my opinion that he had no share in the composition of *The First Part of the Contention*, &c. and of *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*,—both of which I strongly suspect to have been wholly from the pen of Marlowe. See my Memoir of Shakespeare, vol. i. p. 48 and pp. 54-5; also the *Introductions* to *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.*, in the present volume.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Sixth.
Duke of Gloster, uncle to the King, and protector.
Duke of Bedford, uncle to the King, and regent of France.
Thomas Beaufort, duke of Exeter, great-uncle to the King.
Henry Beaufort, great-uncle to the King, bishop of Winchester, and afterwards cardinal.
John Beaufort, earl of Somerset, afterwards duke.
Richard Plantagenet, son of Richard late earl of Cambridge, afterwards duke of York.
Earl of Warwick.*
Earl of Salisbury.
Earl of Suffolk.
Lord Talbot, afterwards earl of Shrewsbury.
John Talbot, his son.
Edmund Mortimer, earl of March.
Sir John Fastolfe.
Sir William Lucy.
Sir William Glansdale.
Sir Thomas Gargrave.
Mayor of London.
Woodville, lieutenant of the Tower.
Vernon, of the White-Rose or York faction.
Basset, of the Red-Rose or Lancaster faction.
A Lawyer.—Mortimer's Keepers.

Charles, Dauphin, and afterwards king, of France.
Reignier, duke of Anjou, and titular king of Naples.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Alençon.
Bastard of Orleans.
Governor of Paris.
Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.
General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.
A French Sergeant. A Porter.
An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

Margaret, daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry.
Countess of Auvergne.
Joan la Pucelle, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle.

Scene—*Partly in England, and partly in France.*

* That there are properly *two* Earls of Warwick in this play,—the Warwick of the opening scene (who is a mute) being *Beauchamp*, the Warwick of the later scenes *Neville*,—has been remarked by Ritson in his note on sc. 1, and by Courtenay in his *Comment. on the Hist. Plays of Shakspeare*, vol. i. p. 213.

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THE FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Westminster Abbey.*

Dead march. The corpse of King HENRY the Fifth, *in state, is brought in, attended on by the* Dukes of BEDFORD, GLOSTER, *and* EXETER, *the* Earl of WARWICK, *the* Bishop of WINCHESTER, Heralds, *&c.*

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto Henry's death!
Henry the Fifth,[1] too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquerèd.

Exe. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,

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Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a schoolboy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector,
And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious churchmen may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!
Let's to the altar:—heralds, wait on us:—
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.—
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist[2] eyes babes shall suck;
Our isle be made a marish of salt tears,[3]
And none but women left to wail the dead.—
Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invocate;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar or bright Berenice.[4]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:

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Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Rouen, Orleans,[5]
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man! before dead Henry's corse
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Amongst the soldiers this is mutterèd,
That here you maintain several factions;
And, whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals:
One would have lingering wars, with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
And a third thinks,[6] without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.[7]

Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of France.—
Give me my steelèd coat! I'll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no impórt:
The Dauphin Charles is crownèd king in Rheims;
The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;[8]
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin crownèd king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

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Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats :—
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.
Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter a third Messenger.

Third Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.
Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?
Third Mess. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three-and-twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassèd and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitchèd in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continuèd;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance:
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew:[9]
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him:
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
"A Talbot! a Talbot!" cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe[10] had not play'd the coward:
He, being in the vaward,—plac'd behind,[11]
With purpose to relieve and follow them,—
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;

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Enclosèd were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

Third Mess. O, no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,—
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

Third Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember 't;[12] and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*

Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
To view th' artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office:

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The king from Eltham I intend to steal,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.[13]

[*Exit. Scene closes.*

SCENE II. *France. Before Orleans.*

Flourish. Enter CHARLES, *with his Forces;* ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;
The whiles[14] the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drownèd mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege: why lie we idly here?[15]
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,—
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the fórlorn[16] French!—
Him I forgive my death that killeth me
When he sees me go back one foot or flee.[17] [*Exeunt.*

Alarums; excursions; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,

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England all Olivers and Rowlands bred[18]
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliases
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them be[19] more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmers or device,
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;[20]
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we'll even let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd:
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordainèd is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome:
What's past and what's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.

Char. Go, call her in. [*Exit Bastard.*] But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern:
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath. [*Retires.*

Re-enter the Bastard of Orleans, *with* La Pucelle.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

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Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?—
Where is the Dauphin?—Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart.—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious[21] hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deignèd to appear to me,
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success:
In cómplete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me
That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.[22]
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this,—thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with five[23] flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,
Out of a deal old iron I chose forth.[24]

Char. Then come, o' God's name; I fear[25] no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*They fight.*

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Char. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.
Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.
Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be:
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.
Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above:
When I have chasèd all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.
Char. Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.
Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.
Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?
Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?
Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.
Char. What she says, I'll[26] confirm: we'll fight it out.
Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon[27] days,
Since I have enterèd into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to naught.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersèd are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud-insulting ship
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.
Char. Was Mahomet inspirèd with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspirèd, then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.

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Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverent[28] worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

Char. Presently we'll try:—come, let's away about it:—
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *London. Before the gates of the Tower.*

Enter the Duke of GLOSTER, *with his* Serving-men *in blue coats.*[29]

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day:
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.—
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates; 'tis Gloster that calls.[30] [*Servants knock.*

First Warder. [*within*] Who's there that knocketh[31] so imperiously?

First Serv. It is the noble Duke of Gloster.

Second Warder. [*within*] Whoe'er he be, you[32] may not be let in.

First Serv. Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

First Warder. [*within*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who willèd you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none protector of the realm but I.—
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

[*Gloster's Serving-men rush at the Tower-gates.*

Woodville. [*within*] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Gloster that would enter.

Woodville. [*within*] Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment[33]
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

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Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me,—
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

Serving-men. Open the gates unto the lord protector:
We'll burst them open, if you come not quickly.[34]

[*Gloster's Serving-men rush again at the Tower-gates.*

Enter WINCHESTER, *with his* Serving-men *in tawny coats.*

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?

Glo. Peel'd priest, dost thou command me be shut out?[35]

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursèd Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.

Glo. What! am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—
Draw, men, for all this privilegèd place;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats.—Priest, beware your beard;
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I'll stamp thy cardinal's hat;
In spite of Pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.[36]

Win. Gloster, thou wilt answer this before the Pope.

Glo. Winchester goose! I cry, a rope! a rope!—
Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?—
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawny-coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!

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Here GLOSTER *and his* Serving-men *attack the other party; and enter in the hurly-burly the* Mayor of London *and* Officers.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster, a foe to citizens;[37]
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[*Here they skirmish again.*

May. Naught rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation:—
Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.[38]

Off. [*reads*] "All manner of men assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death."

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we'll meet; to thy dear[39] cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away:—
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou mayst.

Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it ere long.[40]

[*Exeunt, severally, Gloster and Winchester with their Serving-men.*

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—
Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear![41]
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV. *France. Before Orleans.*

Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner *and his* Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,
And how the English have the suburbs won.
Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's 'spials have informèd me
How th' English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont,[42] through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And even these three days[43] have I watch'd, if I
Could see them.
Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*
Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper chamber of a tower, the Lords SALISBURY *and* TALBOT, Sir WILLIAM GLANSDALE, Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE, *and others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled being prisoner,
Or by what means gott'st thou to be releas'd,
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.
Tal. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner
Callèd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;[44]
For him was I exchang'd and ransomèd.
But with a baser man-of-arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I, disdaining, scorn'd; and cravèd death

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Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.[45]
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But, O, the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart!
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame:
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute-while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd;
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here, through this secret grate, I count each one,[46]
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the town. Salisbury and Sir Thomas Gargrave fall.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

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Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?—
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!—
Accursèd tower! accursèd fatal hand
That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!—
Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.—
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die whiles—
He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,
As who should say, "When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French."—
Plantagenet, I will; and, Nero-like,[47]
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.[48]

[*Thunder heard; afterwards an alarum.*

What stir is this? what tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum and this[49] noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—
A holy prophetess new risen up,—
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*Salisbury lifts himself up and groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.—
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:—

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Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
Convey me Salisbury into his tent:
Then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.[50]
[*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*

SCENE V. *Before one of the gates of Orleans.*

Alarums. Skirmishings. Enter TALBOT, *pursuing the* Dauphin, *drives him in, and exit: then enter* LA PUCELLE, *driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them: then re-enter* TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.
Here, here she comes.

Re-enter LA PUCELLE.

I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee,—thou art a witch,—
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.
Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.
[*They fight.*
Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will châstise this high-minded strumpet.
[*They fight again.*
Puc. [*retiring*] Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go cheer up thy hunger-starvèd men;[51]
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.
[*La Pucelle enters the town with Soldiers.*
Tal. My thoughts are whirlèd like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do:

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A witch by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away. [*A short alarum.*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,[52]
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subduèd slaves.
[*Alarum. Another skirmish.*
It will not be:—retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spite of us or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Alarum; retreat. Exeunt Talbot and Forces.*

Flourish. Enter, on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, *the* Bastard *of Orleans,* REIGNIER, ALENÇON, *and Soldiers.*

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English:—
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
Char. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,[53]
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,[54]
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessèd hap did ne'er befall our state.
Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?[55]
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.
Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

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Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which I will divide my crown with her;
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear
Than Rhodope's of Memphis[56] ever was:
In memory of her when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewell'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Ever before the kings and queens of France.[57]
No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *France. Before Orleans.*

Enter, to the gate, a French Sergeant *and two* Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court-of-guard.

First Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*] Thus are poor servitors—
When others sleep upon their quiet beds—
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *and Forces, with scaling-ladders, their drums beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord regent, and redoubted Burgundy,—
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy are friends to us,—
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,

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Having all day carous'd and banqueted:
Embrace we, then, this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!

Bur. Traitors have never other company.—
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid! and be so martial!

Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long;
If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed: I'll to yond corner.

Bur. And[58] I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English scale the walls, crying "St. George! a Talbot!" and all enter the town.*

Sent. Arm! arm! the enemy doth make assault!

The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, the Bastard *of Orleans,* ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER, *half ready and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords! what, all unready so?

Bast. Unready! ay, and glad we scap'd so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

Alen. Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,

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Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles: I marvel how he sped.

Bast. Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter CHARLES *and* LA PUCELLE.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking, must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter and mine own precinct
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how or which way should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How or which way: 'tis sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarums. Enter an English Soldier, *crying "A Talbot! a Talbot!" They fly, leaving their clothes behind.*

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.

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The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Orleans. Within the town.*

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *a* Captain, *and others.*

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[*Retreat sounded.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursèd town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armèd men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself—as far as I could well discern
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night—
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin and his trull,
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,

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That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?
Tal. Here is the Talbot: who would speak with him?
Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.
Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—
You mayn't, my lord, despise her gentle suit.
Tal. Ne'er trust me, then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd:—
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.—
Will not your honours bear me company?
Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.
Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.—
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*] You perceive my mind?
Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Auvergne. Court of the Castle.*

Enter the Countess *and her* Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And when you've done so, bring the keys to me.

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Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger *and* TALBOT.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is Lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspéct
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!
It cannot be, this weak and writhlèd shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you. [*Going.*

Count. What means he now?—Go ask him whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter *with keys.*

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.

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Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain 't.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.[59]

[*He winds a horn. Drums strike up; then a peal of ordnance. The gates being forced, enter Soldiers.*

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;

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For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue[60]
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart; and think me honourèd
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *London. The Temple-garden.*

Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, *and* WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, *and a* Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth;
Or else was wrangling Somerset in th' error?[61]

Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then, between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;—
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

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Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.
Plan. Since you are tongue-tied and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.
Som. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
War. I love no colours; and, without all colour
Of base-insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.
Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.
Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
Till you conclude that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected:
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.
Plan. And I.
Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose' side.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.
Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.
Som. Well, well, come on: who else?
Law. [*to Som.*] Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you;
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.
Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
Som. Here in my scabbard; meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

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Plan. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear; but anger that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.
Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding rose,[62]
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.
Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy faction,[63] peevish boy.
Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.
Plan. Proud Pole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good William de la Pole!
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England:
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?
Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.
Plan. My father was attachèd, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Pole, and you yourself,

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I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.
Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
And know us, by these colours, for thy foes,—
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.
Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.
Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition!
And so, farewell, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*
Som. Have with thee, Pole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*
Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!
War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd[64] out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster:
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophesy,—this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple-garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.
Plan. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.
Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.
Law. And so will I.
Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.[65]
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE V. *A room in the Tower of London.*

Enter MORTIMER, *brought-in in a chair by two* Keepers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—
Even like a man new-halèd from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these gray locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like agèd, in an age of care,[66]
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer:
These eyes—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent—
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:
Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief;
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay—
Swift-wingèd with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

First Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;[67]
And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mor. Enough: my soul shall then be satisfied.—
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance.
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,[68]
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence:
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

First Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, friend,[69] is he come?

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Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despisèd Richard, comes.
Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say, of late thou wert despis'd?
Plan. First, lean thine agèd back against mine arm;
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;
Among which terms he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death:
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.
Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursèd instrument of his decease.
Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was;
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.
Mor. I will, if that my fading[70] breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard,[71]—Edward's son,
The first-begotten and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this
Was, for that—young King Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body—
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derivèd am

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From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third; whereas he[72]
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark: as, in this haughty-great attempt,
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;[73]
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor. Thou dost, then, wrong me,—as that slaughterer doth
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral:
And so, farewell; and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war! [*Dies.*

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Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.

[*Exeunt Keepers, bearing out the body of Mortimer.*

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:—
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restorèd to my blood,
Or make my ill[74] th' advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. The Parliament-house.*

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *and* SUFFOLK; the Bishop of WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *and others.* GLOSTER *offers to put up a bill;* WINCHESTER *snatches it, and tears it.*

Win. Com'st thou with deep-premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloster? If thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention, suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd

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The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree;
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest,—
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London-bridge as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,[75]
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preferreth[76] peace
More than I do,—except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good—

Glo. As good!
Thou bastard of my grandfather!—[77]

Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not lord[78] protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

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Glo. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.
Win. This Rome shall remedy.[79]
War. Roam thither, then.[80]
Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.
War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.
Som. Methinks my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.
War. Methinks his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.
War. State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?
Plan. [*aside*] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue,
Lest it be said, "Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?"
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.
K. Hen. Uncles of Gloster and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissension is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.
[*A noise within,* "Down with the tawny-coats!"
What tumult's this?
War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
[*A noise again within,* "Stones! stones!"

Enter the Mayor of London, *attended.*

May. O, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop[81] and the Duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones,
And, banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,[82]

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That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, skirmishing, the Serving-men *of* GLOSTER *and* WINCHESTER *with bloody pates.*

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the peace.—
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

First Serv. Nay, if we be
Forbidden stones, we'll fall to't with our teeth.

Sec. Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
[*Skirmish again.*

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

Third Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty:
And, ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgracèd by an inkhorn mate,
We, and our wives and children, all will fight,
And have[83] our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

First Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [*Skirmish again.*

Glo. Stay, stay, I say![84]
An if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

K. Hen. O how this discord doth afflict my soul!—
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer[85] a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. My lord protector, yield;[86]—yield, Winchester;—
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

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Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.
Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.
War. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothèd brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern and tragical?
Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.
K. Hen. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?
War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird.—
For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent!
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?
Win. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.
Glo. [*aside*] Ay, but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not!
Win. [*aside*] So help me God, as I intend it not!
K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloster,[87]
How joyful am I made by this contrácт!—
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.
First Serv. Content: I'll to the surgeon's.
Sec. Serv. And so will I.
Third Serv. And I will see what physic the tavern affords.
[*Exeunt Serving-men, Mayor, &c.*
War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.
Glo. Well urg'd, my Lord of Warwick:—for, sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right;
Especially for those occasions

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At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restorèd to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restorèd to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,[83]
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience
And faithful service till the point of death.[89]

K. Hen. Stoop, then, and set your knee against my foot;
And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York!

Som. [*aside*] Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of York!

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, King Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all except Exeter.*

Exe. Ay, we may march in England or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers
Burns under feignèd ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degrees,[90]
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.

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And now I fear that fatal prophecy
Which in the time of Henry nam'd the Fifth
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry born at Monmouth should win all,
And Henry born at Windsor should lose all:[91]
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *France. Before Rouen.*

Enter LA PUCELLE *disguised, and* Soldiers *dressed like Countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.*

Puc. These are the city-gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance,—as I hope we shall,—
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

First Sol. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*

Guard. [*within*] *Qui va là?*[92]

Puc. *Paysans, pauvres gens de France,*—
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Guard. [*opening the gates*] Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.
[*La Pucelle, &c. enter the town.*

Enter CHARLES, *the* Bastard *of Orleans,* ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and Forces.*

Char. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle and her practisants;
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where[93] is the best and safest passage in?

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Reig. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is,—
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter LA PUCELLE *on a battlement, holding out a torch burning.*

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding-torch
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry "The Dauphin!" presently,
And then do execution on the watch.

[*They enter the town. Exit La Pucelle above.*

Alarums. Enter, from the town, TALBOT *and* English Soldiers.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.—
Pucelle, that witch, that damnèd sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.

[*Exeunt into the town.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter, from the town, BEDFORD, *brought in sick in a chair, with* TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and the English Forces. Then enter on the walls* LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, *the* Bastard *of Orleans,* ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:
'Twas full of darnel;—do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtezan!
I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

Puc. What will you do, good graybeard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?

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Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,[94]
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are ye so hot, sir?—yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.
[*Talbot and the rest whisper together in council.*
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

Puc. Belike your lordship takes us, then, for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecaté,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang!—base muleters of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Captains, away![95] let's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.—
God b' wi' you, my lord! we came up[96] but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt La Pucelle, &c. from the walls.*

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house—
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France—
Either to get the town again or die;
And I,—as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror,—
As sure as in this late-betrayèd town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was burièd,—
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford.—Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:

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Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field, and vanquishèd his foes:
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
Then be it so:—heavens keep old Bedford safe!—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt, into the town, Burgundy, Talbot, and Forces, leaving Bedford and others.*

Alarums: excursions; in one of which, enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE *and a* Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away! to save myself by flight:
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!

[*Exit into the town.*

Retreat: excursions. Re-enter, from the town, LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, *&c. and exeunt flying.*

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please,
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffs
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*

Alarums. Re-enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and others.*

Tal. Lost and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Let[97] heavens have glory for this victory!

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Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot,[98] Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monuments.
Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep:
Now where's the Bastard's braves and Charles his gleeks?
What, all amort? Rouen hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers;
And then depart to Paris to the king,
For there young Henry with his nobles lie.[99]
Bur. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.
Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen:
A braver soldier never couchèd lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court:
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The plains near Rouen.*

Enter CHARLES, *the* Bastard *of Orleans*, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces.*

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recoverèd:
Care is no cure, but rather córrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.
Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence:
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.
Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

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Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessèd saint:
Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our good.
Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.
Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirpèd from our provinces.
Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.
Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work
To bring this matter to the wishèd end. [*Drums heard.*
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English march. Enter, and pass over at a distance, TALBOT *and his Forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

A French march. Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY *and his Forces.*

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.
[*Trumpets sound a parley.*
Char. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!
Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?
Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.
Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.
Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.
Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.
Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.
Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!

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As looks the mother on her lovely babe[100]
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast!
O, turn thy edgèd sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stainèd spots.

Bur. [*aside*] Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaim on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind,—and mark but this for proof,—
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord;
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur. [*aside*] I'm vanquishèd; these haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.—
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours:—
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman,—[*Aside*] turn, and turn again!

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Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Paris. A room in the palace.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, EXETER, VERNON, BASSET, *&c.* *To them* TALBOT *and some of his* Officers.

Tal. My gracious prince,—and honourable peers,—
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven wallèd towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem—
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet, [*Kneeling.*
And with submissive loyalty of heart
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Hen. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,[101]
That hath so long been resident in France?

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!
When I was young,—as yet I am not old,—
I do remember how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolvèd of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;

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And in our coronation take your place.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all except Vernon and Basset.*

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble Lord of York,—
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.

[*Strikes him.*

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such,
That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Paris. A room of state in the palace.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, *the* Governor of Paris, *and others.*

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!

Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,—

[*Governor kneels.*

That you elect no other king but him;
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,
And none your foes but such as shall pretend

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Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!
[*Exeunt Governor and his Train.*

Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.
[*Presenting it.*

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,—[102] [*Plucks it off.*
Which I have done,—because unworthily
Thou wast installèd in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,[103]
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,—
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the Garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.[104]
He, then, that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order,
And should—if I were worthy to be judge—

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Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom!
Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight:
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death. [*Exit Fastolfe.*
And now, my lord protector,[105] view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his style?
[*Viewing the superscription.*
No more but, plain and bluntly, "To the King"?
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?[106]
What's here?—[*Reads*] "I have, upon especial cause,—
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of France."
O monstrous treachery! can this be so,—
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. Hen. Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse.—
My lord, how say you?[107] are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege! yes, but that I'm prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*

Enter VERNON *and* BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

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Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!
York. This is my servant: hear him, noble prince!
Som. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him!
K. Hen. Be patient, lords; and give them leave to speak.—
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.
Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.
K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.
Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.
Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem with forgèd quaint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.
York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?
Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.
K. Hen. Good Lord, what madness rules in brain-sick men,
When for so slight and frivolous a cause
Such factious emulations shall arise!—
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.
York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

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Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it, then.
York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.
Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.
Glo. Confirm it so! Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals, are you not asham'd
With this immodest clamorous outráge
To trouble and disturb the king and us?—
And you, my lords,—methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.
Exe. It grieves his highness:—good my lords, be friends.
K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.—
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!
O, think upon the conquest of my father;
My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose, [*Putting on a red rose.*
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the King of Scots is crown'd.

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But your discretions better can persuade
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.—
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:—
And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;—
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish. Exeunt King Henry, Gloster, Somerset, Winchester, Suffolk, and Basset.*

War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. An if I wist[108] he did,—but let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managèd.

[*Exeunt York, Warwick, and Vernon.*

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that he doth presage some ill event.[109]
'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands;
But more when envy breeds unkind division;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.[110] [*Exit.*

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SCENE II. *Before Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT, *with his Forces.*

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter;
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the General of the French Forces, *and others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry King of England;
And thus he would,—Open your city-gates;
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects;
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of our[111] love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!
This is the latest glory of thy praise

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That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well-colourèd,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out..
[*Exeunt General, &c. from the walls.*

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy:—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,—
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be, then, in blood;
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Plains in Gascony.*

Enter YORK, *with Forces; to him a* Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot: as he march'd along,
By your espials were discoverèd
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led;
Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,

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That thus delays my promisèd supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renownèd Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am louted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God, that Somerset—who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury make me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul;
And on his son young John, who two hours since
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
Long all of Somerset and his delay. [*Exit with Forces.*

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition

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Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,[112]
Henry the Fifth:—whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Other plains in Gascony.*

Enter SOMERSET, *with his Forces; an* Officer *of* TALBOT'S *with him.*

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.
Off. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?
Lucy. Hither,[113] my lord; from bought and sold Lord Talbot;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions:[114]
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in disvantage[115] lingering, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renownèd noble gentleman,
Yields[116] up his life unto a world of odds:

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Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,[117]
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied horse,
Collected for this expedition.[118]

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse:
I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight;
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en or slain:
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then, adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The English camp near Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT *and* JOHN *his son.*

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,

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Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me!
The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.[119]
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If, the first hour, I shrink and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing, I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him but will be sham'd[120] in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renownèd name: shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.

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Come, side by side together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *A field of battle.*

Alarums: excursions, wherein TALBOT'S Son *is hemmed about, and* TALBOT *rescues him.*

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot?—Pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O, twice my father, twice am I thy son!
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done,
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight—I soon encounterèd,
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus,—"Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:"—
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,—
Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead:
The help of one stands me in little stead.

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O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat!
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain, an if I stay,—
'Tis but the shortening of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,—
To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,—
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter TALBOT *wounded, supported by a* Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone;—
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,[121]
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:—
When he perceiv'd me shrink and on[122] my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence

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Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendering my ruin, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustering battle of the French;
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit; and there died
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride..

Serv. O my dear lord, lo, where your son is borne!

Enter Soldiers, *bearing the body of* JOHN TALBOT.

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, wingèd through the lither sky,[123]
In thy despite, shall scape mortality.—
O thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath!
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.—
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.—
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms:
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [*Dies.*

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers *and* Servant, *leaving the two bodies. Enter* CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, *the* Bastard *of Orleans,* LA PUCELLE, *and Forces.*

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
"Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:"
But, with a proud majestical high scorn,
He answer'd thus, "Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglet wench:"

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So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight:—
See, where he lies inhearsèd in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no, forbear! for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, *attended; a* French Herald *preceding.*

Lucy. Herald,[124]
Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent, to know
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field,[125]
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,—
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece;
Great Marshal to Henry the Sixth[126]
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Puc. Here is a silly-stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.—
Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain,—the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?

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O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!
O that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud-commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em;[127] to keep them here,
They wonld but stink, and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence:
But doubt not from their ashes shall be rear'd[128]
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard.

Char. So we be rid of them, do what[129] thou wilt.—
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. A room in the palace.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and* EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the Pope,
The emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord: and their intent is this,—
They humbly sue unto your excellence
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought

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It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac—near kin to Charles,[130]
A man of great authority in France—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dower.[131]

K. Hen. Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young!
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call th' ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate *and two* Ambassadors, *with* WINCHESTER, *now* Cardinal BEAUFORT, *and habited accordingly.*

Exe. [*aside*] What! is my Lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?[132]
Then I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,—
"If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown."

K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And therefore are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master,
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As, liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Hen. [*to the Amb.*] In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.—

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And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt King Henry, Gloster, Exeter, and Ambassadors.*

Car. Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promisèd
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure. [*Exit.*

Car. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive
That neither in birth or for authority
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *France. Plains in Anjou.*

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, *the* Bastard *of Orleans*, REIGNIER, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces, marching.*

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Char. What tidings send our scouts? I prithee, speak.

Mess. The English army, that divided was
Into two parts,[133] is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

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Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.
Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.
Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd:—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.
Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Before Angiers.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—
Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents,—
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprise! [*Thunder.*

Enter Fiends.

This speed and[134] quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful legions under earth,[135]
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk about, and speak not.*
O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now. [*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads.*
Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul,—my body, soul, and all,

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Before that England give the French the foil. [*They depart.*
See, they forsake me! Now the time is come,
That France must vail her lofty-plumèd crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting. LA PUCELLE *and* YORK *fight hand to hand:*[136] LA PUCELLE *is taken. The French fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape!
Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.
York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!
York. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue!
Puc. I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.
York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, *leading in* MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[*Gazes on her.*
O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace.[137] [*Kissing her hand.*
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.
Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples,—whosoe'er thou art.
Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:

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So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.[138]
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again as Suffolk's friend.
[*She turns away as going.*
O, stay!—[*Aside*] I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,[139]
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:—
Fie, de la Pole! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?[140]
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses crouch.[141]
Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.
Suf. [*aside*] How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit
Before thou make a trial of her love?
Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?
Suf. [*aside*] She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom—yea or no?
Suf. [*aside*] Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?
Mar. I were best to leave him,[142] for he will not hear.
Suf. [*aside*] There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling-card.
Mar. He talks at random;[143] sure, the man is mad.
Suf. [*aside*] And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. [*aside*] I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: tush, that's a wooden thing!
Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.
Suf. [*aside*] Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too;
For though her father be the King of Naples,

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Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.
Mar. Hear ye, captain,—are you not at leisure?
Suf. [*aside*] It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
Mar. [*aside*] What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. [*aside*] Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy.
Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—
Mar. [*aside*] Tush, women have been captivate ere now.
Suf. I prithee, lady,[144] wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.
Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to—[145]
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam,—are ye so content?
Mar. An if my father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our captains and our colours forth!—
[*Troops come forward.*
And, madam, at your father's castle-walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

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A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER *on the walls.*

See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner!
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent—and, for thy honour, give consent—
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Suf. Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.
Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
Suf. And here, my lord,[146] I will expect thy coming.
[*Exit Reignier from the walls.*

Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, *below.*

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.
Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her, little worth
To be the princely bride of such a lord,—
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the counties Maine and Anjou,[147]
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.
Suf. That is her ransom,—I deliver her;
And those two counties I will undertake
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

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Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king:—
[*Aside*] And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.—
I'll over, then, to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd.
So, farewell, Reignier: set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince King Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord: good wishes, praise, and prayers
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam: but, hark you, Margaret,—
No princely commendations to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd and modestly[148] directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again,—
No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord,—a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*

Mar. That for thyself:—I will not so presume
To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt Reignier and Margaret.*

Suf. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
And[149] natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Camp of the* Duke of YORK *in Anjou.*

Enter YORK, WARWICK, *and others.*

York. Bring forth that sorceress condemn'd to burn.

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Enter LA PUCELLE, *guarded, and a* Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless-cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood:
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,—
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursèd be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursèd drab?
O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good. [*Exit.*

York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not one[150] begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,

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By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils.
No, misconceivèd! Joan[151] of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay:—away with her to execution!

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be enow:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortenèd.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not, then, the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forfend! the holy maid with child!

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, well, go to; we'll have no bastards live;[152]
Especially since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his:
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you:
'Twas neither Charles nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that's most intolerable.

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York. Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave my curse:
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!

[*Exit, guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursèd minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, *attended.*

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and th' aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin and his train
Approacheth, to confer about some matters.[152]

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquerèd?—
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

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Enter CHARLES, *attended;* ALENÇON, *the* Bastard *of Orleans,* REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informèd by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my prison'd[154] voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Car. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,—
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be, then, a shadow[155] of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Us'd intercession to obtain a league,
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,

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And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. [*aside to Charles*] My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. [*aside to Charles*] To say the truth, it is your policy
To save your subjects from such massacre
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility;
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall;
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,—
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.(154)
[*Charles and the rest give tokens of fealty.*
So, now dismiss your army when ye please,
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still;
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *London. A room in the palace.*

Enter King HENRY, *in conference with* SUFFOLK; GLOSTER *and* EXETER *following.*

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, gracèd with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,

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Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush, my good lord,—this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise;
The chief perfections of that lovely dame—
Had I sufficient skill to utter them—
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit:
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full-replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem:
How shall we, then, dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. O, yes, my lord,[157] her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,[158]
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

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Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage[159] is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It[160] most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forcèd but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,[161]
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joinèd with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king:
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit—
More than in women commonly is seen—
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;[162]
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;

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Agree to any covenants; and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross[163] the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexèd with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so, conduct me where, from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[*Exeunt Gloster and Exeter.*

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm. [*Exit.*

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P. 5. (1) "*Henry the Fifth,*"

So Pope.—The folio has "King *Henry the Fift.*"—Compare a line in the next speech of the same speaker; "*Henry the Fifth!* thy ghost I invocate."—Walker (*Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. iii. p. 141) says, "Possibly '*King Henry Fifth.*'" (Here Mr. Collier, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, writes as follows; "In the corr. fo. 1632 'King' is erased, probably for the sake of the measure; but *as 'King' may have been considered necessary in order to denote more emphatically who was intended*, we leave it in the text.")

P. 6. (2) "*moist*"

The folio has "moistned."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 6. (3) "*Our isle be made a marish of salt tears,*"

So Pope, and (as Warburton remarks) very judiciously.—The folio has "— *a* Nourish *of salt Teares,*"—a flagrant error (in support of which, however, an example of the substantive "nourish," *i.e.* nourice, nurse, has been adduced *from Lydgate!*).—Here Ritson appositely quotes Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy;*

"*Made* mountains *marsh with spring-tides of my tears.*"

Compare too Smith's *Hector of Germanie*, 1615;

"Ere long Ile set them free, or *make* the soyle,
That holds them prisoners, *a Marsh-ground for* blood."
Sig. C 4.

P. 6. (4) "*Berenice.*"

Here the folio has a blank, which, as Malone observes, "undoubtedly arose from the transcriber's or compositor's not being able to make out the name."—"*Berenice*" is Johnson's proposed addition; of which Walker (*Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. iii. p. 147) unhesitatingly approves.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector supplies "Cassiopé."

P. 7. (5) "*Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Rouen, Orleans,*"

So Capell, with an eye to Gloster's next speech.—Here the folio omits "*Rouen.*"

P. 7. (6) "*And a third thinks,*"

The folio has "*A third thinkes.*"—The editor of the second folio gives "*A third* man *thinks,*"—which, to me at least, is far from satisfactory.

P. 7. (7) "*their flowing tides.*"

The folio has "her *flowing Tides,*"—"i.e.," says Pope, absurdly enough, "*England's flowing tides.*"

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P. 7. (8) "*Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;*"

The folio has "Reynold, *Duke*," &c.—Here "*doth take*" was altered to "takes" by Hanmer.

P. 8. (9) "*Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew:*"

The folio has "—— *enrag'd, he* slew."—Malone "suspects" (as he well might) "that the author wrote '*flew:*'"—if he had taken the trouble to examine Rowe's sec. edition, or Pope's edition, or Theobald's, &c., he would have found that correction.

P. 8. (10) "*Fastolfe*"

The folio throughout the play corrupts this name to "Falstaffe."

P. 8. (11) "*He, being in the vaward,—plac'd behind,*"

Here Hanmer and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alter "*vaward*" to "rearward" (Theobald's conjecture).—Steevens, in defence of the old reading, observes, "Some part of the van must have been behind the foremost line of it. We often say the *back front* of a house."

P. 9. (12)

"Exe. *Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,*

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Bed. *I do remember't;*"

"Qu. '*oath*'? yet does not the old grammar demand '*oaths*'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 254.—See note 1 on *Love's Labour's lost.*

P. 10. (13) "*The king from Eltham I intend to steal,*
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal."

The folio has "—— *I intend to* send,"—an error occasioned by the transcriber's or printer's eye having caught the preceding "*intend.*"—Mason saw that "*steal*" was the true reading, and so did Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

P. 10. (14) "*The whiles*"

So Capell and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "Other*whiles.*"

P. 10. (15) "*why lie we idly here?*"

The folio has "*why* liue *we*," &c.—On "*Lie* and *live* confounded" see Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 210. And compare, in the preceding speech but one, "At pleasure here *we lie*, near Orleans."

P. 10. (16) "*forlorn*"

"Qu. '*forward*'? At any rate, '*forlorn*' is ill adapted to the place (though Collier says the reverse), as the French had just been gaining great advan-

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tages. Collier's Corrector's '*forborne*' is nonsense; and Staunton's explanation ('previously lost') would be little better, even if the word could be so interpreted." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 10. (17) "*flee.*"

The folio has "flye."

P. 11. (18) "*bred*"

The folio has "breed."

P. 11. (19) "*them be*"

The folio has "*them* to *be.*"

P. 11. (20) "*on;*"

"Read '*one.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 6.

P. 12. (21) "*our Lady gracious*"

"Surely '*our gracious Lady.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 247. And so too Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

P. 12. (22) "*you see.*"

The folio has "*you* may *see.*"—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 12. (23) "*five*"

The folio has "fine."—Corrected by Steevens (from Holinshed).

P. 12. (24) "*Out of a deal old iron, I chose forth.*"

The folio has "*Out of a* great *deale* of *old Iron, I chose forth.*"

P. 12. (25) "*name; I fear*"

Pope printed "*name;* for *I fear.*"—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 149) proposes "*name; I* do *fear.*"—Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "*name,* on; *I fear.*"

P. 13. (26) "*I'll*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "I."

P. 13. (27) "*halcyon*"

The folio has "Halcyons."—Corrected in the third folio.

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P. 14. (28) "*reverent*"

The folio has "reuerently."—Capell changes "reverently" to "ever;" "which reading," says Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "is required for the sense as well as for the metre."

P. 14. (29) "in blue coats."

This is a modern addition; but the folio presently, in marking the entrance of Winchester's Servants, has "*in tawny coats*," p. 15; and Gloster, ib., exclaims, "Blue-coats to tawny-coats."

P. 14. (30) "*Open the gates; 'tis Gloster that calls.*"

See note 37.

P. 14. (31) "*knocksth*"

So Theobald.—The folio has "knocks."

P. 14. (32) "*you*"

Was altered by Capell to "he."

P. 15. (33) "*From him I have express commandment*"

In this line "*commandment*" is to be pronounced as a quadrisyllable; and indeed here the folio has "*commandement*,"—but concerning that spelling I would particularly refer the reader to note 78 on *The Merchant of Venice*.

P. 15. (34) "*We'll burst them open, if you come not quickly.*"

So Pope.—The folio has "Or *wee'le burst them open, if* that *you*," &c.

P. 15. (35) "*Peel'd priest, dost thou command me be shut out?*"

The folio has "——*me* to *be shut out*."—The spelling in the folio is "Piel'd *Priest*," &c. (Here Mr. Collier prints "Pill'd," because "we have had it before in *Measure for Measure* [act i. sc. 2]:" but there the play on words forbids any other spelling than "piled"—"as be *piled*, as thou art *piled*," &c.; and Mr. Collier in *The Merchant of Venice*, act i. sc. 3, prints "The skilful shepherd *peel'd* [old eds. "pil'd"] me certain wands," &c.)

P. 15. (36) "*Priest, beware your beard;*
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I'll stamp thy cardinal's hat;
. . . . . .
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down."

In the third line the folio has "*Vnder my feet I stampe*," &c. But the second

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folio rightly gives "—— *Ile stampe*," &c.,—Gloster threatening to stamp on the cardinal's hat, just as he threatens to tug his beard, and to drag him by the cheeks.

P. 16. (37) "*Here's Gloster, a foe to citizens*;"

The modern editors usually print, with the second folio, "*Here's Gloster* too, *a foe*," &c.: but, as Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 236) observes on the passage, "Malè, Folio 2,"—"*Gloster*" in this line being equivalent to "Gloucester," a trisyllable: so at p. 14,

> "Open the gates; 'tis *Gloster* [=Gloucester] that calls.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> It is the noble Duke of *Gloster* [=Gloucester];"

and in *Richard the Third*, act iii. sc. 4,

> "Where is my lord the Duke of *Gloster* [=Gloucester]?"

P. 16. (38) "*Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.*"

The folio has "—— *as e're thou canst*, cry:"—the colon after "cry" shewing that word to be a stage-direction. Besides, the folio has no prefix to "All manner of men," &c.

P. 16. (39) "*dear*"

Added in the second folio.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 149) queries "*Gloster, we will meet; to thy cost, be sure*,"—the "will" being emphatic.

P. 16. (40) "*it ere long*."

Altered to "*it ere* be *long*" in the third folio, to "*it, ere's* be *long*" by Capell, and to "*it off, ere long*" by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

P. 16. (41) "*Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear!*"

i.e. Good God, *that* these nobles, &c.—Rowe unnecessarily substituted "*Good God*, that *nobles*," &c.

P. 17. (42) "*Wont*,"

Tyrwhitt's correction.—The folio has "Went."

P. 17. (43) "*And even these three days*," &c.

A corrupted passage. It stands thus in the folio;

> "And euen these three dayes haue I watcht,
> If I could see them. Now doe thou watch,
> For I can stay no longer."

The editor of the second folio reflected it thus;

> "*And* fully *even these three dayes have I watcht,*
> *If I could see them. Now* Boy *doe thou watch,*
> *For I can stay no longer*."

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P. 17. (44) "*The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner*
Callèd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;"

The folio has "*The* Earle *of Bedford*," &c.—I am not sure about the metre of the second line: the folio has "Call'd *the braue Lord Ponton de* Santrayle;" and see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 35.

P. 18. (45) "*so vile-esteem'd.*"

The folio has "*so* pil'd *esteem'd*,"—evidently a mistake for "so *vild esteem'd*" (with its usual inconsistency in spelling, the folio has in some places "*vild*," in others "*vile*").

P. 18. (46) "*Here, through this secret grate, I count each one,*"

The word "*secret*" is not in the folio.—The editor of the second folio thus restored the line to at least its proper dimensions; "*Here, through this grate, I* can *count* every *one*," &c.: but his corrections are, of course, merely arbitrary; and the alteration of "*I count*" [*i.e.* I am in the habit of counting] to "*I* can *count*," is a more than doubtful change.—Malone and some other editors have fancied that all is set right by printing "*Here* thorough *this grate I count each one*," &c.!—(As to the reading which I now give, compare, in p. 17, "Wont, through a *secret grate* of iron bars," &c.)

P. 19. (47) "*and, Nero-like,*"

So the second folio, except that it adds "will" to these words.—The first folio has merely "*and* like thee;" and hence Malone gives "*and* like thee, Nero:" but, as Steevens observes, "Surely there is some absurdity in making Talbot address Plantagenet and invoke Nero in the same line." Walker, who (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 150) pronounces the reading "*and* like thee, Nero" to be "certainly wrong," conjectures "*and* like the Roman."

P. 19. (48) "*my name.*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 150) says, "Perhaps, '*thy* name.'"

P. 19. (49) "*this*"

The folio has "the."

P. 20. (50) "*Then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.*"

The folio has "And *then*," &c.—Steevens proposes "*Then* try we *what*," &c.; Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 150), "And *then try what*," &c.

P. 20. (51) "*thy hunger-starvèd men;*"

The folio has "*thy* hungry-*starued men.*" (As the compound "*hunger-starved*" occurs in *The Third Part of Henry VI.* act i. sc. 4, it is, we cannot doubt, the true reading here.—Mr. Collier remarks that "if 'hungry, starved men,' as Boswell would have printed it, had been intended, and not

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a compound word, the hyphen in the old copy would have been omitted:" but that by no means follows; for afterwards in this play, p. 48, the folio has "his *tender-dying* eyes,"—p. 64, "his *puny-sword*:" and see note 107 on *King John*.

P. 21. (52) "*Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf*,"

Pope's correction.—The folio has "*Sheepe run not halfe so* trecherous *from*," &c. (Mr. Knight, and the Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Magazine* for Nov. 1844, p. 457), conjecture "Sheep run not half so from the *treacherous* wolf," &c.: but surely the adjective is not to be separated from "so.")—1864. In the preceding line is not the reading "*soil*" (spelt "*Soyle*" in the folio) very questionable? I once conjectured "style:" but an heraldic term seems to be required; qy. "scroll"?

P. 21. (53) "*Rescu'd is Orleans from the English*:—

. . . . . .

Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,"

The editor of the second folio chose to print

"*Rescu'd is Orleance from the English* wolves:—

. . . . . .

Divinest Creature, bright *Astræa's Daughter*," &c.;

and so, among others, the two latest editors, Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight [1864, and Mr. Halliwell].—"The word 'wolves,'" says Mr. Collier, "seems necessary, though Malone strangely contends that '*English*' ought to be pronounced as a trisyllable:"—and Malone was right; compare a line in *Richard II.* act iv. sc. 1,

"Than Bolingbroke's return to *England*;"

and see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 7, and his *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 7.—"Malone," continues Mr. Collier, "goes the absurd length of insisting that '*Astræa*' ought to be pronounced *Asteræa*:"—in which Malone was mistaken; for here "*creature*" (see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 85, and his *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 19) is to be read as a trisyllable.

P. 21. (54) "*gardens*,"

The folio has "Garden."

P. 21. (55) "*Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?*"

So Pope.—The folio has "*Why ring not out the Bells* alowd, *Throughout*," &c. —Steevens proposes "*Why ring not bells* aloud *throughout*," &c.

P. 22. (56) "*Than Rhodope's of Memphis*"

So Capell proposed to read.—The folio has "*Then Rhodophe's* or *Memphis*," —which is perfect nonsense. "*Rhodope* [properly *Rhodōpis* (Ῥοδῶπις), *the rosy-cheeked*] was a famous strumpet, who acquired great riches by her trade. The least but most finished of the Egyptian pyramids (says Pliny, in the 36th Book of his *Natural History*, ch. xii.) was built by her. She is said afterwards to have married Psammitichus, King of Egypt." STEE-

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VENS. "The brother of Sappho [Charaxus] was in love with Rhodope, and purchased her freedom (for she was a slave in the same house with Æsop the fabulist) at a great price. Rhodope was of Thrace, not of Memphis." MALONE. "The emendation proposed by Mr. Steevens [Capell's] must be adopted. The meaning is—not that Rhodope herself was of Memphis, but —that her *pyramis* was there. I will rear to her, says the Dauphin, a pyramid more stately than that of Memphis, which was called Rhodope's. Pliny says the pyramids were six miles from that city; and that 'the fairest and most commended for workmanship was built at the cost and charges of *one Rhodope*, a verie strumpet.'" RITSON. Herodotus (ii. 134 sqq.) takes pains to show the absurdity of the story of her having built the pyramid; which is certainly a fable. But it would seem that, in consequence of her name (*The rosy-cheeked*), she was confounded with Nitokris, the beautiful Egyptian queen.

P. 22. (57) "*Ever before the kings and queens of France.*"

So Hanmer.—The folio has merely "*Before the Kings and Queenes of France.*"—Capell, who retains (with the folio) the comma after "*Transported,*" prints "*Before the kings and queens of France* upborne."—I formerly proposed "*Before the kings and queens* and peers *of France.*"

P. 23. (58) "*And*"

Probably an interpolation.

P. 28. (59) "*That will I show you presently.*"

The author most probably wrote, either (as Steevens suggests) "*That*, madam, *will I*," &c., or (as Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, and Walker, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 150, would read) "*That will I show you*, lady, *presently.*"

P. 29. (60) "*misconstrue*"

Here the folio has the spelling "misconster,"—inconsistently: see note 25 on *The Merchant of Venice.*

P. 29. (61) "*Or else was wrangling Somerset in th' error?*"

We are told that here "*Or else*" is equivalent to "Or in other words."—Qy. "*in error*"?

P. 31. (62) "*rose,*"

The folio has "Roses."

P. 31. (63) "*I scorn thee and thy faction,*"

The folio has "*I scorne thee and thy* fashion."—The correction of Theobald, "*faction,*" is fully confirmed by subsequent speeches in this scene;

"Will I for ever, and my *faction*, wear."
"Grown to this *faction*, in the Temple-garden," &c.

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P. 32. (64) "*wip'd*"

The folio has "whipt."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 32. (65) "*Thanks, gentle sir.*"

Here the editor of the second folio added the "*sir;*"—"which yet," as Malone observes, "does not complete the metre."

P. 33. (66) "*Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,*"

"*i. e.* an old age of ordinary length, being overburdened with care, has wrought upon me the effect of Nestor's three centuries." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 151. (Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "—— is a cage *of care.*")

P. 33. (67) "*the Temple, to his chamber;*"

The folio has "*the Temple*, vnto *his Chamber.*" (The second folio, "*the Temple, his Chamber.*")

P. 33. (68) "*despairs,*"

Qy. "despair"?

P. 33. (69) "*friend,*"

The folio has "my *friend.*"

P. 34. (70) "*fading*"

"'*Failing,*' surely." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 151.

P. 34. (71) "*his nephew Richard,*"

"Thus the old copy. Modern editors read 'his *cousin,*' but without necessity. *Nephew* has sometimes the power of the Latin *nepos*, and is used with great laxity among our ancient English writers. Thus in *Othello*, Iago tells Brabantio he shall 'have his *nephews* (*i. e.* the children of his own daughter) neigh to him.'" STEEVENS. "It would be surely better to read '*cousin,*' the meaning which '*nephew*' ought to have in this place. Mr. Steevens only proves that the word *nephews* is sometimes used for *grandchildren*, which is very certain. Both *uncle* and *nephew* might, however, formerly signify *cousin.* See the *Menagiana*, vol. ii. p. 193. In *The Second Part of the Troublesome Raigne of King John*, Prince Henry calls his *cousin* the Bastard '*uncle.*'" RITSON. "I believe the mistake here arose from the [unknown] author's ignorance; and that he conceived Richard to be Henry's nephew." MALONE.

P. 34. (72) "*Was, for that—young King Richard thus remov'd,*

. . . . . .

From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third; whereas he"

Here "*King*" in the first line, and "*the*" in the second line, were inserted by the editor of the second folio; the third line is corrupted.

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P. 35. (73) "*And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.*
But now thy uncle is removing hence;"

"I suspect error here, merely on account of the repetition, for the words themselves are perfectly in place." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 311.

P. 36. (74) "*till*"

Theobald's amendment.—The folio has "will."

P. 37. (75) "*If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,*"

"I suppose this redundant line originally stood, '*Were* I covetous, ambitious,' &c." STEEVENS.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "*or perverse*" to "proud."

P. 37. (76) "*preferreth*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "preserveth."—See note 85.

P. 37. (77) "*But he shall know I am as good—*
Glo. *As good!*
Thou bastard of my grandfather!—"

"Read '—— as good *as he.*
Glo. As good, thou,' &c."
Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 151.

P. 37. (78) "*lord*"

Added by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 152).

P. 38. (79) "*This Rome shall remedy.*"

The folio has "*Rome shall remedie* this."

P. 38. (80) "War. *Roam thither, then,*" &c.

So Theobald distributed the dialogue.—The folio has

"*Warw.* Roame thither then.
My Lord, it were your dutie to forbeare.
Som. I, see the Bishop be not ouer-borne:
Me thinkes my Lord should," &c.

P. 38. (81) "*bishop*"

Has been altered to "bishop's:" but compare, in the next play, p. 118, "Yet am I *Suffolk* and the cardinal's broker."

P. 38. (82) "*pats,*"

Altered by Pope and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "pates."

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P. 39. (83) "*have*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 152) would read "leave."

P. 39. (84) "*I say!*"

Seems to be an interpolation.

P. 39. (85) "*prefer*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "preserve."—See note 76.

P. 39. (86) "*My lord protector, yield;*"

The folio has "Yeeld *my Lord Protector.*"

P. 40. (87) "*O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloster,*"

Various additions have been made to this line, under the idea that it wanted a syllable; but see note 37, and the work of Walker there cited.

P. 41. (88) "*not that alone,*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*not that* all *alone.*"

P. 41. (89) "*Thy humble servant vows obedience*
And faithful service till the point of death."

So Pope.—The folio has "*And* humble *seruice, till,*" &c.—In the first line Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*Thy* honour'd *servant,*" &c.; but in such cases the error generally lies in the repetition of the word.

P. 41. (90) "*degrees,*"

The folio has "degree."

P. 42. (91) "*That Henry born at Monmouth should win all,*
And Henry born at Windsor should lose all:"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "—— *borne at Windsor, loose all,*" —which can only be right on the supposition that here "*Windsor*" is (as we sometimes find it used by early poets) a trisyllable: but the repetition of "*should*" seems necessary to give emphasis to the prophecy.

P. 42. (92) "Qui va là?" &c.

The folio has

"*Che* la.
Pucell. Peasauns *la* pouure gens," &c.

P. 42. (93) "*Where*"

The folio has "Here."

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P. 44. (94) "*hag of all despite*,"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*hag of* hell's *despite*" (which he seems to have considered as equivalent to "*hag of* hellish *despite*"). But compare, in *Coriolanus*, act iii. sc. 3,

"As he hath follow'd you, with *all despite*," &c.;

and in *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* act ii. sc. 6,

"That I in *all despite* might rail at him," &c.

P. 44. (95) "*Captains, away!*"

The folio has "Away Captaines."

P. 44. (96) "*up*"

i. e. up on the walls. So Mr. W. N. Lettsom; and his addition is better than that of the editor of the second folio, who inserted "sir."

P. 45. (97) "*Let*"

The folio has "Yet."

P. 46. (98) "*Warlike and martial Talbot*,"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*Warlike and* matchless *Talbot*;" and Mr. Collier says, that, "the old text being mere tautology, we may gladly welcome his striking improvement." On the contrary, we must reject it; for the present passage is far from being the only tautological one in this very un-Shakesperian drama: e. g.;

"*In private* will I talk with thee *apart*," p. 12.
"Or will you *blame and lay the fault* on me?" p. 24.
"To gather our soldiers, *scatter'd and dispers'd*," &c. Ib.
"I see report is *fabulous and false*," p. 27.
"*So clear, so shining, and so evident*," &c. p. 30.
"Than I am able *to instruct or teach*," p. 55.

1864. Mr. Collier no longer "welcomes" this "striking improvement:" see the sec. ed. of his *Shakespeare*.

P. 46. (99) "*For there young Henry with his nobles lie.*"

The modern editors usually print "—— *Henry with his nobles* lies:" but the old text (nor did the editor of the second folio make any change here) is, doubtless, what the author wrote. Compare *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* act i. sc. 2;

"*The queen with all the northern earls and lords*
Intend here to besiege you in your castle."

(Mr. Robson observes to me that a similar construction is sometimes found in Latin:—"atque ipse dux cum aliquot principibus capiuntur," *Livy*, xxi. 60, where see Ruperti's note.)

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P. 48. (100) "*As looks the mother on her lovely babe*"

So Warburton (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The folio has "——*her* lowly *Babe*."—According to Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 141), Warburton's emendation "was rejected with good reason by Johnson:" but the fact is, Johnson's note proves that he had great doubts about "lowly," and his explanation of it is ridiculously forced;—he calls Warburton's reading "easy and probable; but," he adds, "PERHAPS the poet by *lowly babe* meant the *babe* lying *low* in death."—Capell, too, patronises the old lection, —"the image is fetched from some *rustic mother*, and her *rustic* or *lowly babe*:" what a strange fancy! (Printers frequently confound "*lovely*" and "*lowly*:" compare Lady E. Carew's *Tragedie of Mariam*, 1613;

"For Aristobolus, the *lowlyest* [read "louelyest"] youth
That euer did in Angels shape appeare," &c. Sig. A 3.)

P. 49. (101) "*Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloster*,"

See notes 37 and 87. (Here the folio happens to have the spelling "Gloucester;" but in the passages in the notes referred to it has "*Gloster*.")

P. 51. (102) "*craven's leg*,—"

I suspect that the author wrote "craven *leg*," though Boswell is pleased to say that "to take the epithet expressing cowardice from the person, and to apply it to his leg, is surely no very obvious improvement."

P. 51. (103) "*Patay*,"

The folio has "Poictiers."—The necessary correction was made by Capell (*Notes*, &c. vol. i. P. ii. p. 35).

P. 51. (104) "*in most extremes*."

"*i. e.* in *greatest* extremities." STEEVENS.—Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 142) remarks, "The substitution of '*worst* extremes' [by Hanmer and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector], although specious, is doubtful:" —he might have said "is unquestionably wrong."

P. 52. (105) "*my lord protector*,"

So the second folio.—The first folio omits "*my*." (Compare elsewhere in Henry's speeches, "Ourself, *my* lord protector," &c. p. 55; "And so, *my* lord protector," &c. p. 68; "Therefore, *my* lord protector," &c. p. 80.)

P. 52. (106) "*Or doth this churlish superscription*
Pretend some alteration in good will?"

"To *pretend* seems to be here used in its Latin sense, *i.e.* to *hold out*, to *stretch forward*. It may mean, however, as in other places, to *design*. Modern editors read *portend*." STEEVENS.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 240) would also read "portend."—But it may be that "*pretend*" is used here as equivalent to *portend*,—the original author of this play having found the word not unfrequently so employed by earlier writers. See my note on Skelton's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 286.

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P. 52. (107) "*My lord, how say you?*"

The folio has "How say you (my Lord)."—See Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 120.

P. 55. (108) "*wist*"

So Capell.—The folio has "wish."

P. 55. (109) "*But that he doth presage some ill event.*"

So Rowe.—The folio has "*But that* it *doth*," &c.; which Malone understands to mean "But that it doth presage *to him* that sees this discord, &c. that some ill event will happen."

P. 55. (110) "*There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.*"

The second folio has "Then *comes*," &c.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 300) questions if the right reading be not "Thence *comes*," &c.

P. 56. (111) "*our*"

The folio has "their."

P. 59. (112) "*That ever-living man of memory,*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom queries "*That* man of ever-living *memory*."

P. 59. (113) "*Hither,*"

So Pope.—The folio has "Whether," which the transcriber or compositor caught from the "*whether*" (so the folio) of the preceding line.

P. 59. (114) "*legions:*"

The folio has "Regions."

P. 59. (115) "*disvantage*"

The folio has "aduantage."—"Johnson's explanation of the old reading is against the course of events as described in this play. Staunton proposes 'disadvantage;' but the metre says no. Read '*disvantage.*' Richardson (in his *Dict.*) quotes '*disvantageous*' from the *Polyolbion.*" W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 59. (116) "*Yields*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "Yeeld."

P. 60. (117) "*Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,*"

Mr. Collier prints "—— *Charles*, and *Burgundy*," &c., and observes, "the conjunction is from the folio 1632, and the line can scarcely be read metrically without it." But see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 15.

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P. 60. (118) "*And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;*
Swearing that you withhold his levied horse,
Collected for this expedition."

The folio has "—— *with-hold his leuied* hoast," &c.—Here Hanmer altered "hoast" to "*horse*" (Theobald's conjecture); and compare not only the next speech,—"York lies; he might have sent and had *the horse*,"—but also York's speeches at pp. 57, 58;

"A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!"

"O God, that Somerset,—who in proud heart
Doth stop *my cornets*," &c.

P. 61. (119) "*But, if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.*"

If there is no error here, "*bow*" must be equivalent to—bend, give way.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*But, if I* fly, *they'll say*," &c., in disregard of the *ductus literarum;* while Mr. Singer's Ms. Corrector (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 143) substitutes "*But if I* flew, *they'd say*," &c.,—making young Talbot *a bird.*—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 240) proposes "*But, if I* go, *they'll say*," &c.

P. 61. (120) "*sham'd*"

The folio has "shame."—Corrected by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 69).

P. 63. (121) "*Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 153) asks, "Can any good sense be made out of" this line?—Johnson explains it, "Death stained and dishonoured with captivity."

P. 63. (122) "*shrink and on*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom conjectures "sink upon" or "sinking *on*."

P. 64. (123) "*the lither sky,*"

"'The *hither* sky,' I think; *through this lower sky to heaven.*" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 242.—But "*lither*" is surely the right reading: see *Glossary*.

P. 65. (124) "Lucy. *Herald,*" &c.

"Lucy's message implied that he knew who had obtained the victory: therefore Sir T. Hanmer reads

'Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
Who hath,' &c." JOHNSON.

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P. 65. (125)

"*But tell me whom thou seek'st.*
Lucy. *Where is the great Alcides of the field,*"

So Rowe.—The folio has "But where's *the great Alcides,*" &c.; and Malone observes that "the compositor probably caught the word *but* from the preceding line."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom thinks that the author probably wrote "First, where's," &c. Note on Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 151.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector fills up the first line (which is certainly mutilated) thus, "*But tell me* briefly *whom thou* seekest now,"—and prosaically enough.

P. 65. (126) "*Great Marshal to Henry the Sixth*"

Here "*Marshal*" has been altered to "mareshal," for the sake of the metre; which, however, remains imperfect, to the eye at least, even with that alteration.—Both "*Marshal*" and "*Henry*" are to be read (not written) as trisyllables. (The editor of the second folio printed

"*Great Marshall to* our King *Henry the sixt,*" &c.)

P. 66. (127) "*'em;*"

The folio has "him."

P. 66. (128) "*But doubt not from their ashes shall be rear'd*"

The folio has merely "*but from their ashes shal be reard.*"—Pope printed "*But from their ashes,* Dauphin, *shall be rear'd,*" &c.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "—— *their* very *ashes shall,*" &c.—I give, as preferable, the emendation of Mr. W. N. Lettsom.

P. 66. (129) "*do what*"

The folio has "*do* with him *what.*"

P. 67. (130) "*The Earl of Armagnac,—near kin to Charles,*"

So Pope (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The folio has "—— *neere* knit *to Charles;*" a mistake evidently occasioned by the word "*knot*" just above. (Compare, at p. 80,

"And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is *near kinsman unto Charles.*")

P. 67. (131) "*dower.*"

The folio has "Dowrie."—"Read '*dower:*' the double rhyme is offensive here. So, a little below, 'the value of her *dower,*' and [in scene] 5 'a liberal *dower,*'—'A *dower,* my lords!' *Dower—dowre—dowrie.*" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 153.

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P. 67. (132) "*What! is my Lord of Winchester install'd,*
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?"

"This (as Mr. Edwards has observed in his Ms. notes) argues a great forgetfulness in the poet. In the first act Gloster says (p. 15),

'I'll canvass thee in thy broad *cardinal's* hat:'

and it is strange that the Duke of Exeter should not know of his advancement." STEEVENS.—"It should seem, from the stage-direction prefixed to this scene [but the folio has merely "*Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors*"], and from the conversation between the Legate and Winchester, that the author meant it to be understood that the bishop had obtained his cardinal's hat only just before his present entry. The inaccuracy, therefore, was in making Gloster address him by that title in the beginning of the play. He in fact obtained it in the fifth year of Henry's reign." MALONE.

P. 68. (133) "*parts,*"

The folio has "parties."

P. 69. (134) "*This speed and*"

The folio has "*This* speedy *and.*"—Corrected by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 49).

P. 69. (135)
"*Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd*
Out of the powerful legions under earth,"

The folio has "*Out of the powerfull* Regions *vnder earth,*" &c.:—and Steevens informs us that "'the regions under earth' are 'the infernal regions;'" but as he has not told us what are "the *powerful* regions under earth," and how fiends can be said to be "*cull'd* out of *regions*," he has, in fact, offered nothing in support of the old text. Nor is it to be defended by a line in *Cymbeline*, act v. sc. 4, where Jupiter addresses the Ghosts;

"No more, you petty *spirits* of *region* low," &c.—

Warburton saw that the true reading here was "*powerful legions.*"—Malone observes; "In a former passage [of the present play] '*regions*' seems to have been printed instead of '*legions;*' at least all the editors from the time of Mr. Rowe have there substituted the latter word instead of the former. [See p. 59,—the folio having

"To beate assayling death from his weake *Regions;*"

which is indubitably a mistake for "—— his weak *legions.*"] The word '*cull'd,*' and the epithet '*powerful,*' which is applicable to the fiends them-

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selves, but not to their place of residence, show that it has an equal title to a place in the text here. So in *The Tempest* [act iii. sc. 3],

'But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their *legions* o'er.'"

Malone might also have cited from *King Henry V.* act ii. sc. 2,

"If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion-gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the *legions*," &c.;

from *King Richard III.* act i. sc. 4,

"With that, methought, a *legion* of foul fiends
Environ'd me," &c.;

and from *Macbeth*, act iv. sc. 3,

"Not in the *legions*
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd," &c.—

An instance of "*Legion*" misprinted "Region" occurs in Shelton's *Don Quixote*, Part Sec. p. 303, ed. 1620; "And such was his ill lucke, that two or three of the Cats got in at the window of his Cabbin, and leaping vp and downe on euery side, it seem'd to him that there were a *Region* of Diuels in his Chamber."—Though Grey (*Notes on Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 15) does not perceive that the true reading in our text is "*legions*," he yet cites a passage which tends to confirm it. "Wierus," he observes, "speaks of *Pucel* (whether the same or not I cannot affirm), who had forty-eight *legions* of spirits under direction; '*Pucel*, dux magnus . . . . fuit de ordine potestatum, habetque in suâ potestate *legiones* quadraginta octo.' *Pseudomonachia Dæmonum*. Wier. *de Præstig. Dæmonum*, p. 924."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector lets the corruption "*powerful* regions" stand; but alters "—— *that are cull'd*," &c. to "—— *that are* call'd," &c., though the third line of this speech might have shown him that his alteration was quite wrong;

"And ye *choice* spirits that admonish me," &c.

P. 70. (136) "[La Pucelle and York fight hand to hand:"

The folio has "*Burgundie* and Yorke fight hand to hand."

P. 70. (137) "*And lay them gently on thy tender side.*
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace."

In the folio these two lines are by mistake transposed. Capell first arranged them rightly.—1864. Mr. Staunton defends the old reading: he supposes that Suffolk kisses *his own fingers*;—"a symbol of peace," says Malone, "of which there is, I believe, no example."

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P. 71. (138) "*Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.*"

The folio has "—— prisoner *vnderneath* his *wings.*"—The second folio corrects the latter of these errors.—The third folio gives the line rightly.

P. 71. (139) "*. . . . let her pass;*
. . . . says no.
. . . . streams,
. . . . beam,"

In the first line Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "go" for "*pass;*" and very probably such was the original author's reading, as also, in the third line, "stream:" but is it not equally probable that here, as occasionally elsewhere, the rhymes were purposely done away with when the play underwent those alterations with which it is exhibited in the folio? (Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector is not always fortunate in restoring a rhyme: at p. 72, where the common lection is,

"For princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?"

he makes Suffolk say, "If happy England's royal king be *true*,"—without any regard to what immediately follows.)

P. 71. (140) "*is she not here thy prisoner?*"

The words "*thy prisoner*" were added in the second folio; nor does this addition appear to me so objectionable as it does to Mr. W. N. Lettsom: see his note apud Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 152.

P. 71. (141) "*Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,*
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses crouch."

The folio has "—— *and makes the senses* rough."—I adopt Hanmer's reading, which at least affords a meaning, and suits the context. (Compare a modern poet;

"how *every sense*
Bows to your beauties," &c. Byron's *Island*, c. ii.)—

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "—— *and* mocks *the* sense of touch," —which is bad enough; while Mr. Singer's Ms. Corrector (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 145) gives "—— *and* wakes *the* sense's touch,"—which is little, if at all, better.

P. 71. (142) "*I were best to leave him,*"

Here Capell was the first to omit "*to:*" but see Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 205.

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P. 71. (143) "*at random*;"

Here the folio has "*at randon*" (a not unusual form with early writers); but in *The Two Gent. of Verona*, act ii. sc. 1, it has "I writ at ran*dome*."

P. 72. (144) "*I prithee, lady*,"

The folio has merely "*Lady*,"—there being, as Walker observes, "a gap, apparently, *at the beginning of the line*" (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 152).—Capell printed "Nay, hear me, *lady*."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*Lady*, pray tell me."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "*Lady*, sweet lady" (but Suffolk calls her "sweet" in his preceding speech).

P. 72. (145) "*condescend to*—"

The folio has "*condiscend to* be my—." "I have little doubt that the words '*be my*' are an interpolation." STEEVENS.

P. 73. (146) "*my lord*,"

Not in the folio.—Compare Suffolk's preceding speech but one.

P. 73. (147) "*the counties Maine and Anjou*,"

The folio has "*the* Country *Maine*," &c. (Compare, in the next speech, "those *two counties*.")

P. 74. (148) "*modestly*"

The folio has "modestie."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 74. (149) "*And*"

So Capell.—The folio has "Mad."

P. 75. (150) "*one*"

The folio has "me."

P. 76. (151) "*No, misconceived! Joan*," &c.

"*i. e.* No, ye misconceivers, ye who mistake me and my qualities! &c." STEEVENS.—Mr. Collier prefers "No; misconceived Joan," &c.—Capell substituted "*No*, misconceivers! *Joan*," &c.

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P. 76. (152) "*Well, well, go to; we'll have no bastards live;*"

The folio has "*Well go too, we'll haue,*" &c.—Capell repeated the "*well;*" and the same addition is proposed by Walker, who remarks that, with the usual modern reading (that of the second folio),

"*Well, go to;* we will *have no bastards live,*"

"the verse is out of joint." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 146.

P. 77. (153) "*matters.*"

The folio has "matter."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 78. (154) "*prison'd*"

So Theobald.—The folio has "poyson'd."

P. 78. (155) "*a shadow*"

The folio has "as *shadow.*"—Corrected in the fourth folio. (Compare note 42 on *King John.*

P. 79. (156)

"*Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,—*
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England."

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 277) "suspects" that there is an error here, in the repetition.

P. 80. (157) "*O, yes, my lord,*"

The folio has "*Yes my lord.*"—The editor of the second folio printed, for the metre's sake, "*Yes my* good *lord;*" which Mr. Collier says "we can have no hesitation in accepting," because Suffolk has used the words "*my good lord*" a little before: but there he is speaking to the King; here, to Gloster.

P. 80. (158) "*warrant a liberal dower,*"

The second folio omits "*a.*" But "*warrant*" is usually a monosyllable in our early poets: see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification,* &c. p. 65, where the following line is cited from *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* act iii. sc. 2;

"Ay, widow? then I'll *warrant* you all your lands."

P. 81. (159) "*Marriage*"

The second folio reads "But *marriage.*"

P. 81. (160) "*It*"

Added by Rowe.

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P. 81. (161) "*Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,*"

The editor of the second folio printed "—— *bringeth* forth *bliss,*" not being aware that "*contrary*" is here a quadrisyllable: see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 55.

P. 81. (162) "*Will answer our hope in issue of a king;*"

Here Pope omitted "*Will.*"—"Dele '*our*' with Steevens." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 82. (163) "*To cross*"

"'*Across,*' I suspect." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 154.

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THE SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

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THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

First printed in the folio of 1623.—An alteration by Shakespeare of a drama entitled *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorkes first claime vnto the Crowne*,—originally printed in 1594, 4to (reprinted for the Shakespeare Society in 1843).

See *Introduction* to *The First Part of King Henry VI.* p. 3 of this volume.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Sixth.
Humphrey, duke of Gloster, his uncle.
Cardinal Beaufort, bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.
Richard Plantagenet, duke of York.
Edward and Richard, his sons.
Duke of Somerset.
Duke of Suffolk.
Duke of Buckingham.
Lord Clifford.
Young Clifford, his son.
Earl of Salisbury.
Earl of Warwick.
Lord Scales.
Lord Say.
Sir Humphrey Stafford, and William Stafford, his brother.
Sir John Stanley.
Vaux.
Matthew Gough.
A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's-Mate, and Walter Whitmore.
Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.
Alexander Iden, a Kentish gentleman.
John Hume and John Southwell, two priests.
Roger Bolingbroke, a conjurer.
Thomas Horner, an armorer. Peter, his man.
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.
Saunder Simpcox, an impostor.
Jack Cade, a rebel.
George Bevis, John Holland, Dick the butcher, Smith the weaver, Michael, &c., his followers.
Two Murderers.

Margaret, Queen to King Henry.
Eleanor, duchess of Gloster.
Margery Jourdain, a witch.
Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

A Spirit.

Scene—*In various parts of England.*

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THE SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. A room of state in the palace.*

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one side, King HENRY, Duke of GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and* Cardinal BEAUFORT; *on the other,* Queen MARGARET, *led in by* SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, *and others following.*

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge[1] at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,[2]
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
I have perform'd[3] my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now, upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, Queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,

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Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great King of England, and my gracious lord,—
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,
In courtly company or at my beads,
With you, mine alder-liefest sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech,
Her words yclad with wisdom's majesty,
Make me from wondering fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. [*kneeling*] Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness! [*Flourish.*

Q. Mar. We thank you all.

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [*reads*] "*Imprimis*, It is agreed between the French king Charles, and William de la Pole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England,—that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. *Item*, that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to[4] the king her father"—

K. Hen. Uncle, how now!

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Car. [*reads*] "*Item*, It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry."

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K. Hen. They please us well. — Lord marquess, kneel down:[5]
We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword.—Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd.—Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,—
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
With all the learnèd council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And was his highness in his infancy
Crownèd in Paris in despite of foes?[6]
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,

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Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine[7]
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of Him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy:—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

War. For grief that they are past recovery:
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,[8]
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives;
And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in France,
Before—

Car. My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot:
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,

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But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied—France will be lost ere long.[9] [*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy;
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir-apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him "Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloster;"
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
"Jesu maintain your royal excellence!"
With "God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!"
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?—
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside:
If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,[10]
Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.*

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Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all—
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.—
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,
Have won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey:—
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline;
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people:—
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend the profit[a1] of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country!

York. [*aside*] And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let's
Make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost,—
That Maine which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept so long as breath did last.
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,—
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.*

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:

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Suffolk concluded on the articles;
The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all: what is 't to them?
'Tis thine[12] they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his helpless[13] hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own:
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.
Methinks the realms of England, France, and Ireland
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humour[14] fits not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
Watch thou and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:[15]
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,

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To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. A room in the* Duke of GLOSTER'S *house.*

Enter GLOSTER *and the* Duchess.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:—
What, is 't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;
And, having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts!
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dream[16] this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought this staff, mine office' badge in court,
Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, 'twas by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,
And William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolk.

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This was my dream: what it doth bode, God knows.

Duch. Tut, this was nothing but an argument
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought I sat in seat of majesty
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
There[17] Henry and Dame Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more!

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry; I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell,—thou'lt ride with us, I'm sure.[18]

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

[*Exeunt Gloster and Messenger.*

Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks;
And being a woman, I will not be slack

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To play my part in Fortune's pageant.—
Where are you there, Sir John? nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty!
Duch. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.
Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.
Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?
Hume. This they have promisèd,—to show your highness
A spirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,
That shall make answer to such questions
As by your grace shall be propounded him.
Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
When from Saint Alban's we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [*Exit.*
Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;
Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume!
Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast:—
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hirèd me to undermine the duchess,
And buzz these conjurations in her brain.
They say,—A crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.[19]
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last

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Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same. An outer room in the palace.*

Enter PETER, *and other Petitioners.*

First Petit. My masters, let's stand close: my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.[20]

Sec. Petit. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

First Petit.[21] Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

Enter SUFFOLK *and* Queen MARGARET.

Sec. Petit. Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow! wouldst any thing with me?

First Petit. I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. For[22] my lord protector! Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them:—what is thine?

First Petit. Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too! that's some wrong, indeed.—What's yours?—What's here! [*Reads*] "Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford."—How now, sir knave!

Sec. Petit. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*presenting his petition*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

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Peter. That my master was? no, forsooth:[22] my master said that he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter Servants.*]—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently.—We'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exeunt Servants with Peter.*

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him. [*Tears the petitions.*
Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*

Q. Mar. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in[24] the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall King Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours
Thou rann'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought King Henry had resembled thee
In courage, courtship, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:
His champions are the prophets and apostles;
His weapons holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images[25] of canoniz'd saints.
I would the college of the cardinals
Would choose him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head:—
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haught[26] protector, have we Beaufort
Th' imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,

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And grumbling York; and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife:
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born callet as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her,
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to their[27] lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me,
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York,—this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit.
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter King HENRY, Duke *and* Duchess of GLOSTER, Cardinal BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, YORK, SOMERSET, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be denay'd the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,

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Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, son!—and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure: these are no women's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it, then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king,—as who is king but thou?—
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck;
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's attire
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices and towns in France—
If they were known, as the suspect is great—
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit Gloster. The Queen drops her fan.*
Give me my fan: what, minion! can ye not?
[*Gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

Duch. Was't I! yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set[28] my ten commandments in your face.

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

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Duch. Against her will! good king, look to't in time;
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unreveng'd. [*Exit.*

Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now; her fury[29] needs no spurs,
She'll gallop fast[30] enough to her destruction. [*Exit.*

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand:—
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands:
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants, *bringing in* HORNER *and* PETER.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

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K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason:
His words were these,—that Richard duke of York
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was an usurper.

K. Hen. Say, man, were these thy words?

Hor. An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

Pet. [*holding up his hands*] By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my Lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.—
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me; I have good witness of this: therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glo. This is my doom, my lord,[31] if I may judge:
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion;
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place,
For he hath witness of his servant's malice:
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

K. Hen. Then be it so.—My Lord of Somerset,
We make your grace regent over the French.[32]

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity my case! The spite of man prevaileth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart!

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Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.
K. Hen. Away with them to prison! and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. The* Duke of GLOSTER'S *garden.*

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, *and* BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided: will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay, what else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth; —John Southwell, read you;—and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess *above; and presently* HUME.

Duch. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this gear,—the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,[32]
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,—
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they do the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle; Bolingbroke or Southwell reads,* Conjuro te, &c. *It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jour. Asmath,
By the eternal God, whose name and power

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Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt:—that I had said and done!

Boling. [*reading out of a paper*[34]] "First of the king: what shall of him become?"

Spir. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answers.*

Boling. "What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?"

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. "What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?"

Spir. Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.—
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness and the burning lake!
False[35] fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*

Enter York *and* Buckingham, *breaking in with their* Guards.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.—
Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.—
What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
Are deep-indebted[36] for this piece of pains:
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke, that threatest where's no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all:—what call you this?—

[*Showing her the papers.*

Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with us.—
Stafford, take her to thee.—
We'll see your trinkets here forthcoming all.—
Away![37] [*Exeunt, above, Duchess and Hume, guarded.*
Exeunt, below, Southwell, Bolingbroke, &c. guarded.

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks you watch'd her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*

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"The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death."
Why, this is just
*Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.**
Well, to the rest:
"Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die, and take his end.—
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?(38)
Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand."
Come, come, my lord;(39)
These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.(40)
The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's,
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them,—(41)
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Saint Alban's.*

Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, Cardinal, *and* SUFFOLK, *with* Falconers *hallooing.*

Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:

* *Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse*] The ambiguous oracle, which Ennius (in his *Annales*) feigns to have been given by the Pythian Apollo to Pyrrhus. See Cicero *De Divin.* lib. ii. 56.

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Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.
K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.
Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
Car. I thought as much: he'd be above the clouds.
Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal,—how think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?
K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy!
Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!
Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown perémptory?
*Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?**
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
For with such holiness well can you do it.[42]
Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.
Glo. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as you, my lord,
An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.
Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.
Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.
K. Hen. I prithee, peace,
Good queen, and whet not on these furious peers;
For blessèd are the peacemakers on earth.
Car. Let me be blessèd for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!
Glo. [*aside to Car.*] Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to that!

* *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?*] Virgil, *Æn.* i. 11.

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Car. [*aside to Glo.*] Marry, when thou dar'st.
Glo. [*aside to Car.*] Make up no factious numbers for the matter;
In thine own person answer thy abuse.
Car. [*aside to Glo.*] Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,
This evening on the east side of the grove.
K. Hen. How now, my lords!
Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport.—[*Aside to Glo.*] Come with thy two-hand sword.
Glo. True, uncle.
Car. [*aside to Glo.*] Are ye advis'd?—the east side of the grove?
Glo. [*aside to Car.*] Cardinal, I am with you.[420]
K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster!
Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
[*Aside to Car.*] Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown
For this, or all my fence shall fail.
Car. [*aside to Glo.*] *Medice, teipsum;*[*]
Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.
K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter a Townsman *of Saint Alban's, crying* "A miracle!"

Glo. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?
Towns. A miracle! a miracle!
Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.
Towns. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half-hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.
K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

[*] *Medice, teipsum;*] "*Medice, cura teipsum.*" *Luc.* iv. 23, Vulg.

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Enter the Mayor *of Saint Alban's and his brethren; and* SIMPCOX, *borne between two persons in a chair, his* Wife *and a multitude following.*

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.[44]
K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though[45] by his sight his sin be multiplied.
Glo. Stand by, my masters:—bring him near the king;
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.
K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?
Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.
Wife. Ay, indeed was he.
Suf. What woman's this?
Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.
Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.
K. Hen. Where wert thou born?
Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.
K. Hen. Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?
Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban; who said, "Simpcox,[46] come,—
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee."[47]
Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
Car. What, art thou lame?
Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!
Suf. How cam'st thou so?
Simp. A fall off of a tree.
Wife. A plum-tree, master.
Glo. How long hast thou been blind?
Simp. O, born so, master.

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Glo. What, and wouldst climb a tree?
Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.
Glo. Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so.
Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.
Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—
Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them:—
In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.
Simp. Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint Alban.
Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?
Simp. Red, master; red as blood.
Glo. Why, that's well said. What colour is my gown of?
Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.
K. Hen. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?
Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
Glo. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.
Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.
Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?
Simp. Alas, master, I know not.
Glo. What's his name?
Simp. I know not.
Glo. Nor his?
Simp. No, indeed, master.
Glo. What's thine own name?
Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.
Glo. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible.—My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning[48] to be great that could restore this cripple to his legs again?
Simp. O master, that you could!
Glo. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?
May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

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Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [*A stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone:
You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.—Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and the people follow and cry,* "A miracle!"

K. Hen. O God, seest thou this, and bear'st so long?

Q. Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipped through every market-town till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[*Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.*

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,—
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,—
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches and with conjurers:

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Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy-council;
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
[*Aside to Gloster*] This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave t' afflict my heart:
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;[49]
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Hen. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king and commonweal:
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her, as a prey, to law and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

K. Hen. Well, for this night we will repose us here:
To-morrow toward London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

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SCENE II. *London. The* Duke of YORK'S *garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.[50]

War. Sweet York, begin: an if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:—
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward the Black Prince died before his father;
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king;[51]
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seized on the realm, depos'd the rightful king,
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret,—where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.[52]

War. Father, the duke hath told the very[53] truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York. The third son, Duke of Clarence,—from whose line
I claim the crown,—had issue, Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March:

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Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March;
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge; who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.[54]
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger Earl of March; who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceeding[55] is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; while[56] York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And, in this private plot, be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you as I do in these dangerous days:
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:
'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,

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Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we[57] off; we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A hall of justice.*

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, *and* SALISBURY; *the* Duchess of GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, *and* BOLINGBROKE, *under guard.*

K. Hen. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife:
In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins[58]
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—
[*To Jourdain, &c.*] You four, from hence to prison back again;
From thence unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoilèd of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judgèd thee:
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—
[*Exeunt the Duchess and the other prisoners, guarded.*
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!—
Beseech[59] your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.[60]

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K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloster: ere thou go,
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet:
And go in peace, Humphrey,—no less belov'd
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.—
God and King Henry govern England's helm!—
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.[61]

Glo. My staff! here, noble Henry, is my staff:[62]
As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey Duke of Gloster scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once,—
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off:
This staff of honour raught, there let it stand
Where it best fits to be,—in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.[63]

York. Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are th' appellant and defendant,
The armorer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefóre
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:
Here let them end it; and God defend the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is th' appellant,
The servant of this armorer, my lords.

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Enter, on one side, HORNER, *bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it, and a drum before him; and accompanied by his* Neighbours, *who drink to him so much that he becomes drunk: enter, on the other side,* PETER, *with a similar staff and a drum; and accompanied by* Prentices *drinking to him.*

First Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack: and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

Sec. Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

Third Neigh. And here's a pot of good double-beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

First Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee: and be not afraid.

Sec. Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world. —Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron:—and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow![64]

York. Dispatch:—this knave's tongue begins to double. —Sound, trumpets, 'larum to the combatants!

[*Alarum. They fight, and Peter strikes down Horner.*

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Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.
[*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon.—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy[65] in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

K. Hen. Go and[66] take hence that traitor from our sight;
For by his death we do perceive his guilt:
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought t' have murder'd wrongfully.—
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* Servants, *in mourning cloaks.*

Glo. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren[67] winter, with his wrathful-nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.—
Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.[68]

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people gazing on thy face
With envious looks, still[69] laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of GLOSTER *in a white sheet, with papers pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand;* Sir JOHN STANLEY, *a* Sheriff, *and* Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

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Glo. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.
Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze!
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks,
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine!
Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.
Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself!
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advisèd how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife;
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his fórlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

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Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear! thou aimest all awry;
I must offend before I be attainted:
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Néll:
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there. [*Exit Herald.*
My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission stays;
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?[70]

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell.

Duch. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell!

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.
[*Exeunt Gloster and Servants.*

Duch. Art thou gone too?[71] all comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me: my joy is death,—
Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;

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There to be us'd according to your state.

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach,—
And shall I, then, be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady;
According to that state you shall be us'd.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,—
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd.—
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.[72]

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Abbey at Bury St. Edmund's.*

Sennet. Enter, to the Parliament, King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, *and others.*

K. Hen. I muse my Lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, perémptory,[73] and unlike himself?
We know the time since he was mild and affable;
And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission:
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,

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When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowèd knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
But great men tremble when the lion roars,—
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First note, that he is near you in descent;
And, should you fall, he is the next will mount.[74]
Me seemeth, then, it is no policy,—
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,—
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;
And when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the duke.—
My Lords[75] of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegation, if you can;
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:[76]
Or, if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,—
As, next the king, he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility,—
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;[77]

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And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at once:—the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: but—shall I speak my conscience?—
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposèd as the hateful raven:
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.[78]
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

K. Hen. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

K. Hen. Cold news, Lord Somerset: but God's will be done!

York. [*aside*] Cold news for me; for I had hope of France
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.

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Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away:
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.
Suf. Nay, Gloster, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.
Glo. Well, Suffolk, well, thou shalt not see me blush[79]
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?
York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.
Glo. Is it but thought so? what are they that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—
Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England!
That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No; many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispursèd[80] to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.
Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.
Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God!
York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.
Glo. Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,

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And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them cóndign punishment:
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy,[81] quickly answer'd:
But mightier crimes[82] are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here commit you[83] to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Hen. My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope
That you will clear yourself from all suspect:[84]
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous!
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exíl'd your highness' land.
I know their complot is to have my life;
And, if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness:
But mine[85] is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And doggèd York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life:—
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy:—
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together—
Myself had notice of your conventicles—

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And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons[86] to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife and traitors' rage
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;—
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day:—
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body!
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants with Gloster in their custody.*

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best
Do or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery,—
For what's more miserable than discontent?—
Ah, uncle Humphrey, in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty!
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.

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What louring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,[87]
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence:
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do naught but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good,—
So mighty are his vowèd enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
Say, "Who's a traitor, Gloster he is none."[88] [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. Fair lords,[89] cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity: and Gloster's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering[90] bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,—
And yet herein I judge mine own wit good,—
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life;
The commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!

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York. [*aside*] 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.—
But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,—
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—
Were't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and were't not madness, then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.[91]
And do not stand on quillets how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit[92]
Which mates him first that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
Say you consent, and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,—
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I: and now we three have spoken[93] it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

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Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow uncurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick-expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither:
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
I rather would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a burden of dishonour home
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Show me one scar charácter'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do[94] seldom win.

Q. Mar. Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:—
No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be still:—
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than naught? nay, then, a shame take all!

Som. And, in the number, thee that wishest shame!

Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.
Th' uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:[95]
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent;
And what we do establish he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

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York. I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.
Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off; the day is almost spent:
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.
Suf. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.
[*Exeunt all except York.*
York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art
Resign to death,—it is not worth th' enjoying:
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought;
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me you but warm the starvèd snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet be well assur'd
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whilst I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,[96]
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
And for a minister of my intent
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,

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To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine;
And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he conversèd with the enemy,
And, undiscover'd, come to me again,
And given me notice of their villanies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say he be taken, rack'd, and torturèd,
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.[97]
Say that he thrive,—as 'tis great like he will,—
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Bury St. Edmund's. A room of state.*

Enter certain Murderers, *hastily.*

First Mur. Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know
We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

Sec. Mur. O that it were to do!—What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

First Mur. Here comes my lord.

Enter SUFFOLK.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?

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First Mur. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand:—
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?

First Mur. 'Tis, my good lord.[98]

Suf. Away! be gone. [*Exeunt Murderers.*

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, *and others.*

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;
Say we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis publishèd.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster
Than from true evidence of good esteem
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion.

K. Hen. I thank thee, Meg;[99] these words content me much.

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forfend!

Car. God's secret judgment:—I did dream to-night
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.
[*The King swoons.*

Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.

Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help!—O Henry, ope thine eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again:—madam, be patient.

K. Hen. O heavenly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?

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Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

K. Hen. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceivèd sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words:
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:—
Yet do not go away:—come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy,—
In life but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:
And for myself,—foe as he was to me,—
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose[100] with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends,
It may be judg'd I made the duke away;
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death: ay me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper,—look on me.
What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too, and kill thy fórlorn queen.

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Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then, Dame Margaret[101] was ne'er thy joy:
Erect his statua, and worship it,[102]
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,
And twice by awkward winds[103] from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this but well-forewarning winds
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
What did I then but curs'd the gentle gusts,[104]
And he that loos'd them forth their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England's blessèd shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty-vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore
With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.[105]
As far as I could ken the chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore[106] the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm;
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping[107] sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
And threw it towards thy land:—the sea receiv'd it;
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wishèd coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue—
The agent of thy foul inconstancy—
To sit and witch[108] me, as Ascanius did
When he to madding Dido would unfold

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His father's acts commenc'd in burning Troy!
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
Ay me, I can no more! die, Margaret![109]
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY. *The* Commons *press to the door.*

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That shall I do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude till I return.

[*Warwick goes into an inner chamber.*[110]—*Salisbury retires to the Commons at the door.*

K. Hen. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,—
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgment only doth belong to thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to rain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,[111]
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

[*The folding-doors of an inner chamber are thrown open,*[112] *and Gloster is discovered dead in his bed; Warwick and others standing by it.*

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War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.
K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is made;
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
And[113] seeing him, I see my life in death.
War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famèd duke.
Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?
War. See how the blood is settled in his face:
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended[114] to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood;
His eyeballs further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd:
Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.
Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.
War. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes;
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend;
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.
Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.
War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,

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And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk?—where's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite?—where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scourèd in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.*

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still,—with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passèd speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,—
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

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Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.
War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.
[*Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.*
K. Hen. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd-up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted. [*A noise within.*
Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK, *with their weapons drawn.*

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?—
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?
Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.
Sal. [*to the Commons at the door*] Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.—
[*He comes forward.*
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death[115]
Or banishèd fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty—
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking—
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;[116]
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forkèd tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,

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It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whêr you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomèd and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*within*] An answer from the king, my Lord of Salisbury!

Suf. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won
Is, that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*within*] An answer from the king, or we will all break in![117]

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
And therefore,—by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death. [*Exit Salisbury.*

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!
No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.—
If after three days' space thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;

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I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt all except Queen Margaret and Suffolk.*

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There's two of you; the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them![118] wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,[119]
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixèd teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end,[120] as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that[121] they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress-trees!
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the consort full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses—like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overchargèd gun—recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain-top,

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Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. O,
Let me entreat thee, cease! Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand, [*Kisses his hand.*
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom[122] a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmis'd whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banishèd myself:
And banishèd I am, if but from thee.
Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.—
O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Lother a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banishèd,—
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;[123]
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world;
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more:—live thou to joy thy life;
Myself to joy in naught but that thou liv'st.[124]

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I prithee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blapheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost

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Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overchargèd soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go tell this heavy message to the king.

[*Exit Vaux.*

Ay me! what is this world! what news are these!
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,[125]
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears,—
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?
Now get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming;—
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee were but to die in jest;
From thee to die were torture more than death:
O, let me stay, befall what may befall!

Q. Mar. Away!
Though parting be a fretful córrosive,
It is applièd to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart along[126] with thee.

Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the wofull'st cask[127]
That ever did contain a thing of worth.

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Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.
Q. Mar. This way for me.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III. *London.* Cardinal BEAUFORT'S *bedchamber.*

Enter King HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and others. The* Cardinal *in bed;* Attendants *with him.*

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.
Car. If thou be'st Death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.[128]
K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!
War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.
Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whêr they will or no?
O, torture me no more! I will confess.—
Alive again? then show me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my wingèd soul!—
Give me some drink; and bid th' apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
K. Hen. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy-meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,[129]
And from his bosom purge this black despair!
War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin!
Sal. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.
K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!—
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign:—O God, forgive him!

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War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Kent. The seashore near Dover.*

Firing heard at sea. Then enter, from a boat, a Captain, *a* Master, *a* Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, *and others; with them* SUFFOLK *disguised, and other* Gentlemen, *prisoners.*

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who, with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
The other [*pointing to Suffolk*], Walter Whitmore, is thy share.
First Gent. What is my ransom, master? let me know.
Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.
Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.
Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you shall:—
The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum?(130)
First Gent. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.
Sec. Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.

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Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
[*To Suf.*] And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die;
And so should these, if I might have my will.
Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.
Suf. Look on my George,—I am a gentleman:
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.
Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?
Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by *water* I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
Thy name is *Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.
Whit. *Gaultier* or *Walter*, which it is I care not:
Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
[*Lays hold on Suffolk.*
Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.
Whit. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!
Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:
Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?[131]
Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.
Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,[132]
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n,
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:
How in our voiding-lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,

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And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not, for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Pole.

Suf. Pole!

Cap. Pole! Sir Pole! lord![133]
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;
And thou, that smil'dst at good Duke Humphrey's death,
Against the senseless winds shalt[134] grin in vain,
Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding[135] heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France;
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,—
As hating thee, are[136] rising up in arms:
And now the house of York—thrust from the crown
By shameful murder of a guiltless king
And lofty proud-encroaching tyranny—
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ *Invitis nubibus.*
The commons here in Kent are up in arms:

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And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
Are crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee.—Away! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus, the strong Illyrian pirate.[137]
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives:
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channel.

Cap. Walter,—

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. *Gelidus timor occupat artus*:[138]—it is thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.
What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

First Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole
Than stand uncover'd to this[139] vulgar groom.
True nobility[140] is exempt from fear:—
More can I bear than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,[141]
That this my death may never be forgot!—
Great men oft die by vile besonians:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exeunt Whitmore and others with Suffolk.*

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Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:—[142]
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.
[*Exeunt all except the First Gentleman.*

Re-enter WHITMORE *with* SUFFOLK'S *body.*

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*

First Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit with the body.*

SCENE II. *Blackheath.*

Enter GEORGE BEVIS *and* JOHN HOLLAND.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath: they have been up these two days.

John. They have the more need to sleep now, then.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

Geo. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Geo. Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

John. True; and yet it is said,—labour in thy vocation; which is as much to say as,[143]—let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham,—

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's-leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher,—

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Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith the weaver,—[144]

Geo. *Argo,* their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK *the Butcher,* SMITH *the Weaver, and others in great number.*

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—[145]

Dick. [*aside*] Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall fall[146] before us,—inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. [*aside*] He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. [*aside*] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. [*aside*] She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter, and sold many laces.

Smith. [*aside*] But now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. [*aside*] Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge,—for his father had never a house but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. [*aside*] 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. [*aside*] No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. [*aside*] He need not fear the sword; for his coat is of proof.

Dick. [*aside*] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and

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vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass: and when I am king,—as king I will be,—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since.—How now! who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. 'Has a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then, he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters:—'twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone.—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

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All. He hath confessed: away with him! he's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck. [*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels.*] Rise up Sir John Mortimer. [*Rises.*] Now have at him!

Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD *and* WILLIAM *his brother, with drum and Forces.*

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down;
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom:—
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not:
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearman,—art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. And[147] what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter,—did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but I say 'tis true:

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The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. [*aside*] He lies, for I invented it myself. Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that, for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England mained,[148] and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say[149] hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French; and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can:—the Frenchmen are our enemies; go to, then, I ask but this,—can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away; and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—
And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two Staffords and Forces.*

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Cade. And you that love the commons, follow me.
Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon;
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would—but that they dare not—take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order when we are most out of order. Come, march forward! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another part of Blackheath.*

Alarums. The two parties enter and fight, and both the STAFFORDS *are slain.*

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee,—the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one a week.[150]

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear [*putting on part of Sir H. Stafford's armour*];[151] and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse' heels till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good,[152] break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee.—Come, let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV. *London. A room in the palace.*

Enter King HENRY, *reading a supplication; the* Duke of BUCKINGHAM *and* Lord SAY *with him: at some distance,* Queen MARGARET, *mourning over* SUFFOLK'S *head.*

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword. And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general:—
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd, like a wandering planet, over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

K. Hen. How now, madam!
Lamenting still, and mourning Suffolk's death?[153]
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, love,[154] I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house;

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And calls your grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Hen. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd!

K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitor hateth thee;[155]
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger;
The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge;[156]
The citizens fly and forsake their houses:[157]
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

K. Hen. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

K. Hen. [*to Lord Say*] Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be[158] betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE V. *The same. The Tower.*

Enter Lord SCALES, *and others, on the walls. Then enter certain* Citizens, *below.*

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

First Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: the lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself,—
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Gough:
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so, farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. Cannon-street.*

Enter CADE *and his followers. He strikes his staff on London-stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, *running.*

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then, let's go fight with them: but first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE VII. *The same. Smithfield.*

Alarums. Enter, on one side, CADE *and his company; on the other,* Citizens, *and the* King's *Forces, headed by* MATTHEW GOUGH. *They fight; the* Citizens *are routed, and* MATTHEW GOUGH *is slain.*

Cade. So, sirs:—now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. [*aside*] Mass, 'twill be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. [*aside*] Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it it, shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. [*aside*] Then we are like[159] to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, *with the* Lord SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence,[160] even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-

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school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth,[161] dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this,—'tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.
Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civill'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, beauteous, full of riches;[162]
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;[163]
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?[164]
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learnèd clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king:
And, seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me:

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This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut, when struckest thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' th' ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle,[165] then, and the help of hatchet.[166]

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. It is the palsy,[167] and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be even with you: I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth or honour,—speak?
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

Cade. [*aside*] I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life.—Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him! and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some with Lord Say.*

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The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: men shall hold of me *in capite;* and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Re-enter Rebels, *with the heads of* Lord SAY *and his* Son-in-law.

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving-up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Southwark.*

Alarums. Enter CADE *and all his rabblement.*

Cade. Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus'-corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—[*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and old* CLIFFORD, *with Forces.*

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

O. Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy whilst 'tis offer'd you;
Or let a rebel[168] lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,

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Fling up his cap, and say, "God save his majesty!"
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave? —And you, base peasants, do ye believe them?[169] will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out[170] these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: for me, I will make shift for one; and so, God's curse light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade! we'll follow Cade!

O. Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquishèd,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks already in this civil broil
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying "Viliaco!" unto all they meet.[171]
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
Spare England, for it is your native coast:
Henry hath money,[172] you are strong and manly;
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! We'll follow the king and Clifford.

Cade. [*aside*] Was ever feather so lightly blown to and

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fro as this multitude? the name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying. —In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very middest of you! and heavens and honour be witness that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treason,[173] makes me betake me to my heels.

[*Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled? Go some, and follow him;
And he that brings his head unto the king
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—

[*Exeunt some of them.*

Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Killingworth Castle.*

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, *and* SOMERSET, *on the terrace of the castle.*

K. Hen. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was never subject long'd to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and old* CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your majesty!

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a number of CADE'S *followers, with halters about their necks.*

O. Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

K. Hen. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,

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To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advértisèd
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland;
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of savage gallowglasses and stout kerns[174]
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.[175]

K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd;
Like to a ship that, having scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd,[176] and boarded with a pirate:
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;
And now is York in arms to second him.—
I pray thee, Buckingham, go thou[177] and meet him;
And ask him what's the reason of these arms.
Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;—
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Hen. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
For[178] yet may England curse my wretched reign. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE X. *Kent.* IDEN'S *garden.*

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition![179] fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods; and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, o'er[180] a brick-wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word "sallet" was born to do me good: for many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely[181] marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word "sallet" must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, *with* Servants *behind.*[182]

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoilèd in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.[183]
I seek not to wax great by others' waning;[184]
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleasèd from my gate.

Cade. [*aside*] Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave.—Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him! but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why, then, should I betray thee?
Is 't not enough to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

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Cade. Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men,[185] and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,[186]
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick comparèd with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heavèd in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
But as for words,—[187] whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard!—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God,[188] on my knees, thou mayst be turned to hobnails. [*They fight. Cade falls.*] O, I am slain! famine and no other hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is 't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wipèd from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
T' emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man; and exhort all the world to be cowards,—for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.
Die, damnèd wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!

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And as I thrust thy body with[189] my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.
[*Exeunt Iden, dragging out the body, and Servants.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

The King's *camp on one side. On the other, enter* YORK *attended with drum and colours; his Forces at some distance.*

York. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright;
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle naught but gold.
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or sceptre balance it:
A sceptre shall it have,—have I a soul,—[190]
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

[*Aside*] Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.
Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.
York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?
Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou, being a subject as I am,

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Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. [*aside*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great:
O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!
I am far better born than is the king;
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
But I must make fair weather yet awhile,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—
O[191] Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither
Is, to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand;
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay and every thing you wish.—
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love;
I'll send them all as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have,
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.[192]

Enter King Henry, *attended.*

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

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York. In all submission and humility
York doth present himself unto your highness.
K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?
York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Who since I heard[193] to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, *with* CADE'S *head.*

Iden. If one so rude and of so mean condition
May pass[194] into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.
K. Hen. The head of Cade!—Great God, how just art thou!—
O, let me view his visage, being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.—
Tell me, my friend, art thou[195] the man that slew him?
Iden. I was, an 't like your majesty.
K. Hen. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?
Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.
Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created knight for his[196] good service.
K. Hen. Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Iden, rise up a knight.[197] [*He rises.*
We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.
Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege!
K. Hen. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen:
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET *and* SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand and front him to his face.
York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—

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False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not[198] king;
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,[199]
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,[200]
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
Sirrah, call in my sons[201] to be my bail: [*Exit an Attendant.*
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for[202] my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father. [*Exit Buckingham.*

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys!
See where they come: I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.

Enter, on one side, EDWARD *and* RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *with Forces; on the other, old* CLIFFORD *and his* Son, *with Forces also.*

O. Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!
[*Kneels.*

York. I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:

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We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.
O. Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much to think I do:—
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?
K. Hen. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.
O. Clif. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.
Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
York. Will you not, sons?
Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.
O. Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so:
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-lurking[203] curs:
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me. [*Exit an Attendant.*

Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY, *with Forces.*

O. Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.
Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried:[204]
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.
O. Clif.[205] Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!
York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.
O. Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.
K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—
Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!—
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,

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And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?—
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And stain thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame![206] in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death or[207] dignity.

O. Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

O. Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household[208] badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,

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This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,—
As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,—
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

O. Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,[309]
To quell the rebels and their complices.

Rich. Fie! charity, for shamé! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stígmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. *Saint Alban's.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
An if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter old CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.—

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As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit.*

O. Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

O. Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it!

O. Clif. My soul and body on the action both!

York. A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.

O. Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.*

[*They fight, and O. Clifford falls and dies.*(210)

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [*Exit.*

Enter young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,
[*Seeing his father's body.*
And the premisèd flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,(211)
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advisèd age,
And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;

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No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.—
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:
[*Taking up the body.*
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* SOMERSET *fighting, and* SOMERSET *is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there;—(212)
For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.—
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, *and others, retreating.*

Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you're slow; for shame, away!
K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.
Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way; and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,—
As well we may, if not through your neglect,—
We shall to London get: where you are lov'd;
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopp'd.

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Re-enter young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly:
But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present part.[213]
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Fields near Saint Alban's.*

Alarums: retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, *and* Soldiers, *with drum and colours.*

York. Old Salisbury,[214] who can report of him,—
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time,
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,[215]
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

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York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth:—
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my faith,[216] lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
Shall be etérniz'd in all age to come.—
Sound drums and trumpets;—[217] and to London all:
And more such days as these[218] to us befall! [*Exeunt.*

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P. 109. (1) "*As by your high imperial majesty*
I had in charge"

"Read 'As *from* your high,' &c. When the reading of the quarto, '*imperiall maiesties command*,' was altered, *ob metrum*, to '*imperial majesty*,' the corrector seems to have forgotten to alter the preposition." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 109. (2)
"*The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon*,"

I may observe that Shakespeare has allowed this line to stand just as he found it in *The First Part of the Contention*, &c.; and, indeed, even in the plays which are wholly his own, he, like other early dramatists, considered himself at liberty occasionally to disregard the laws of metre in the case of proper names: *e.g.* a blank-verse speech in *Richard II.* act ii. sc. 1 (vol. iv. p. 130) contains the following formidable line;

"Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint."

To the same license may be referred, among many other similar lines,

"Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?"
The Two Gentlemen of Verona, act ii. sc. 4.

"That Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me."
Id. act v. sc. 1.

"Why, then, she's fled unto that peasant Valentine."
Id. act v. sc. 2.)—

Here the editor of the second folio threw out the "*and*."

P. 109. (3) "*have perform'd*"

The quarto reading "'*did performe*' is more correct. Why was it altered, and by whom?" W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 110. (4) "Item, *that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to*"

"When the Cardinal afterwards reads this article, he says: 'Item, *It is further agreed between them*, that the *duchies* of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered *over* to,' &c. But the words in the instrument could not thus vary, whilst it was passing from the hands of the Duke to those of the Cardinal. For the inaccuracy Shakespeare must answer, the author of the original play not having been guilty of it. This kind of inaccuracy is, I believe, peculiar to our poet," &c. MALONE.—Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier suppose that Gloster's "sudden qualm" prevents him from giving the exact words of the document: but,—not to mention the utter improbability that, if such had been Shakespeare's intention, he would have left us in any doubt about the matter,—the occurrence of precisely similar inconsistencies in a later part of the play is alone sufficient to prove that they are mistaken. See note 38.

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P. 111. (5) "*Lord marquess, kneel down:*"

Can "*marquess*" be considered as a trisyllable here?—Pope printed "—*kneel* you *down*."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "—*kneel* thee *down*."

P. 111. (6) "*And was his highness in his infancy*
Crownèd in Paris in despite of foes?"

The folio has "*And* hath *his Highnesse in his infancy*," &c.—I now adopt (what I once rejected) the emendation of Rowe,—a correction also proposed by Walker; "the '*hath*'," he observes, "having originated in the former '*hath*.' Aliter Dycius, Remarks, p. 127. But the circumstance of the earlier event (a considerably earlier one) being mentioned after the later ones, seems to demand '*was*'." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 285.—Mr. Grant White, making these lines a continuation of the preceding sentence, reads

"*And* had *his highness in his infancy*
Crownèd in Paris," &c.

(*i.e.* And have we had his highness crowned in Paris, &c.)

P. 112. (7) "*the duchies of Anjou and Maine*"

The folio has "*the* Dutchy *of*," &c.—Compare what the Cardinal reads, p. 110.

P. 112. (8) "*wounds*,"

"It seems possible that for '*wounds*' we ought to read 'swords,' and that the speech ended with a rhyming couplet: it is prose [corrupted into prose] in the copies of the old 'Contention;' but there Warwick asks, 'must that, then, which we won with our *swords*, be given away with words?'" COLLIER.—In the alteration of the play was not the rhyme purposely done away with?

P. 113. (9)

"*Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,*
I prophesied—France will be lost ere long."

So the folio.—*The First Part of the Contention*, &c. has

"Farewell my Lords, *and say when I am gone,*
I prophesied France would *be lost ere long.*"—

"Shakespeare," observes Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "never could have made such *corrections* as here appear in the folio."

P. 113. (10) "*Thou or I, Somerset, will be protector*,"

The folio has "Or *thou, or I Somerset will be* Protectors."

P. 114. (11) "*tend the profit*"

Altered by Capell to "*tend* to *profit*:" but the old reading certainly may convey the same sense.

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P. 115. (12) "*thine*"

Mr. Grant White prints "mine."

P. 115. (13) "*helpless*"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "haplesse."

P. 115. (14) "*humour*"

The folio has "humors."

P. 115. (15)

"*With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,*
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:"

Walker suspects that a line is wanting between these two lines (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 74).—Such, too, seems to have been the view that Capell took of these lines; but it is not always easy to understand him: "their best cure," he says, "is by imagining something suppress'd in them, such as—*grow regardless of his own and the publick concerns;* after which the construction is regular." *Notes*, &c. vol. i. P. ii. p. 40.

P. 116. (16) "*dream*"

The folio has "dreames."

P. 117. (17)

"*And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;*
There"

The folio has

"*And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens* wer *crownd,*
Where"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "E'en *in that chair*," &c.—"*There*" was first proposed by Mr. Staunton.

P. 117. (18) "*I'm sure.*"

Added from *The First Part of the Contention*, &c.

P. 118. (19) "*Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.*"

See note 81 on the preceding play, p. 92.

P. 119. (20) "*our supplications in the quill.*"

"Perhaps '*our* supplications *in the quill*,' or '*in quill*' [as Hanmer prints], means no more than our *written* or *penned* supplications." STEEVENS.—"'*In the quill*' may mean 'with great exactness and observance of form,' or with the utmost punctilio of ceremony. The phrase seems to be taken

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from part of the dress of our ancestors, whose ruffs were *quilled*. While these were worn, it might be the vogue to say, such a thing is in the *quill*, *i.e.* in the reigning mode of taste." TOLLET (whose interpretation is commended by Nares, *Gloss.* in v. *Quill*).—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*our supplications in* sequel;" which Mr. Collier now adopts, understanding "sequel" to be the Petitioner's blunder for "sequence." But why should the Petitioner, whose language is elsewhere correct enough, blunder in this one place? Besides, when a dramatist puts a wrong word into the mouth of a comic character, there is always something ludicrous, or inclining to the ludicrous, in the mistake of the speaker: according to the Ms. Corrector's alteration, as explained by Mr. Collier, there is nothing of the kind here.—We are told by Mr. Hunter (*New Illustr. of Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 66), that "'*quill*' means here the narrow passage through which the Protector was to pass;" and he infers this meaning from the following lines in Sylvester's *Du Bartas* (*The Ark*, p. 114, ed. 1641);

> "And th' endlesse, thin ayre (which by secret *quils*
> Had lost it selfe within the winds-but hils," &c.

But if we turn to the original French, it will be seen that no light is thrown on "*quill*" in Shakespeare by "*quile*" in Sylvester, who used the word merely because he was translating literally;

> "Et puis l'air infini, qui par secrets *tuyaux*,
> Rare, c'estoit perdu dans les sombres caneaux
> Des monts butes des vents," &c.

In a later part of the same work (*The Tropheis*, p. 201) Sylvester has

> "Anon, like Cedron, through a straighter *quill*
> Thou strainest out a little brook or rill;"

the original of which is,

> "or dans un sec *tuyau*
> Pousses, comme Cedron, vn petit filet d'eau."

("*Tuyau.* A pipe, *quill*, cane, reed, canell." Cotgrave's *Dict.*).—"There cannot be the slightest doubt that 'in the *quill*' is intended for, in the *quoil* or coil; that is, in the *bustle* or *tumult* which would arise at the time the Protector passed. Shakespeare frequently uses the word for bustle, tumult, stir; and that it was sometimes spelt *quoil* and *quoyle* appears from Nares, in v. Quoyl. The orthography may have been intended to mark the First Petit.'s mode of pronunciation, *quile* for *coil*, and the misprint be only in the last letter, *l* for *e*." SINGER, *Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 148. (I, too, formerly proposed "*in the* quoil" (=coil), not being aware that Mr. Singer had anticipated me).—"Read 'in the *quile*,'—that is, in due rank and order, like quiles in a hay-field. *Quile* is a provincial word for a heap." SWYNFEN JERVIS. ("*Quile.* A pile, heap, large cock, or cop of hay put together ready for carrying, and to secure it from rain; a heap of any thing." Halliwell's *Dict. of Arch. and Prov. Words*, &c.).—"'*In the quill*,' that is, all together. The First Petit. tells his companions to keep together, so that when the lord protector comes, their supplications may all be delivered at once. This cant expression occurs in a ballad in the Roxburghe Collection, ii. 137;

> 'Thus those females were all *in a quill*,
> And following on their pastime still.'" HALLIWELL.

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P. 119. (21) "First Petit."

So the fourth folio ("1 *Pet.*").—The first and second folios have "Peter;" the third folio has "1 Peter."

P. 119. (22) "*For*"

So Capell.—The folio has "To." (The absurdity of attempting to support the old lection, "To *my lord protector*," by inserting after it the stage-direction, "*Reading*" (or "*Reading the superscription*"), or by printing these words between inverted commas, as if read by the queen, is manifest from what immediately follows.)

P. 120. (23) "*That my master was? no, forsooth:*"

The folio has "*That my* Mistresse *was?*" &c.—"Is there not something wrong here? The context seems to require '*The duke say* that my master was? no, forsooth.'" W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 120. (24) "*fashion in*"

The first three folios have "Fashions *in*."—The fourth folio has "*fashion of*."

P. 120. (25) "*images*"

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 255) proposes to read "image',"" marked as a plural.

P. 120. (26) "*haught*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "haughtie."

P. 121. (27) "*their*"

The folio has "the."

P. 122. (28) "*I'd set*"

So *The First Part of the Contention*, &c.—The folio has "*I* could *set*."

P. 123. (29) "*fury*"

The folio has "Fume,"—a misprint for "*Furie*." (This emendation was proposed by me in my former edition, before the appearance of Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c., where (vol. iii. p. 156) it may now be found.)

P. 123. (30) "*fast*"

So Pope (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The folio has "farre."

P. 124. (31) "*This is my doom, my lord*," &c.

The folio has merely "*This doome, my Lord*," &c. (Compare the corresponding passage of *The First Part of the Contention*, &c., "*My* gratious *Lord*, then *this is my* resolue.")

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P. 124. (32)

"K. Hen. *Then be it so.—My Lord of Somerset,*
We make your grace regent over the French."

These two lines were inserted by Theobald from *The First Part of the Contention*, &c., because "without them the king has not declared his assent to Gloucester's opinion; and the Duke of Somerset is made to thank him for the regency before the king has deputed him to it."—Malone rejects the lines, drawing a most inconsequential conclusion from the variations in this scene between the old and the amended play, and *supposing* that "Shakespeare thought Henry's assent might be *expressed by a nod*"!—Capell omits them; and asks (with an ignorance of stage-business even greater than Malone's), "may not the king's acquiescence be conveyed *by a look?*"!—Mr. Collier throws them out, content with the old hypothesis of *the nod.*—Mr. Knight excludes them, for "Henry, *having given the power of deciding to Gloster*, both in the case of the armourer and of the regency, might be intended by the poet, on his revisal of the play, to speak by the mouth of the protector." But Henry has *not* "given the power of deciding to Gloster;" he has merely put to him the question,

"Uncle, *what shall we say to this in law?*"

Now, why should Malone, Capell, Mr. Collier, and Mr. Knight so obstinately refuse to be indebted to the older play here, when afterwards *they are compelled to borrow from it twice, in order to render the text intelligible?* In a note on act iv. sc. 1, Mr. Collier writes, "This line, necessary to the congruity of the dialogue, is derived from the quarto," &c.: and Mr. Knight, *ibid.*, observes, "The passage in brackets is not found in the folio. Without it the point of the dialogue is lost. There can be no doubt that it was omitted by a typographical error," &c.—What is more; in act ii. sc. 3, where Horner says, "and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow," Malone and Mr. Knight add from the quarto, *without the slightest necessity*, "as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart."

1864. Mr. Staunton inserts the above lines as "essential."—Mr. Grant White and the Cambridge Editors reject them.—I continue to think it absolutely necessary that the King should *say something here;* and I believe that his words, whatever they may have been according to the revised text, are omitted in the folio by mistake.—The Cambridge Editors remark that "Shakespeare would hardly have left so lame a line as the second unaltered:" but they certainly ought not to have been offended at the metre of that line, since afterwards in this play, act ii. sc. 4, they deliberately (see their note *ad l.*) make the Herald speak the following *verses;*

"I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament,
Holden at Bury the first of this next month."

P. 125. (33) "*the silent of the night,*"

"So reads the folio 1623; but Steevens and Mason, as well as Mr. Collier's annotator, prefer the lection of the earlier version of the play, '—the *silence* of the night.'" STAUNTON. With respect to Steevens and Mason at least, Mr. Staunton is mistaken: their notes are to show that here "*silent*" is used as a substantive.

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P. 126. (34)

"Boling. [reading out of a paper] '*First of the king: what shall of him become?*'"

Here Mr. Collier omits the modern stage-direction, "*reading out of a paper*," and observes, "We need not suppose that Bolingbroke's questions were written in the first instance," &c. But he appears to have forgotten that at the commencement of this scene, as given in *The First Part of the Contention*, &c., the Duchess says,

"Here sir Iohn, take *this scrole of paper here*,
Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske," &c.

P. 126. (35) "*False*"

Altered (and perhaps rightly) to "Foul" by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

P. 126. (36) "*deep-indebted*"

The folio has "deepely *indebted*." (Compare, in the preceding play, p. 36, "Com'st thou with *deep*-premeditated lines," &c.)

P. 126. (37) "*We'll see your trinkets here forthcoming all.—*
Away!"

The folio has

"*Wee'le see your Trinkets here* all forth-comming.
All *away*."

P. 127. (38)

"'*Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?*
. . . . . .
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?'"

But at p. 126, where Bolingbroke *reads the very paper which York is now reading*, we find

"'*What* fates await *the Duke of Suffolk?*
. . . . . .
What shall befall *the Duke of Somerset?*'"

See note 4.

P. 127. (39) "*lord;*"

The folio has "Lords:" but York is addressing Buckingham: compare the penultimate line of the preceding page. Here the text is manifestly corrupted and mutilated.

P. 127. (40) "*These oracles are hardly attain'd,*
And hardly understood."

"Not only the lameness of the versification, but the imperfection of the sense too, made me suspect this passage to be corrupt. York, seizing the

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parties and their papers, says, he'll see the devil's writ; and finding the wizard's answers intricate and ambiguous, he makes this general comment upon such sort of intelligence, as I have restored the text;

'These oracles are *hardily* attain'd
And hardly understood.'

i. e. A great risque and hazard is run to obtain them; and yet, after these *hardy* steps taken, the informations are so perplexed, that they are *hardly* to be understood." THEOBALD.—In my former edition I adopted Theobald's alteration: but I now think, with Mr. Collier, that "the poet would scarcely have written '*hardily*' in one line and 'hardly' in the next;" though possibly he might have intended the first "*hardly*" to be pronounced "*hardily*."

P. 127. (41) "*carry them,*—"

"Write '*carry 'em,*' and pronounce rapidly, to avoid the trisyllabic ending, which is out of place in these dramas, as it is also, though not altogether unknown, in those which are entirely and undisputedly Shakespeare's." Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 99.

P. 128. (42) "*For with such holiness well can you do it.*"

The folio has "*With such Holynesse can you doe it?*" What is the true reading here, will probably be always a matter of doubt. (The corresponding passage in *The First Part of the Contention*, &c. is "Church-men so hote. Good vncle can you doate" [in 4to 1619 "——can you do't"].)—"Spoken ironically. By '*holiness*' he means *hypocrisy*." WARBURTON.

P. 129. (43)

"Glo. *True, uncle.*
Car. [aside to Glo.] *Are ye advis'd?—the east side of the grove?*
Glo. [aside to Car.] *Cardinal, I am with you.*"

In the folio the whole of this is assigned to "*Glost.*"—Theobald made the proper distribution.

P. 130. (44) "*Here come the townsmen on procession,*
To present your highness with the man."

I know not how to treat the second line, which is unmetrical, and hardly gives the sense required by the context. The earlier editors altered this speech in two ways, and very violently: Pope read

"*Here come the townsmen on procession,*
Before your highness to present *the man;*"

and Capell gave

"*Here* are *the townsmen on procession,*
Come *to present your highness with the man.*"

P. 130. (45) "*Though*"

The folio has "Although."

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P. 130. (46) "*Simpcox*,"

The folio has "Symon."

P. 130. (47) "*and I will help thee.*"

"Surely, 'and I will *heal* thee.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 278.

P. 131. (48) "*think his cunning*"

So *The First Part of the Contention*, &c.—The folio has "*thinke* it, *Cunning*;" but *in the rest of the speech it agrees verbatim with the quarto.*—The whole is printed as prose in the older play. The folio divides it into lines of unequal length (which, by the by, does not prove that the editor of the folio took the speech for verse, since he afterwards allows several prose-speeches of Cade to stand so divided). Boswell apprehends that "no metre was intended" here: but I see every reason to believe that the present speech was written by the original author in verse, and that his verse has been corrupted into prose. I think, however, with Mr. Knight, that prose is preferable to such verse as an attempt at metrical arrangement, without alterations of the text, produces here.

P. 133. (49) "*vanquish'd all my powers*;"

"I believe the author wrote '*languish'd* all my powers.' I am pretty sure that I have met with instances of *to languish* as an active verb in this sense, though I do not at present recollect the passages." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 309.

P. 134. (50) "*hear it at full.*"

Qy. is "*hear*" to be considered as a dissyllable?—Pope printed "*hear it* thus *at full.*"—Capell and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector give "*hear it at* the *full.*"

P. 134. (51) "*Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king*;"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 140) would expunge "*the.*" But see note 2.

P. 134. (52) "*where, as all you know,*
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously."

In the corresponding passage of *The First Part of the Contention*, &c. we find "both *you*," instead of "*all you*:" but see note 48 on *The Second Part of King Henry IV.*—As to the second line, I once conjectured

"Was harmless Richard *murder'd traitorously.*"

P. 134. (53) "*very*"

Added by Hanmer. (Capell prints "*Father, the duke hath* surely *told the truth.*")

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P. 135. (54)

"*Married Richard Earl of Cambridge; who was son*
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son."

The folio has

"*Marryed Richard, Earle of Cambridge,*
Who was to Edmond Langley,
Edward the thirds fift Sonnes *Sonne.*"

P. 135. (55) "*proceeding*"

The folio has "proceedings."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 135. (56) "*while*"

Not in the folio.

P. 136. (57) "*we*"

An interpolation?

P. 136. (58) "*sins*"

The folio has "sinne."

P. 136. (59) "*Beseech*"

The folio has "I *beseech.*"

P. 136. (60) "*Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.*"

Is it necessary to observe that in this line "*would*" is equivalent to "*would have*"?

P. 137. (61) "*God and King Henry govern England's helm!—*
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm."

The folio has "—— *Englands* Realme."—The emendation (an obvious one) was conjectured by Johnson.

P. 137. (62) "Glo. *My staff! here, noble Henry, is my staff:*"

After this line Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector inserts

"To think I fain would keep it, makes me laugh;"

and Mr. Collier calls it "an *important* addition:"—but is it not rather "an *impertinent* addition"? for assuredly Gloster is in no laughing humour.

P. 137. (63) "*Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.*"

Rowe printed (with the third folio) "—— *her* younger *days.*"—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "—— *her* proudest *days;*" Mr. Singer's Ms. Cor-

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rector (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 152), "—— *her* strongest *days*;" and Mr. Staunton is confident that the author wrote either "—— *her* haughtiest *days*" or "—— *her* proudest *days*."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 157) puts a query after the word "*her*," and adds, "'*Pride*,' quasi *state*, grandeur, *ὄγκος*?"—Mason observes; "We must suppose that the pronoun '*her*' refers to '*pride*,' and stands for *it's*."—Steevens remarks; "Suffolk's meaning may be, 'The pride of Eleanor dies before it has reached maturity.' It is by no means unnatural to suppose that, had the designs of a proud woman on a crown succeeded, she might have been prouder than she was before."—Qy. "*Thus Eleanor's pride dies in* its *youngest days*"?

P. 138. (64) "*have at thee with a downright blow!*"

See the conclusion of note 32.

P. 139. (65) "*enemy*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "Enemies."

P. 139. (66) "*and*"

Added by Hanmer (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).

P. 139. (67) "*Barren*"

Capell prints "Bare,"—rightly perhaps.

P. 139. (68) "*Ten, my lord.*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "'Tis almost *ten, my lord*" ("almost" being obtained from *The First Part of the Contention*, &c., which has "Almost *ten my Lord*").

P. 139. (69) "*still*"

Was added in the second folio, and has been usually adopted by the editors. —Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 159) "believes that the error lies in '*looks*.'"—Mr. W. N. Lettsom (note, *ibid.*), instead of "*still*," would insert "and."

P. 141. (70) "*here?*"

Heath proposes "hence" (which occurred to me before I was aware that he had proposed it:—the Duchess says presently, "Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me *hence*").—"I think '*there*,' i.e. *thither*." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 159.

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P. 141. (71) "*Art thou gone too?*"

The folio has "*Art thou gone* to?"—Corrected in the second folio.—(In *The First Part of the Contention* we find

"Then is he gone, is noble Gloster gone,
And doth Duke Humphrey now forsake me *too?*"

—which proves that Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector was wrong when he altered the "to" of the folio to "so.")

P. 142. (72) "*our journey.*"

"'*Your* journey,' I think." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 8.

P. 142. (73) "*perémptory,*"

The folio has "how *peremptorie.*"

P. 143. (74) "*he is the next will mount.*"

Was, by an oversight, printed in my former edition "*he* as *the next,*" &c.,—an error which the Cambridge Editors have copied.

P. 143. (75) "*Lords*"

The folio has "Lord."

P. 143. (76) "*practices:*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 243) would read "practice," because he thinks "a triple ending is inadmissible in this play."

P. 143. (77) "*deep;*"

Capell printed "deepest" (from the older play,—which has "*Smooth runs the* brooke whereas *the* streame *is* deepest").

P. 144. (78) "*wolf.*"

The folio has "Wolues."

P. 145. (79) "*Well, Suffolk, well, thou shalt not see me blush*"

The folio has "*Well Suffolke, thou shalt not,*" &c.—The editor of the second folio printed "*Well, Suffolk,* yet *thou shalt not,*" &c.—Malone reads, "*Well,* Suffolk's duke, *thou shalt not,*" &c.,—the corresponding line in the original play being, "Why Suffolkes Duke thou shalt not see me blush," &c.—The reading in the text was proposed by me in my former edition, before the appearance of Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c., where (vol. iii. p. 160) it is suggested as "possibly" the true lection. (Compare, in p. 151, "*Well,* nobles, *well,*" &c.)

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P. 145. (80) "*dispursèd*"

Hanmer prints "disbursed" (with the fourth folio).

P. 146. (81) "*easy*,"

"*Easy* is *slight*, *inconsiderable*, as in other passages of this author." JOHNSON.—"The word, no doubt, means *easily*." RITSON.—"This explanation is, I believe, the true one. *Easy* is an adjective used adverbially." STEEVENS.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "easily."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 297) proposes "very;" which formerly occurred to myself, but which I now hardly like.

P. 146. (82) "*mightier crimes*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 301) reads "weightier *crimes*." (*The First Part of the Contention*, &c. has "greater matters.")

P. 146. (83) "*you*"

Omitted by Capell.

P. 146. (84) "*suspect*:"

The folio has "suspence."

P. 146. (85) "*mine*"

"The context requires the quarto reading, '*I am*;' for, in the next line, 'thousands more, *that yet suspect no peril*,' must refer to *persons*, not to *deaths*, which are *events*." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 147. (86) "*treasons*"

"Possibly an erratum for 'reasons.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 242.

P. 148. (87) "*when it strays*,"

"But how can it *stray* when it is *bound*? The poet certainly intended 'when it *strives*,' i. e. when it struggles to get loose. And so he elsewhere employs this word." THIRLBY.—"There needs no alteration. It is common for butchers to tie a rope or halter about the neck of a calf when they take it away from the breeder's farm, and to beat it gently if it attempts to stray from the direct road. The Duke of Gloster is borne away like the calf, that is, he is taken away upon his feet; but he is not carried away as a burden on horseback, or upon men's shoulders or in their hands." TOLLET.

P. 148. (88) "'*Who's a traitor, Gloster he is none*.'"

"That is, *Whoe'er's* a traitor," &c. STAUNTON.

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P. 148. (89) "*Fair lords*,"

The folio has "Free *Lords*."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives the true reading. Compare our author elsewhere;

"*War*. How now, *fair lords*!"
Third Part of King Henry VI. act ii. sc. 1.

"*Fair lords*, take leave," &c.
Id. act iv. sc. 8.

"*Fair lords*, your fortunes are alike in all," &c.
Titus Andron. act i. sc. 1.

"But ere I name him, you *fair lords*, quoth she," &c.

. . . . . .

"She utters this, 'He, he, *fair lords*, 'tis he,'" &c.
Lucrece.

Compare, too, Peele;

"I have no doubt, *fair lords*, but you well wot," &c.

. . . . . .

"By Gis, *fair lords*, ere many days be past," &c.
Edward I.,—*Works*, pp. 385, 398, ed. Dyce, 1861.

(It is not a little remarkable that Mr. Collier, who frequently admits into the text emendations of his Ms. Corrector which have been decidedly proved to be wrong, should write as follows on the present passage; "The epithet 'free' is changed to *fair* in the corr. fo. 1632, but without any very evident propriety: 'free' seems, however, rather an unusual mode of address under such circumstances."—It is about as remarkable that the Cambridge Editors should propose "My *lords*.")

P. 148. (90) "*flowering*"

Altered by Rowe to "flowry."

P. 149. (91) "*As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.*"

Hanmer printed "*As Humphrey's prov'd by reasons to my liege.*"

P. 149. (92) "*deceit*"

Delius conjectures "conceit."

P. 149. (93) "*spoken*"

The folio has "spoke."

P. 150. (94) "*do*"

Hanmer prints "doth,"—unnecessarily; for here the words "*Men's flesh do*," = "*The flesh of men do*," afford an example of a construction not unusual with our early writers,—of a verb plural put after a nominative singular when a genitive plural intervenes: see note 116 on *Love's Labour's lost.*

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P. 150. (95) "*Th' uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,*
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:"

"These are good lines, but quite out of place here, and the speech would be better without them. They are clearly part of the speech of the Messenger, and indicate a third recension of the play, differing both from the quarto and the folio. It is worth observing that neither here, nor in the Messenger's speech as given in the quarto, is there any line so flat and un-Shakespearian as one that we find only in the folio, viz.

'And put the Englishmen unto the sword.'" W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 151. (96) "*Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,*"

In Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 65, this line is quoted to show that "*nourish*" is used here as a monosyllable; nor have any of Shakespeare's commentators hesitated at the word. I am strongly inclined, however, to believe that Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector may have been right when he substituted "*Whiles I in Ireland* march *a mighty band,*" &c.; and the more so, because in *The First Part of Henry VI.* (see p. 6, and note 3, p. 83 of this volume) the reading of the folio, "*a* Nourish *of salt Teares,*" is undoubtedly a mistake for "*a* marish *of salt tears.*"

P. 152. (97) "*Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.*"

We so frequently find "aims" misprinted "*arms,*" that perhaps we might suspect such to be the case here, were it not for the corresponding passage of the original play;

"Heele nere confesse that I did set him on,
And therefore . . . . .
. . . . . .
That so soone as I am gone he may begin
To rise in Armes with troupes of country swaines," &c.

And see note 175.

P. 153. (98) "*are all things well,*
. . . . . .
First Mur. '*Tis, my good lord.*"

The folio has
"Is *all things well,*
. . . . . .
1. '*Tis, my good Lord.*"—

The Cambridge Editors observe; "The murderer's answer '*Tis*, which Rowe changed to *Yes* without authority, shows that we ought to retain the *Is* of the first Folio, notwithstanding the grammatical inaccuracy. In the Quartos the murderer says, 'All things *is* hansome now my Lord.'"

P. 153. (99) "*Meg;*"

So Capell and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "Nell."

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P. 154. (100) "*pale as primrose*"

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 264) asks, "Would '*pale as primrose*' for '*pale as a primrose*' be old English?" If the reply be "No," we must here print "primrose'," marked as a plural.

P. 155. (101) "*Margaret*"

So Rowe.—The folio has "Elianor."

P. 155. (102) "*Erect his statua, and worship it,*"

The folio has "*Erect his* Statue," &c.—But we know for certain that the Latin form *statua* was very frequently used, not only by writers of all descriptions during the days of Shakespeare, but also by those who flourished at a late period of the seventeenth century: see Todd's Johnson's *Dict.* in v. *Statue;* and (among many passages which I could easily adduce) compare the following lines in a copy of verses by John Harris, prefixed to the folio of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works*, 1647;

> "Base hands, how impotently you disclose
> Your rage 'gainst Camden's learned ashes, whose
> Defaced *statua* and martyr'd book
> Like an antiquity and fragment look!"

I therefore have not the slightest doubt that wherever *statue* occurs, while the metre requires three syllables, it is an error for *statua*. Our old poets no more thought of using *statue* as a trisyllable than *stature*, a third form of the word which is not unfrequently found: see my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 186.

P. 155. (103) "*awkward winds*"

Here, and in the next line but one, the folio has "winde." But *The First Part of the Contention*, &c., in the corresponding passage has "*winds:*" and Malone cites the words "*awkward winds*" from Marlowe's *Edward II.* and from Drayton's *Heroical Epistles,—Richard II. to Queen Isabel.*

P. 155. (104)

> "*What boded this but well-forewarning winds*
> *Did seem to say,* . . . . . .
> *What did I then but curs'd the gentle gusts,*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "—— *the* un*gentle gusts*," &c.; and so does Mr. Singer's Ms. Corrector (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 152).—But the alteration could hardly have failed to occur to Theobald, Hanmer, &c., who must have perceived that "*gentle*" was a very unusual epithet for "*gusts;*" and yet they did not disturb the text. I presume they understood Margaret (who has just above spoken of the "*well-forewarning* winds") to mean,—that when she cursed the gusts, she was not aware that they were really acting towards her with kindness, in keeping her from the English shore.—Here Hanmer prints "*What did I then but* curse *the*," &c.

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P. 155. (105) "*Margaret.*"

So Rowe.—The folio has "Elianor."

P. 155. (106) "*the chalky cliffs,*
When from thy shore"

The folio has "thy *Chalky Cliffes*," &c.

P. 155. (107) "*earnest-gaping*"

An anonymous critic proposes "*earnest*-gazing."

P. 155. (108) "*witch*"

The folio has "watch."—Here, of course, the allusion is to the First Book of Virgil's *Æneid:* but, as Theobald observes, "it was Cupid, in the semblance of Ascanius, who sat in Dido's lap, and was fondled by her;" and "it was not Cupid who related to her the process of Troy's destruction, but it was Æneas himself."

P. 156. (109) "*Margaret!*"

So Rowe.—The folio has "Elinor."

P. 156. (110) "[Warwick goes into an inner chamber," &c.

This is a modern addition. Here the folio has no stage-direction. In the corresponding place of *The First Part of the Contention*, &c. we find "*Warwicke drawes the curtaines and showes Duke Humphrey in his bed.*"

P. 156. (111) "*to rain*
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,"

Here "*rain*" is Capell's conjecture; which word is also substituted by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "*to* draine," &c.—Steevens observes that the emendation is "confirmed by two passages; one in *The Taming of the Shrew*,

'To *rain* a shower of commanded *tears;*'

and another in *King Henry IV.* Part ii.

'To *rain upon* remembrance with mine eyes.'"

Compare also our author's *Venus and Adonis*,

"With *tears*, which, chorus-like, her eyes did *rain.*"

P. 156. (112)
"[The folding-doors of an inner chamber are thrown open," &c.

Here the folio has merely "*Bed put forth.*"

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P. 157. (113) "*And*"

So Capell and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "For,"—an error obviously caused by the occurrence of the same word just above. In this line Hanmer prints (with the fourth folio) "—— *my life* is *death;*" Capell, "—— *my* death *in* life" (Johnson's conjecture).

P. 157. (114) "*Being all descended*"

"That is, the blood being all descended, &c.; the substantive being comprised in the adjective '*bloodless.*'" MASON.

P. 159. (115)

"*Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,*
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death"

The folio has "*Vnlesse* Lord *Suffolke straight*," &c.: but there cannot be a doubt that "Lord" was repeated by mistake from the line above; for the corresponding passage of the original play is,

"My Lord, the Commons sends you word by me,
The [sec. 4to, That] vnlesse *false* Suffolke here be done to death,'
&c.

and towards the close of the present speech, as amended in the folio, we have

"From such fell serpents as *false* Suffolk is."

P. 159. (116) "*In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 282) cites this line as containing an erroneous repetition of the word "*pain.*"—And perhaps "On *pain of*," &c.: compare the last line of King Henry's next speech.

P. 160. (117) "*or we will all break in!*"

Qy. "*or* we'll *break in*"? (the transcriber's or compositor's eye having caught the "*all*" in the next line).

P. 161. (118) "*Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?*
Suf. *A plague upon them!*"

The folio has "—— *to curse thine* enemy?" which several editors have retained. But the corresponding words of *The First Part of the Contention*, &c. are, "Fie womanish man, canst thou not curse thy *enemies?*"

P. 161. (119) "*Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,*"

"Read, with the quarto, '*Could* curses kill, as *do* the mandrake's *groans.*'" W. N. LETTSOM.

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P. 161. (120) "*on end*,"

So the older play.—Here the folio has "an *end*;" which variation goes for nothing, because our early writers have both "on *end*" and "an *end*,"—sometimes in the same work: compare Chapman's *Homer*;

> "Yet (fearing he had far'd much worse) the haire stood vp *on end*
> On Agamemnon," &c. *Iliad*, B. iv. p. 54, ed. folio.

> "And to the earth his body fell: the haire stood vp *an end*
> On Aiax," &c. *Ib.* B. xv. p. 209.

P. 161. (121) "*that*"

Altered by Theobald to "meat;" by Hanmer to "thing" (with the older play).

P. 162. (122)

> "*That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,*
> *Through whom*"

Hanmer gave

> "*That thou mightst think* on *these* lips *by the seal,*
> *Through* which;"

and so Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read, except that he would make a still further alteration, viz. "——*by* their *seal.*"

P. 162. (123) "*hence;*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "thence."

P. 162. (124) "*I can no more:—live thou to joy thy life;*
Myself to joy in naught but that thou liv'st."

The folio has "*My selfe* no *ioy in nought*," &c.—I adopt the very slight alteration of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector; because (though double negatives are not uncommon in Shakespeare) the old reading has a strange awkwardness of expression, and because, to all appearance, the "no" was erroneously repeated from the preceding line.

P. 163. (125) "*at an hour's poor loss*,"

Mason proposes "*at* another's *poor loss*,"—in disregard of the metre.—According to Steevens, the meaning is, "Wherefore do I grieve that Beaufort has died an hour before his time, who, being an old man, could not have had a long time to live?" According to Malone, "Why do I lament a circumstance the impression of which will pass away in the short period of an hour; while I neglect to think on the loss of Suffolk, my affection for whom no time will efface?"

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P. 163. (126) "*along*"

Added by Hanmer.—(Steevens compares, in *Hamlet*,

"And he to England shall *along with thee*.")

P. 163. (127) "*cask*"

Rowe, and several of his successors, printed "casket."

P. 164. (128) "*So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.*"

Surely the reading in *The First Part of the Contention*, &c. is preferable;

"If *thou wilt let me liue* but one whole yeare."

P. 164. (129) "*upon this wretch!*

. . . . . .

this wretch's soul,"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 311) cites this passage as suspicious on account of the repetition.—Capell conjectures "his wretched *soul*."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "*this* sinner's *soul*."

P. 165. (130)

"*The lives of those which we have lost in fight*
Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum?"

Here the folio wants the interrogation-point, which at least renders the passage intelligible. But no doubt something has dropped out from the text,—*as is certainly the case with respect to two other passages in this scene as given in the folio;* see notes 131, 133. (Rowe printed

"Nor can *those lives which we have lost in fight*
Be counterpois'd with," &c.

Capell,

"Cannot *be* pois'd *with*," &c.

Malone, unmetrically,

"Cannot be *counterpois'd with*," &c.—

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads

"Can *lives of those which we have lost in fight*
Be counterpois'd with," &c.

which Mr. Collier thinks "is unobjectionable:" but we may object, and strongly, to the omission of "*the*" before "*lives*.")

P. 166. (131) "*Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?*"

This line is only found in *The First Part of the Contention*, &c.; without it the next speech has no meaning.

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P. 166. (132)

"Suf. *Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,*"

In the folio this line is by mistake made a portion of the preceding speech, and "*lowly*" is misprinted "lowsie."

P. 167. (133) "Cap. *Yes, Pole.*
Suf. *Pole!*
Cap. *Pole! Sir Pole! lord!*"

The first two speeches are found only in *The First Part of the Contention*, &c.: that they were accidentally omitted in the folio is evident. Mr. W. N. Lettsom conjectures, with great probability, that the third speech should run thus; "*Pole! Sir Pole! Lord* Pole? Duke Pole?"—Here, of course, "*Pole*" is to be pronounced "*Pool*," which was formerly the more usual spelling of the name.

P. 167. (134) "*shalt*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "shall."

P. 167. (135) "*mother's bleeding*"

The folio has "Mother-*bleeding*."

P. 167. (136) "*are*"

The folio has "and."

P. 168. (137) "*Than Bargulus, the strong Illyrian pirate.*"

Hanmer printed "*Than* Bardylis *the strong*," &c.—Here "*Bargulus*" is a corruption derived from the faulty reading in Cicero *De Off.* ii. 11, "*Bargulus*, Illyrius latro, de quo est apud Theopompum," &c. (a passage which Warburton has adduced, and which, by a singular oversight, Mr. Collier has given as an extract from *Theopompus,—who wrote in Greek.*) The true name is Bardylis (Βάρδυλις).—This personage (who, we are told, was originally a collier, and next the leader of a band of freebooters) ultimately raised himself to the throne of Illyria. Wichers, in his edition of *Theopompi Fragmenta*, observes; "Locus, in quo Theopompus Bardylin memorat et ad quem Cicero respexit, continuisse videtur expeditionem, quæ, a Philippo secundo regni anno feliciter suscepta, legitur apud Diodorum xvi. 4, Bardylis item memorem, et verbo memoratur a Justino vii. 6. Bardylis hic sordido genere erat natus. Helladius Byzantinus in Χρηστομαθείᾳ apud Photium Bibl. Cod. cclxxix. Βράδυλλις [lege Βάρδυλις] δέ τις Ἰλλυρίων ἀστρατήγησεν, ἀνθρακεὺς γεγονώς. Sic item cognominatur a Libanio Orat. 28, cujus corrupta verba restituit H. Valesius ad Diod. Excerpta, p. 121. Hæc fortasse causa cur latro apud Ciceronem audiat." p. 146. (The earlier part of this note appeared in my former edition of *Shakespeare*, and has been misunderstood by Mr. Grant White, who cites me as stating that "the Greek of Theopompus gives the name *Bardylis*." The fact is, the name does not occur in any extant fragment of Theopompus: it is only from Cicero we learn that Bardylis was mentioned by Theopompus.)

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P. 168. (138) "Gelidus timor occupat artus:"

The folio has "*Pine* gelidus timor," &c.—The editor of the second folio, not knowing what to substitute for "Pine," threw out the word; and I consider it more advisable to follow his example than to print, with Theobald, "*Pœnæ* gelidus timor," &c.; or, with Malone (who thought that here "the measure is of little consequence"!), "*Penè* gelidus timor," &c.—This quotation, as far as I know, has not yet been traced to its source.

P. 168. (139) "*this*"

The folio has "the."—Corrected by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 235).

P. 168. (140) "*True nobility*," &c.

Hanmer gave "Know *true nobility*," &c.—Mr. Lloyd conjectures "Exempt from fear is true nobility."

P. 168. (141) "*Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can*,"

In the folio this line is given by mistake to the preceding speaker.

P. 169. (142) "*It is our pleasure one of them depart*:—"

"After this line, it would seem that a line has dropt out, to this effect,

'To fetch what's due for him and for the rest.'

In the quarto the matter is managed somewhat differently." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 169. (143) "*which is as much to say as*,"

See note 19 on *Twelfth-Night* (but I now find that, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, Mr. Collier reads here, with his Ms. Corrector, "*which is as much* as to say,"—the lection of the third folio).

P. 170. (144) "*And Smith the weaver*,—"

Capell here and elsewhere alters "*Smith*" to "Will:"—"Instead of '*Will*,'" he says, in his odd style, "the folio's and other copies from them give us '*Smith*;' and when this *Smith* comes to speak, call him '*Weaver*:' but as some of this *Weaver's* speeches are prefac'd by *Will* in the quarto's, and those of all his associates by Christian names only, reason pronounces *Smith* a mistake, and declares for *Will*: the matter is trifling." *Notes*, &c. vol. i. P. ii. p. 52.

P. 170. (145) "*of our supposed father*,—"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "*of our supposed father*, or rather—"

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P. 170. (146) "*For our enemies shall fall*"

The folio has "—— *shall* faile" (but the speaker is alluding to his name, *Cade* from *cado*).—"I would read and point, '*Or* for our enemies shall fall,' &c. '*For*,' i.e. *because*." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 263.

P. 172. (147) "*And*"

Perhaps repeated by mistake from the preceding speech.

P. 173. (148) "*for thereby is England mained*,"

Here most of the modern editors alter "*mained*" to "maimed,"—which is the faulty reading in the corresponding passage of *The First Part of the Contention*, &c.—"To MAINE, to lame." Hunter's *Hallamshire Glossary*.

P. 173. (149) "*that that Lord Say*"

Qy. "*that* the *Lord Say*," as in the preceding speech? or "*that Lord Say*," with the third folio?

P. 174. (150)
"*thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one a week*."

Here Malone was the first who introduced the words "*a week*" from the corresponding passage in *The First Part of the Contention*, &c., which is, "Thou shalt haue licence to kil for foure score & one a week."—"Shakespeare," observes Malone, "changed the number to *ninety-nine*, perhaps from that number being familiar to him, being a common term or period of duration in leases. But the words 'a week,' which are found in the original play, must have been accidentally omitted in the transcript or at the press; for the passage is unintelligible without them. In the reign of Elizabeth butchers were strictly enjoined not to sell flesh meat in Lent, not with a religious view, but for the double purpose of diminishing the consumption of flesh meat during that period, and so making it more plentiful during the rest of the year, and of encouraging the fisheries and augmenting the number of seamen. Butchers who had interest at court frequently obtained a dispensation from this injunction, and procured a license to kill a certain limited number of beasts *a week*, during Lent; of which indulgence the wants of invalids, who could not subsist without animal food, was generally made the pretence. See the Proclamations in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries."

P. 174. (151) "[putting on part of Sir H. Stafford's armour];"

Not in the folio.—Steevens quotes from Holinshed; "Jack Cade, upon his victory against the Staffords, apparelled himself in Sir Humphrey's brigandine, set full of gilt nails, and so in some glory returned again toward London."

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P. 174. (152) "*to thrive and do good,*"

"*i. e.*" says Steevens, "*ourselves* to thrive, and do good *to others*."—Johnson would read "*to thrive, do good.*"

P. 175. (153) "*Lamenting still, and mourning Suffolk's death?*"

So Pope and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio and the older play have "Still lamenting *and mourning* for *Suffolkes death?*"

P. 175. (154) "*love,*"

The folio and the older play have "my *loue.*"

P. 176. (155) "*Lord Say, the traitor hateth thee;*"

The folio has "——*the* Traitors," &c.—Capell printed "*Lord Say, the traitor* rebel *hateth thee.*" (By "*the traitor*" is meant, of course, Cade. Compare the next speech but one.)

P. 176. (156) "*Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge;*"

The words "My lord" seem to be required either at the beginning of this line or (where Capell inserted them) at the end of it.

P. 176. (157) "*The citizens fly and forsake their houses:*"

The second folio has "——*fly* him, *and forsake,*" &c.—Malone makes the words "*The citizens*" the concluding portion of the preceding line, leaving this line imperfect.

P. 176. (158) "*be*"

Added in the second folio.

P. 178. (159) "*Then we are like*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 248) would read "*Then* are we *like.*"

P. 178. (160) "*by these presence,*"

The fourth folio has "*by these* presents," — which several editors prefer (kindly correcting Cade's language).

P. 179. (161) "*in a foot-cloth,*"

The original play and the second folio have "on *a footcloth;*" but the reading of the first folio is equally right. Compare Jonson's *Case is altered,* act iv. sc. 4 (*Works,* vi. 394, ed. Gifford), "I'll go *in my foot-cloth,* I'll turn gentleman."

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P. 179. (162) "*Sweet is the country, beauteous, full of riches;*"

The folio has "*Sweet is the Covntry*, because *full of Riches*."—"'*Because*' has undoubtedly usurped the place of some epithet, in all probability '*beauteous*.' '*Sweet*' is *wholesome*." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 162,—where, in a note, Mr. W. N. Lettsom remarks, "So Hanmer, whose excellent correction ["*beauteous*"] was rejected by Capell, and has been since forgotten."

P. 179. (163) "*wealthy;*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector and Hanmer substitute "worthy."

P. 179. (164) "*When have I aught exacted at your hands,*
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?"

The folio has "Kent *to maintaine, the King*," &c.,—the word "Kent" having crept in here by some mistake,—perhaps in consequence of its occurring three times a little above.—Steevens conjectured "Bent *to maintain the king*," &c.; which does not well suit the context.—I have no hesitation in adopting the correction of Johnson, "*But to maintain the king*," &c.,—which Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 162) pronounces to be "undoubtedly" the right reading.—Mr. Singer and Mr. Collier print "Kent, *to maintain the king*," &c.,—supposing "Kent" to be addressed to *the Kentish men:* which appears to me no less strange than Mr. Collier's objection to Johnson's emendation "*But*,"—that it makes Lord Say acknowledge himself guilty of exaction.

P. 180. (165) "*caudle*,"

So the fourth folio.—The earlier eds. have "Candle."

P. 180. (166) "*the help of hatchet.*"

Altered in the second folio to "*the help of* a *hatchet*."—Farmer conjectured "pap with a *hatchet*" (a cant phrase of the time).—Steevens gave "*the* pap *of* a *hatchet*."—The Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Magazine* for Nov. 1844, p. 458) would read "—— *and the* helve *of a hatchet:*" but why the handle of that instrument?—Steevens says that "*the help of a hatchet* is little better than nonsense,"—forgetting that "*a hempen caudle*" properly comes under the head of nonsense also:—if we allow of the latter prescription for Lord Say's "sickness and diseases," we surely need not be offended at the former.

P. 180. (167) "*It is the palsy*,"

So *The First Part of the Contention*, &c.—The folio has "*The Palsie.*"

P. 181. (168) "*rebel*"

The folio has "rabble."—I give the emendation of the two Ms. Correctors, Mr. Collier's and Mr. Singer's; and, though it requires nothing to confirm it, I may mention that in the corresponding speech of the older play Cade is termed "this monstrous *Rebell* here."

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P. 182. (169) "*them?*"

The folio has "him." (These two words are very often confounded in old books: see note 168 on *As you like it*.)

P. 182. (170) "*given out*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 162) would read "*given* over." But, says Mr. Staunton, "to *give out* in the sense of *resign* or *surrender* is yet current among the vulgar."

P. 182. (171) "*Crying 'Viliaco!' unto all they meet.*"

The folio has "*Crying* Villiago," &c.—Theobald printed "*Crying*, Villageois," &c.; which Capell (see his note) adopted with hesitation; and Mr. Hunter (*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 73) has protested against.—The old reading "*villiago*," or more properly "*viliaco*," is a term of reproach which we not unfrequently find in our early writers. So in *Every Man out of his Humour*, act v. sc. 3, "Now out, base *viliaco!*" where Gifford (Jonson's *Works*, ii. 181) has the following note; "This word occurs in Decker: 'Before they came near the great hall, the faint-hearted *villiacoes* sounded at least thrice.' *Untrussing the Humorous Poet.* In both places it means a worthless dastard (from the Italian *vigliacco*)." Mr. Hunter, *ubi supra*, is not quite correct when he says that "*Villiago* is given by Florio in his *Dict.*:" Florio has "*Vigliacco*, a rascall, a base varlet," &c.)

P. 182. (172) "*Henry hath money*,"

"Dr. Warburton reads 'Henry hath *mercy*;' but he does not seem to have attended to the speaker's drift, which is to lure them from their present design by the hope of French plunder. He bids them spare England, and go to France, and encourages them by telling them that all is ready for their expedition; that they have *strength*, and the king has *money*." JOHNSON.

P. 183. (173) "*treason*,"

The folio has "treasons."—Compare note 179.

P. 184. (174) "*Of savage gallowglasses and stout kerns*"

The folio has "*Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kernes*,"—a word having dropt out.—Hanmer printed "*Of* desp'rate *gallowglasses*," &c.; Capell, "*Of* nimble *gallowglasses*," &c.—The Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Magazine* for Nov. 1844, p. 458) and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector read "—— *stout* Irish *kerns*," &c.: but why apply that epithet especially to the "*kerns*," and not to the "*gallowglasses*," who were *Irish also?* (The ferocity of the latter was notorious: Drayton speaks of "the *slaught'ring* Galli-glass.")

P. 184. (175) "*His arms are only to remove from thee*
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor."

In my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 130, I maintained that we ought to read here "*His* aims *are only*," &c. But I

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now see that "arms" is undoubtedly the right word: compare not only, in the next speech,

"And now is York in *arms* to second him.—
. . . . . .
And ask him what's the reason of these *arms*;"

but also the lines at p. 188,

"*York.* . . . . . .
The cause why I have brought this army hither
Is, to remove proud Somerset from the king," &c.

"*Buck.* That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy *arms* be to no other end," &c.

P. 184. (176) "*calm'd*,"

So the fourth folio.—The first folio has "calme," the second "claimd," the third "claim'd."—"For '*calme*' I would read '*chas'd*;' perhaps it was written *chac'de*." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 68.

P. 184. (177) "*thou*"

Not in the folio.

P. 184. (178) "*For*"

Seymour and Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 321) conjecture "Or."

P. 185. (179) "*ambition!*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*Ambitions*."

P. 185. (180) "*o'er*"

So Hanmer and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "on."—Compare Iden's speech at foot of this page,—"Climbing my walls," &c.

P. 185. (181) "*bravely*"

"What has '*bravely*' to do here?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 162. —Qy. "heavily"?

P. 185. (182) "Enter Iden, with Servants behind."

The folio does not mark the entrance of the Servants; but it seems to be a necessary addition, as Cade presently speaks of Iden's "five men."—In the original play the corresponding stage-direction is, "*Enter Iacke Cade at one doore, and at the other maister Alexander Eyden and his men*," &c.; and there Iden concludes his third speech by saying to his men, "Sirrha fetch me weopons, and stand you all aside."—The Cambridge Editors remark; "By comparing this scene as it stands in the Quartos with that of the Folios it will appear that Shakespeare, in remodelling it, intended that Iden should be alone when he encountered Cade, as his first speech is evidently a soli-

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loquy; and after he has killed Cade he disposes of the body with his own hands. Shakespeare omitted, however, to strike out the reference to the 'five men.'" If so, why did not the Cambridge Editors banish the passage about the "five men" to the notes?

P. 185. (183) "*and worth a monarchy.*"

Rowe printed "*and's worth,*" &c.: but the text seems to be elliptical, and to have the same meaning.

P. 185. (184) "*waning;*"

The folio has "warning."

P. 186. (185) "*thy five men,*"

"The true text," according to Mr. Collier, "undoubtedly is 'fine men,' as the word is amended in the corr. fo. 1632." Now, it is a pity that so *fine* an emendation should be so absurdly wrong. As Cade here says that "though he has eaten no meat these *five* days, he is nevertheless more than a match for Iden and his *five* men," so, in his next speech, after being stabbed, he says, "Famine and no other hath slain me: let *ten* thousand devils come against me, and give me but the *ten* meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all."

P. 186. (186) "*an esquire of Kent,*"

Altered by Capell to "'squire *of Kent;*" and so too Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

P. 186. (187) "*But as for words,—*"

Here I have added "*But.*"—Rowe printed "*As for* more *words.*"—Mason proposed "*As for* mere *words.*"

P. 186. (188) "*God,*"

So the original play, in the corresponding passage.—The folio has "Ioue;" which, observes Malone, "was undoubtedly introduced by the editor of the folio to avoid the penalty of the statute, 3 Jac. I. ch. 21."

P. 187. (189) "*body with*"

The folio has "*body* in *with.*"

P. 187. (190) "*soul,—*"

Johnson would read "sword."

P. 188. (191) "*O*"

Added by the editor of the second folio.

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P. 188. (192)

"*We twain will go into his highness' tent.*"

"Shakespeare has here deviated from the original play without much propriety. He has followed it in making Henry come to Buckingham and York, instead of their going to him; yet without the introduction found in the quarto, where the lines stand thus;

'*Buck. Come, York, thou shalt go speak unto the king;—*
But see, his grace is coming to meet with us.'" MALONE.

P. 189. (193) "*heard*"

Capell prints "hear."

P. 189. (194) "*pass*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 162) would read "press,"—which seems preferable.

P. 189. (195) "*art thou*"

Capell, on account of what follows, conjectures "wast *thou*."

P. 189. (196) "*his*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 163) conjectures "this," as more natural.

P. 189. (197) "*Iden, rise up a knight.*"

So Mr. W. N. Lettsom.—The folio has merely "*rise up a Knight;*" which Hanmer altered to "and *rise* thou *up a knight*," Capell to "now *rise* thou *up a knight*."

P. 190. (198) "*not*"

The second folio has "no;" rightly perhaps.

P. 190. (199) "*Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,*"

"Papæ! '*Rule and govern.*' Ita postulant aures, immo et contextus loci, quem vide." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 163.—The corresponding line in the original play is

"That knowes not how *to gouerne nor to rule.*"

P. 190. (200) "*first let me ask of these,*"

So Theobald and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "—— *ask of* thee," &c.—By "*these*" York "means either his sons, or his troops, to whom he may be supposed to point." MALONE.—Theobald, at Warburton's suggestion, made this speech begin with what is now its third line.

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P. 190. (201) "*sons*"

The folio has "sonne."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 190. (202) "*for*"

So the second folio.—The first has "of."

P. 191. (203) "*fell-lurking*"

An error has been suspected here. Roderick proposed "*fell*-barking;" Heath would read "*fell*-lurching,"—which is little more than an alteration of spelling (see Richardson's *Dict.* in v. *Lurch*); and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*fell*-looking."

P. 191. (204)

"*Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur*
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried:"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*Who*, having *suffer'd with the bear's fell paw*," &c.:—on which Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 156) remarks truly enough "that the old copy needs no change;" but he misses the truth when he adds that "*suffer'd* is here used passively in the sense of *punished*." Nothing can be more evident than that "*being suffer'd*" is put in opposition to "*withheld*," and has here the same meaning as it has earlier in the play, p. 160,

"Lest, *being suffer'd* in that harmful slumber," &c.

and also in *The Third Part of Henry VI.* act iv. sc. 8,

"A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, *being suffer'd*, rivers cannot quench."

The cur, when *withheld*, turned round and snapped at those who restrained him; but, *being suffer'd* to engage with the bear's fell paw, &c.

1864. Since I have been accused of borrowing from other commentators without acknowledgment, and since I find that Mr. Staunton cites here the same passages as I do to explain the words "*being suffer'd*,"—I think it right to mention, that the above note appeared in the first edition of my *Shakespeare* before the publication of the No. of Mr. Staunton's edition which contained the present play.

P. 191. (205) "O. Clif."

Capell gives "*Y. C.*"

P. 192. (206) "*And stain thine honourable age with blood?*
. . . . . .
For shame!"

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The folio has

"*And* shame *thine honourable Age with blood?*

. . . . . .

For shame."

Corrected by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 311).

P. 192. (207) "*or*"

The folio has "and."

P. 192. (208) "*household*"

So *The First Part of the Contention*, &c.—The folio has "housed;" the second folio "houses."

P. 193. (209) "*And so to arms, victorious father,*"

The editor of the second folio, to assist the metre, reads (tamely enough) "*And so to arms, victorious* noble *father.*" But in this line, and in a line of the next scene,

"To cease!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear *father,*"

Walker bids us "note the apparent lengthening of the word *father.*" *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 210.

P. 194. (210) "O. Clifford falls and dies."

"It is remarkable, that at the beginning of the Third Part of this historical play, the poet has forgot this occurrence, and there represents Clifford's death as it really happened;

'Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.'" PERCY.

"For this inconsistency the elder poet [or poets] must answer; for these lines [with some variation] are in *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York*, &c., on which, as I conceive, *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* was founded." MALONE.

P. 194. (211) "*To cease!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,*"

See note 209.—The second folio has "—— ordained (O *deere Father*)."

P. 195. (212) "*So, lie thou there;—*"

From the corresponding passage in the original play Malone conjectures that, after this, a line has been omitted in the folio, to the following effect;

"Behold, the prophecy is come to pass;
For underneath," &c.—

"The death of Somerset here accomplishes that equivocal prediction given by [the Spirit raised by] Jourdain, the witch [&c.], concerning this duke; which we meet with at the close of the First Act of this play [p. 126];

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'Let him shun *castles;*
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where *castles mounted* stand,'—

i.e. the representation of a *castle* mounted for a *sign*." THEOBALD.

P. 196. (213) "*our present part.*"

The folio has "*our present* parts."—Earlier in this scene, Young Clifford speaks of "the frozen bosoms of our *part*" (i. e. party).

P. 196. (214) "*Old Salisbury,*"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "Of *Salsbury*."—In the corresponding speech of the original play York asks, "But did you see *old Salsbury*," &c.; and we have already had "*Old Salisbury*," p. 191.

P. 196. (215) "*Aged contusions and all brush of time,*
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,"

Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "*brush*" to "bruise" (Warburton's reading), and "*brow*" to "bloom."—For "*brow*" (which, according to Steevens, is equivalent to "height") Johnson proposed "blow."—(In support of the alterations "bruise" and "bloom" Mr. W. N. Lettsom cites

"And, with gray hairs and *bruise* of many days,
. . . . . .
His May of youth and *bloom* of lustihood."
Much Ado about Nothing, act v. sc. 1.)

P. 197. (216) "*Now, by my faith,*"

"The first folio reads 'Now by my *hand*.' This undoubtedly was one of the many alterations made by the editors of that copy, to avoid the penalty of the Stat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21. The true reading I have restored from the old play." MALONE,—who is followed by the Cambridge Editors.—Mr. Collier defends (but weakly, I think) the lection of the folio.

P. 197. (217) "*Sound drums and trumpets;*—"

So the original play.—Here the folio has "*Sound* Drumme *and Trumpets;*" but in *The Third Part of Henry VI.* act i. sc. 1, it has "*Sound Drummes and Trumpets.*"

P. 197. (218) "*these*"

Altered by Hanmer to "this."

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THE THIRD PART OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

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THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

FIRST printed in the folio of 1623.—An alteration by Shakespeare of a drama entitled *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt, with the whole contention betweene the two Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruants*,—originally printed in 1595, 8vo (reprinted for the Shakespeare Society in 1843).

See *Introduction* to *The First Part of King Henry VI.* p. 3 of this volume.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Sixth.
Edward, prince of Wales, his son.
Louis XI. king of France.
Duke of Somerset.
Duke of Exeter.
Earl of Oxford.
Earl of Northumberland.
Earl of Westmoreland.
Lord Clifford.
Richard Plantagenet, duke of York.
Edward, earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV.,
Edmund, earl of Rutland,
George, afterwards duke of Clarence,
Richard, afterwards duke of Gloster,
} his sons.
Duke of Norfolk.
Marquess of Montague.
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Pembroke.
Lord Hastings.
Lord Stafford.
Sir John Mortimer,
Sir Hugh Mortimer,
} uncles to the Duke of York.
Henry, earl of Richmond, a youth.
Lord Rivers, brother to Lady Grey.
Sir William Stanley.
Sir John Montgomery.
Sir John Somerville.
Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York.
Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman.
Two Keepers. A Huntsman.
A Son that has killed his father.
A Father that has killed his son.

Queen Margaret.
Lady Grey, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.
Bona, sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

Scene—*During part of the third act in France; during the rest of the play in England.*

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THE THIRD PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. The Parliament-house.*

Drums. Some Soldiers *of* YORK'S *party break in. Then enter the* Duke of YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and others, with white roses in their hats.*

War. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.
York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford,[1] and Lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.
Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerous;[2]
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow:
That this is true, father, behold his blood.
[*Showing his bloody sword.*
Mont. [*to York, showing his*] And, brother,[3] here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.
Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.
[*Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.*
York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—
But,[4] is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?
Norf. Such hap have all the line of John of Gaunt!

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Rich. Thus do I hope[65] to shake King Henry's head.
War. And so do I.—Victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.
York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.
Norf. We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk:—stay by me, my lords;—
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.
War. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

[*The Soldiers retire.*

York. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council:
By words or blows here let us win our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.
War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

[*Warwick leads York to the throne, who seats himself.*

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, *and others, with red roses in their hats.*

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike he means—
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer—
T' aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;

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And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.[6]
North. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!
Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.
West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.
Clif. Patience is for poltroons, such as he:[7]
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.
North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.
K. Hen. Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?
Exe.[8] But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.
K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.
[*They advance to the Duke.*
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.
York. Thou'rt deceiv'd;[9] I'm thine.
Exe. For shame, come down: he made thee Duke of York.
York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.[10]
Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
War. Exeter, thou'rt a traitor to the crown
In following this usurping Henry.
Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?
War. True, Clifford; and[11] that's Richard duke of York.
K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?
York. It must and shall be so: content thyself.
War. Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.
West. He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.
War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread

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March'd through the city to the palace-gates.

North. No,[12] Warwick, I remember 't to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

York. Will you we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father[13] was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

Rich. You're old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.—
Tear the crown, father,[14] from th' usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. [*to York*] Good brother,[15] as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.[16]

War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,[17]
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No; first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours—often borne in France,

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And now in England to our heart's great sorrow—
Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
My title's good, and better far than his.
War. But[18] prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.
K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.
York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.
K. Hen. [*aside*] I know not what to say; my title's weak.—
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
York. What then?
K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king;
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.
York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?
Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. Hen. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.
K. Hen. [*aside*] All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.
War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud—
Can set the duke up, in despite of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.—[19]
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York

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Or I will fill the house with armèd men,
And o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[*He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.*
K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:—[30]
Let me for this my life-time reign as king.
York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.
K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!
War. What good is this to England and himself!
West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.
North. Nor I.
Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.
West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands, for this unmanly deed!
Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,
Or live in peace, abandon'd and despis'd!
[*Exeunt Northumberland, Clifford, and Westmoreland.*
War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.
K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!
War. Why should you sigh, my lord?
K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick,[31] but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But be it as it may:—I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign,
And neither by treason nor hostility
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.
York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.
[*Coming from the throne.*

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War. Long live King Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.
K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!
York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.
Exe. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes!
[*Sennet. The Lords come forward.*
York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.
War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.
Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.
[*Exeunt York and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, Soldiers, and Attendants.*
K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.
Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:
I'll steal away. [*Going.*
K. Hen. Exeter, so will I.[22] [*Going.*

Enter Queen MARGARET *and the* Prince of Wales.

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.
Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.
Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be king, why should not I succeed?
K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son:—
The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforc'd me.
Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

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T' entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb environèd with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be,—to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away;
Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with[23] me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from[24] the field,
I'll see your grace: till then I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen Margaret and the Prince.*

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, wingèd with desire,
Will cost[25] my crown, and like an empty eagle
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those three lords torments my heart:
I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair:—
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II. *A room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.*

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, *and* MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.
Edw. No, I can better play the orator.
Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother![26] at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?
Edw. No quarrel, but a slight[27] contention.
York. About what?
Rich. About that which concerns your grace and us,—
The crown of England, father, which is yours.
York. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.
Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.
Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.
York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.
Edw. But, for a kingdom, an[28] oath may be broken:
I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.
Rich. No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.
York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.
Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.
York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.
Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority o'er him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest

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Until the white rose that I wear be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet-on Warwick to this enterprise.—
Thou, Richard, shalt unto[29] the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord of[30] Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous,[31] liberal, full of spirit.—
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay: what news?—Why com'st thou in such post?
Mess. The queen with all the northern earls and lords
Intend[32] here to besiege you in your castle:
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.
York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that we fear them?—
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;—
My brother Montague shall post to London:
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.
Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir John *and* Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!
You're come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.
Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.
York. What, with five thousand men?
Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need:

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A woman's general; what should we fear?

[*A march afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle,[33] of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France
Whenas the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Plains near Sandal Castle.*

Alarums. Enter RUTLAND *and his* Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to scape their hands?
Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD *and* Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursèd duke,
Whose father slew my father,—he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him!

Tut. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*

Clif. How now! is he dead already? or is't fear
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;[34]
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look!
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die!—
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath:
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

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Rut. Then let my father's blood open't again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me;
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accursèd line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore— [*Lifting his hand.*
Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death!—
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!
Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son,—for his sake pity me;
Lest in revenge thereof,—sith God is just,—
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause!
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die. [*Stabs him.*
Rut. *Di faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ!** [*Dies.*
Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

* *Di faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ!*] Ovid,—*Epist. Her.*, Phyllis Demophoonti, 66.

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SCENE IV. *Another part of the plains near Sandal Castle.*

Alarums. Enter YORK.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starvèd wolves.
My sons,—God knows what hath bechancèd them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried, "Courage, father! fight it out!"
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of ground!"
And cried,[35] "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"
With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
We bodg'd again;[36] as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
[*A short alarum within.*
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and* Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.
North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,

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With downright payment, show'd unto my father.
Now Phaëthon hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phœnix', may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all;
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle[37] with thee blows, twice two for one. [*Draws.*

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.—
Wrath makes him deaf:—speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

[*York is taken prisoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught at mountains with outstretchèd arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—

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What! was it you that would be England's king?
Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York;
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.[38]
What! hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York!—and, lords, bow low to him:—
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—
[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*
Ay, marry, sir,[39] now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too-too unpardonable!—
Off with the crown, and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

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Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.
Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.
York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, visard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou[40] not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem;
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,—
That beggars mounted run their horse' to death.
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide,
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish;
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.

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These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwóman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move[41] me so
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:[42]
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
[*Giving back the handkerchief.*
And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say, "Alas, it was a piteous deed!"—
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;
[*Giving back the paper crown.*
And in thy need such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.
[*Stabbing him.*

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.
[*Stabbing him.*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [*Dies.*

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

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ACT II.

SCENE I. *A plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.*

Drums. Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *with their Forces, marching.*

Edw. I wonder how our princely father scap'd,
Or whether he be scap'd away or no
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit:
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he scap'd, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.—
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,—
Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks, 'tis prize[43] enough to be his son.—
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.

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I think it cites us, brother, to the field,—
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,[44]
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair-shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters:—by your leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker-on
Whenas the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord!

Edw. O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environèd he was with many foes;
And stood against them as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite;
Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks
A napkin steepèd in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
O Clifford, boisterous Clifford, thou hast slain

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The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee!—
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closèd up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy![45]

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
For selfsame wind that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me!—
Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death,
Or die renownèd by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK *and* MONTAGUE, *with Forces.*

War. How now, fair lords! What fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain!

Edw. O Warwick, Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,

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Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,[46]
March'd toward Saint Alban's t' intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along;
For by my scouts I was advertised
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.
Short tale to make,—we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives, "Blood and death,"
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle[47] thrasher with a flail—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day;
So that we fled; the king unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here we heard you were
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with his power;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers[48] to this needful war.

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Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not:
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes[49] me speak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning-gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say "Ay," and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrollèd in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand,[50]
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;[51]
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry, "Charge! upon our foes!"
But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak:
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,

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That cries, "Retire," if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fall'st,[52]—as God forbid the hour!—
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forfend!

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:
The next degree is England's royal throne;[53]
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,—
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,—
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up drums:—God and Saint George for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news?

Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me
The queen is coming with a puissant host,
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why, then it sorts, brave warriors: let's away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before York.*

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, *the* Prince of WALES, CLIFFORD, *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with Forces.*

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck:—
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—

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Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly[54] have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometime they have us'd in[55] fearful flight,
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,
"What my great-grandfather and grandsire got
My careless father fondly gave away"?
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill-got had ever bad success?

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And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.—
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.[56]
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son:
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson,—draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For with a band of thirty thousand[57] men
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your highness would depart the field:
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution, then, to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry, "Saint George!"

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March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *and* Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?
Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?
Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when,[58] his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.
Clif. And reason too:
Who should succeed the father but the son?
Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!
Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?
Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.
Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.
War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick! dare you speak?
When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.—
Break off the parle;[59] for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.[60]
Clif. I slew thy father,—call'st thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But ere sun set I'll make thee curse the deed.

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K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them, then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Hen. I prithee, give no limits to my tongue:
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound[61] that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head!
For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich.[62] Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stígmatic,
Mark'd by the Destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,—
As if a channel should be call'd the sea,—
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself.—
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the dauphin stoop;
And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal-day,

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Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root;
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest[63] the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A field of battle between Towton and Saxton, in Yorkshire.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, *running.*

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?

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Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?
Edw. Bootless is flight,—they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
"Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!"
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon,[64] as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.
Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!—
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter-up and plucker-down of kings,—
Beseeching thee,[65] if with thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that the[66] brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.[67]
Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,

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Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors ware at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life and victory.—
Forslow no longer, make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Excursions. Enter RICHARD *and* CLIFFORD.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart that triumphs in their deaths,[68]
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself;
And so, have at thee!

[*They fight. Warwick enters; Clifford flies.*

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;[69]
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter King HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,

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When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquerèd:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,—
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times,—
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I cóntemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;[70]
So many months ere I shall shear the fleece:[71]
So minutes, hours, days, weeks,[72] months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!

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Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich-embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couchèd in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarums. Enter a Son *that has killed his father, bringing in the dead body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessèd with some store of crowns;
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereavèd him.—
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

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Enter a Father *that has killed his son, bringing in the dead body.*

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast[73] resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me see: is this our[74] foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye! see, see what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
What stratagems,[75] how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late![76]

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!—
O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles;
The other his pale cheek,[77] methinks, presenteth:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish;
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.[78]

Son. How will my mother for a father's death
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied!

Fath. How will my wife for slaughter of my son
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!

K. Hen. How will the country for these woful chances
Misthink the king, and not be satisfied!

Son. Was ever son so ru'd a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?

K. Hen. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[*Exit with the body.*

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,—

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For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
E'en for the loss of thee,[79] having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.
[*Exit with the body.*

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarums: excursions. Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince of WALES, *and* EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafèd bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post amain:
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate,—make speed;
Or else come after: I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Another part of the field.*

A loud alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, *wounded.*[80]

Clif. Here burns my candle out,—ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow
More than my body's parting with my soul!
My love and fear glu'd many friends to thee;

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And, now I fall, that tough commixture[81] melts.
Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York,
The common people swarm like summer flies;[82]
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
And who shine now but Henry's enemies?[83]
O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth!
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,[84]
I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
Had left no mourning widows for our deaths;[85]
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much[86] lenity?—
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.[87]
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.—
Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms,—split my breast. [*Faints.*

Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and* Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.
[*Clifford groans, and dies.*

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

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Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.
Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently us'd.[88]
Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But[89] set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,—
I mean our princely father, Duke of York.
War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placèd there;
Instead whereof let his[90] supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answerèd.
Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal-threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
[*Soldiers bring the body forward.*
War. I think his understanding is bereft.—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.
Rich. O would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth:
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which[91] in the time of death he gave our father.
Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland; I will pity thee.
Geo. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?
War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.
Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.—
I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,

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This hand should chop it off;[92] and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain whose unstanchèd thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead: off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crownèd England's royal king.
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz t' offend thine ears.
First will I see the[93] coronation;
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
T' effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,[94]
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloster;—
And George, of Clarence:—Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster;
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I. *A chase in the north of England.*

Enter two Keepers,[95] *with cross-bows in their hands.*

First Keep. Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;
For through this laund anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

Sec. Keep. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

First Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

Sec. Keep. Here comes a man; let's stay till he be past.

Enter King HENRY, *disguised, with a prayer-book.*

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

First Keep. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:
This is the *quondam* king; let's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity;[96]
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

Sec. Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

First Keep. Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great-commanding Warwick

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Is thither gone,[97] to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward: if this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Louis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;
And Nero will[98] be tainted with remorse,
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!

Sec. Keep. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?[99]

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

Sec. Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am—in mind; and that's enough.

Sec. Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content,—
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

Sec. Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think,

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You are the king King Edward hath depos'd;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

Sec. Keep. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

Sec. Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father and my grandfather were kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

First Keep. No;
For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

First Keep. We are true subjects to the king, King Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as King Edward is.

First Keep. We charge you, in God's name, and in[100] the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:
And what God will, that let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II. *London. A room in the palace.*

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, *and* Lady GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir John Grey,[101] was slain,
His lands[102] then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. [*aside to Clar.*] Yea, is it so?
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. [*aside to Glo.*] He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!

Glo. [*aside to Clar.*] Silence!

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May 't please your highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.

Glo. [*aside*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,[103]
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. [*aside to Glo.*] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

Glo. [*aside to Clar.*] God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

Clar. [*aside to Glo.*] I think he means to beg a child of her.

Glo. [*aside to Clar.*] Nay, whip me, then;[104] he'll rather give her two.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

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Glo. [*aside*] You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.
K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.
L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it, then.[105]
K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.
Glo. [*aside*] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.
[*Retires with Clarence.*
K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?
L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.
K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?
L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.
K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.
L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.
K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.
L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.
K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.
K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.
L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.
L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.
Glo. [*aside to Clar.*] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.
Clar. [*aside to Glo.*] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.
L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?
K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.
L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.
K. Edw. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.
Glo. [*aside to Clar.*] The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.
K. Edw. But stay thee,—'tis the fruits of love I mean.
L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?
L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

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K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit:
Please you dismiss me, either with "ay" or "no."
K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say "ay" to my request;
No, if thou dost say "no" to my demand.
L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glo. [*aside to Clar.*] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.
Clar. [*aside to Glo.*] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.
K. Edw. [*aside*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?
L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. Edw. You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

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L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace my sons should call you father.

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. [*aside to Clar.*] The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Clar. [*aside to Glo.*] When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.[106]

K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?[107]

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought as[108] prisoner to your palace-gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.—
Widow, go you along:—lords, use her honourably.[109]

[*Exeunt all except Gloster.*

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.—
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire and me—
The lustful Edward's title buried—
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all th' unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,

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To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it;
And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.—
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom, then, for Richard;
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,[110]
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I, then, a man to be belov'd?
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
And, whiles I live, t' account this world but hell,
Until my head, that this mis-shap'd trunk bears,[111]
Be round impalèd with a glorious crown.

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And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out—
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile;
And cry "Content" to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions:
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor;
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could;
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the chameleon;
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages;
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it further off, I'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *France. A room in the palace.*

Flourish. Enter LOUIS *the French king, and* Lady BONA, *attended; the* King *takes his state. Then enter* Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD, *and the* Earl of OXFORD.

K. Lou. [*rising*] Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Louis doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty King of France: now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:

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But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble state conform myself.[112]

K. Lou. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lou. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck
[*Seats her by him.*
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Louis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward duke of York
Usurps the regal title and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,—
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,—
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if[113] thou fail us, all our hope is done:
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lou. Renownèd queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lou. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:—
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow!

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Enter WARWICK, *attended.*

K. Lou. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. Our[114] Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lou. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

[*Descending from his state. Queen Margaret rises.*

Q. Mar. [*aside*] Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowèd friend,
I come, in kindness and unfeignèd love,—
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And then to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. [*aside*] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. [*to Bona*] And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedfúl ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's[115] image and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Louis,—and Lady Bona,—hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,—
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look, therefore, Louis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy[116] danger and dishonour;
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

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War. Injurious Margaret!
Prince. And why not queen?
War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.
Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquerèd all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.
War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest,—you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.
Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,[117]
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?
War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.
Oxf. Call him my king by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.
War. And I the house of York.
K. Lou. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,[118]
Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.
Q. Mar. Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not! [*Retiring with the Prince and Oxford.*
K. Lou. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,

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Is Edward your true king? for I were loth
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.
War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.
K. Lou. But is he gracious in the people's eye?
War. The more that Henry was unfortunate.
K. Lou. Then further,—all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.
War. Such it seems
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say and swear
That this his love was an eternal[119] plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.
K. Lou. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.
Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:—
[*To War.*] Yet I confess that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.
K. Lou. Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sister shall be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.—
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to th' English king.
Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.
Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy coming Louis was Henry's friend.
K. Lou. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,—
As may appear by Edward's good success,—
Then 'tis but reason that I be releas'd
From giving aid which late I promisèd.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.
War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,

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Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,
You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick! peace,[120]
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings![121]
I will not hence till, with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Louis behold
Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.

[*A horn sounded within.*

K. Lou. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. [*to War.*] My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,
Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague:—
[*To Louis*] These from our king unto your majesty:—
[*To Margaret*] And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not. [*They all read their letters.*

Oxf. I like it well that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Louis stamps, as he were nettled:
I hope all's for the best.

K. Lou. Warwick, what are thy news?—and yours, fair queen?

Q. Mar. Mine such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lou. What! has your king married the Lady Grey?
And now, to soothe[122] your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this th' alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Louis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,—
No more my king, for he dishonours me,

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But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:
And, to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.—
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor:
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeignèd friend,
That, if King Louis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd
But by thy help to this distressèd queen?

Q. Mar. Renownèd prince, how shall poor Henry live
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lou. And mine with hers and thine and Margaret's:
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd
You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lou. Then, England's messenger, return in post,
And tell false Edward, thy supposèd king,
That Louis of France is sending over masquers

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To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou seest what's past,—go fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll[122] wear the willow-garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning-weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.
There's thy reward [*Giving a purse*]: be gone. [*Exit Mess.*

K. Lou. But, Warwick,
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,[124]
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt,—
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty,—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter[125] and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock-bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.—
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous;
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*Gives his hand to Warwick.*

K. Lou. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied;
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high-admiral,
Shalt[126] waft them over with our royal fleet.—
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[*Exeunt all except Warwick.*

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.

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I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again :
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *London. A room in the palace.*

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, *and* MONTAGUE.

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
Clar. Alas, you know 'tis far from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?
Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.
Glo. And his well-chosen bride.
Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, *attended;* Lady GREY, *as Queen;* PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, *and* HASTINGS.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?
Clar. As well as Louis of France or th' Earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.
K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Louis and Warwick: I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.
Glo. Ay, and shall have your will,[127] because our king:
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?
Glo. Not I:
No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 'twere pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

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K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife and England's queen:—
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is mine opinion,—that King Louis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonourèd by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What if both Louis and Warwick be appeas'd
By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. Yes; but the safer[128] when 'tis back'd with France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France than trusting France:
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet methinks your grace hath not done well
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment,

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Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. [*aside*] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what news
From France?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Louis unto our letters?

Mess. At my depart, these were his very words:
"Go tell false Edward, thy supposèd king,[129]
That Louis of France is sending over masquers
To revel it with him and his new bride."

K. Edw. Is Louis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
"Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,

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I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake."

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.

Mess. "Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning-weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armour on."

K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mess. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
"Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long."

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they're so link'd in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.[130]
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.*

Glo. [*aside*] Not I:
My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Stay not for love[131] of Edward, but the crown.

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be, landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,

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Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance:
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends:
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why, so! then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A plain in Warwickshire.*

Enter WARWICK *and* OXFORD, *with French and other Forces.*

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.—
But see where Somerset and Clarence come!

Enter CLARENCE *and* SOMERSET.

Speak suddenly, my lords,—are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;—
And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feignèd friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,[132]
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?

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Our scouts have found th' adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses and stout Diomede
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.—
You that will follow me to[133] this attempt
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.
[*They all cry* "Henry!"
Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends God and Saint George!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Edward's camp, near Warwick.*

Enter certain Watchmen, *before the* King's *tent.*

First Watch. Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:
The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.
Second Watch. What, will he not to bed?
First Watch. Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.
Second Watch. To-morrow, then, belike shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.
Third Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that
That with the king here resteth in his tent?
First Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.
Third Watch. O, is it so? But why commands the king
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps here in the cold field?[134]
Second Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.
Third Watch. Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,

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'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

First Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

Second Watch. Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, *and Forces.*

War. This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters! honour now or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

First Watch. Who goes there?

Second Watch. Stay, or thou diest!

[*Warwick and the rest cry,* "Warwick! Warwick!" *and set upon the Guard, who fly, crying,* "Arm! arm!" *Warwick and the rest following them.*

Drums beating and trumpets sounding, re-enter WARWICK *and the rest, bringing the* King *out in his gown, sitting in a chair.* GLOSTER *and* HASTINGS *are seen flying.*

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard and Hastings: let them go; here's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted last[135]
Thou call'dst me king.

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgrac'd me in my embassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you[136] Duke of York.
Alas, how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?[137]
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.—
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself and all thy complices,

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Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:
[*Takes off his crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell him there what answer[138]
Louis and the Lady Bona send to him.—
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
[*Exit, led out; Somerset with him.*

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *London. A room in the palace.*

Enter Queen ELIZABETH *and* RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then, is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is new[139] committed to the Bishop of York,

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Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw-in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick, then, become?

Q. Eliz. I am informèd that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,—
For trust not him that hath once broken faith,—
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly:
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.*

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, Sir WILLIAM STANLEY, *and others.*

Glo. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands[140] the case: you know our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty;
And, often but attended with weak guard,
Comes[141] hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advértis'd him by secret means,

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That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King EDWARD *and a* Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.
K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see where the huntsmen stand.—
Now, brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?
Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste:
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.
K. Edw. But whither shall we then?
Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship[142] from thence to Flanders.
Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.[143]
K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.
Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.
K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?
Hunt. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.
Glo. Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado.
K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;
And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *London. A room in the Tower.*

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *young* RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, *and* Attendants.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,—
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?
Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;

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But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well-using me?
Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment[144] a pleasure;
Ay, such a pleasure as incagèd birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
But, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessèd land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,—
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudg'd an olive-branch and laurel-crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands:
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land;
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

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Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.
War. Why, then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.[145]
Clar. What else? and that succession be determin'd.
War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.
K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat—for I command no more—
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for, to return from France with speed;
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.
Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.
K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.
K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope.—If secret powers
[*Lays his hand on his head.*
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?
Mess. That Edward is escapèd from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.
War. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?
Mess. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him

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In secret ambush on the forest-side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescu'd him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.—
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt all except Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.*

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars before't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours:
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Before York.*

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says, that once more I shall interchange
My wanèd state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desirèd help from Burgundy:
What, then, remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

Glo. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;
For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

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K. Edw. Tush, man, abodements must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.
Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York *and* Aldermen.

May. My lords, we were forewarnèd of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.
May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.
K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.
Glo. [*aside*] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.
Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.
May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
[*Exit, with Aldermen, above.*
Glo. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded![146]
Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not long of him; but being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor *and* Aldermen, *below.*

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut
But in the night or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[*Takes his keys.*
For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY *and Forces, marching.*

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.
K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?

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Mont. To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.
K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery: but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.
Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.—
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away. [*A march begun.*
K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile; and we'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.
Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,—
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why shall[147] we fight, if you pretend no title?
Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?
K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.
Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.
Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.
K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.
Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.
Hast. Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:—
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*
Sold. [*reads*] "Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c."
Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
[*Throws down his gauntlet.*
All. Long live Edward the Fourth!
K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks unto you all:[148]
If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

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Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York;
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this hórizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;
For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.—
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.—
Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day;
And that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *London. A room in the palace.*

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, *and* OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty[149] Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.
Oxf. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.[150]
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir in[151] Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—
Like to his island girt-in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,—
Shall rest in London till we come to him.—

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Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord;—and so, I take my leave.

Oxf. [*kissing Henry's hand*] And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt War. Clar. Oxf. and Mont.*

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame:
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;[152]
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within,* "A York! a York!"[153]

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and* Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence;
And once again proclaim us king of England.—
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—

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Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.
[*Exeunt some with King Henry.*
And, lords, towards Coventry[154] bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
The sun shines hot;[155] and, if we use delay,
Cold-biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.
Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Coventry.*

Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, *the* Mayor of Coventry, *two* Messengers, *and others.*

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?—
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
First Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
War. How far off is our brother Montague?—
Where is the post that came from Montague?
Second Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence. [*Drum heard.*
War. Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.
Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.
War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.
Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.
[*Enters the city.*

March: flourish. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

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Glo. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall!
War. O unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?
K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city-gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy?
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.
War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.
Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?
War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?
Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.
War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
K. Edw. Why, then, 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.
War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.
K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—
What is the body when the head is off?
Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slily finger'd from the deck!
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.
K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.
Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down:
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.
War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.
K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,

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Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
"Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more."

Enter OXFORD, *with Forces, drum, and colours.*

War. O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!
Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!
[*He and his Forces enter the city.*
Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.
K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they no doubt
Will issue out again and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of small defence,[156]
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.
War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, *with Forces, drum, and colours.*

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!
[*He and his Forces enter the city.*
Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.
K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, *with Forces, drum, and colours.*

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!
[*He and his Forces enter the city.*
Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, *with Forces, drum, and colours.*

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an[157] upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother's love!—
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.
Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
[*Taking the red rose out of his hat.*[158]
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:

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I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,[159]
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety
Than Jephtha's,[160] when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,—
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,—
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;—
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more and ten times more belov'd
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence!
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.—
Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory!

[*Exeunt King Edward and his Company, marching. Warwick and his Company descend from the walls, and follow them.*

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SCENE II. *A field of battle near Barnet.*

Alarums and excursions. Enter King EDWARD, *bringing in* WARWICK *wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.—
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,[161]
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar[162] to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD *and* SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again:
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then, I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,

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If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealèd blood,
That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd his last;
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said, "Commend me to my valiant brother."
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour[163] in a vault,
That mought not be distinguish'd; but at last
I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,
"O, farewell, Warwick!"

War. Sweet rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.[164]

[*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!

[*Exeunt, bearing off Warwick's body.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD *in triumph; with* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and the rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,

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And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advértis'd by our loving friends
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury:
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum; cry, "Courage!" and away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Plains near Tewksbury.*

March. Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and* Soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our topmast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The[165] friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,

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From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can swim,—alas, 'tis but awhile!
Tread on the sand,—why, there you quickly sink;
Bestride the rock,—the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him naked foil a man-at-arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here;
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes;
Lest in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here,—as God forbid!—
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—
O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

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Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords; for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.
Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.
Som. But he's deceiv'd; we are in readiness.
Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.
Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

Flourish and march. Enter, at some distance, King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out:
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.
Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.[166]
Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight. [*Exeunt both armies.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the same.*

Alarums: excursions: and afterwards a retreat. Then enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and Forces; with* Queen MARGARET, OXFORD, *and* SOMERSET, *prisoners.*

K. Edw. Now,[167] here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Ham's Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

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Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.
Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.
[*Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.*
Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.
K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
Glo. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes!

Enter Soldiers, *with* Prince EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?—
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?
Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.
Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!
Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.
Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.
Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.
Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.
Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.
Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.
K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.
Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.
Prince. I know my duty; you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward,—and thou, perjur'd George,—
And thou, mis-shapen Dick,—I tell ye all
I am your better, traitors as ye are;—
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.
K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness[163] of this railer here.
[*Stabs him.*
Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.
[*Stabs him.*

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Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.
[*Stabs him.*

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What, doth she swoon?[169] use means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The[170] Tower, the Tower! [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it:
He was a man; this, in respect, a child,—
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak:—
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;
Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:
What, wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

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What, wilt thou not?—Where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard?—Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here:[171] murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this prince!
[*Exit, led out.*

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares,—
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *London. A room in the Tower.*

King HENRY *is discovered*[172] *sitting with a book in his hand, the* Lieutenant *attending. Enter* GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord:—my lord, I should say rather;
'Tis sin to flatter; "good" was little better:
"Good Gloster" and "good devil" were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not "good lord."

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.
[*Exit Lieutenant.*

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird that hath been limèd in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

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Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fowl was drown'd.[173]
K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?
Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner?
K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.
K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye—
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
And[174] orphans for their parents' timeless death—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth,—an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discord[175] sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,—
An indigested and deformèd lump,[176]
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st—

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Glo. I'll hear no more :—die, prophet, in thy speech :
[*Stabs him.*
For this,[177] amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.
K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O God, forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*
Glo. What, will th' aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
O may such purple tears be alway shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!—
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither,—
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,
"O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word "love," which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st[178] me from the light:
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry and the prince his son are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad till I be best.—
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.
[*Exit with the body.*

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SCENE VII. *The same. A room in the palace.*

Flourish. King EDWARD *is discovered seated on his throne;* Queen ELIZABETH, *a Nurse with the infant Prince,* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and others.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in top[179] of all their pride!
Three Dukes of Somerset,—threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions;[180]
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands,—two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound;
With them,
The two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace:
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. [*aside*] I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:—
Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.[181]

K. Edw. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Q. Eliz. Thanks,[182] noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,

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Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.—
[*Aside*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried "All hail!" whenas he meant all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier,[183] her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it[184] for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure[185] of the court?
Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

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P. 235. (1) "*Lord Clifford,*"

See note 210 on the preceding play.

P. 235. (2) "*dangerous;*"

The True Tragedie, &c. has "dangerouslie."

P. 235. (3) "Mont. [to York, showing his] *And, brother,*"

See note 26.

P. 235. (4) "*But,*"

The True Tragedie, &c. has "What," which Mr. W. N. Lettsom would adopt, placing it in a line by itself.

P. 235. (5) "*Such hap have all the line of John of Gaunt!*
Rich. *Thus do I hope*"

Both *The True Tragedie*, &c. and the folio have

"*Such* hope *have all,*" &c.

but "hope" is a manifest error (in consequence of the transcriber's or compositor's eye having caught that word in the next line), and must have been left uncorrected in the remodelled play by an oversight.—Capell substituted "end:" I prefer what occurred to me long ago, and what I now find proposed by an anonymous critic in the *Cambridge Shakespeare*,—"*hap.*"

P. 237. (6)
"*And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge*
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends."

The first line has been shortened in more ways than one: but see note 2 on *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* In the second line "*favourites*"—which Capell altered to "favourers"—is the reading of *The True Tragedie*, &c. as well as of the folio.

P. 237. (7) "*Patience is for poltroons, such as he;*"

This is altered by the editor of the second folio to "——*Poultroones*, and *such* is *he.*"—Here Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 26) is perhaps right in considering "*Patience*" to be a trisyllable, and "*poltroons*" to be accented on the first syllable,—"*Patiĕnce is for pŏltroons, such as he.*"

P. 237. (8) "Exe."

So the older play.—The folio has "*Westm.;*" a mistake, as the next speech evinces.

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P. 237. (9) "*Thou'rt deceiv'd;*"

So *The True Tragedie*, &c.—Not in the folio.

P. 237. (10) "*'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.*"

The original play has "—— *as the* kingdome is."—"Why Shakespeare made this alteration," observes Malone, "it is not easy to say; for the new line only exhibits the same meaning more obscurely." The "*earldom*" is that of March, which York inherited from his mother. See, in *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* p. 135, York's speech, "His eldest sister, Anne," &c.

P. 237. (11) "*and*"

Omitted in the folio (accidentally, no doubt).

P. 238. (12) "*No,*"

So *The True Tragedie*, &c.—The folio has "Yes."

P. 238. (13) "*Thy father,*" &c.

So *The True Tragedie*, &c.—The folio has "My *Father*," &c.—"This is a mistake, into which Shakespeare was led by the author of the old play. The father of Richard Duke of York was Earl of Cambridge, and was never Duke of York, being beheaded in the lifetime of his elder brother Edward Duke of York, who fell in the battle of Agincourt." MALONE.

P. 238. (14) "*Tear the crown, father,*"

So Hanmer; and, no doubt, rightly; though both *The True Tragedie*, &c. and the folio have "Father teare the Crowne."

P. 238. (15) "*Good brother,*"

See note 26.

P. 238. (16) "*Peace thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.*"

"This interruption is quite out of character in Henry's mouth. The quarto gives it to Northumberland." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 238. (17) "*Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,*" &c.

"This is quite out of place, standing immediately after Warwick's speech. Henry would rather have said, 'Think'st thou that I'll stand mute that York may speak?' Probably Warwick's speech was originally followed by one of York's now lost, in which the speaker, who had just before repressed the impetuosity of his sons, waived his right to speak first. As the text stands, Warwick insists that York shall speak first, and threatens with death whoever may interrupt him; whereupon Henry, without taking the slightest

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notice of such a threat from such a person, says his say, insists upon his right, and is assured by Warwick, that if he can prove his right, he has right." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 239. (18) "*But*"

Added in the second folio;—without which addition, even if we suppose "*Henry*" to be intended here for a trisyllable, the line is unmetrical.

P. 239. (19) "*Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.*—"

In this line the words "THY *crown*" are obviously equivalent to "the crown which thou now wearest:" yet Mr. Collier recommends [now, 1864, adopts] the alteration of his Ms. Corrector, "——*resign* my *crown*;" and Mr. Singer thinks that the change made by his own Ms. Corrector, "——*resign* the *crown*," is a much more probable reading. (In act ii. sc. 2, Edward says,

"Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set THY *diadem* upon my head," &c.)—

1864. And see, on the words, "Give me thy glove," in *King Henry V.*, note 150.

P. 240. (20) "*My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:*—"

The folio omits "*me*;" which was inserted by the editor of the third folio, and by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector:—and, indeed, the corresponding passage of *The True Tragedie*, &c. is "O Warwicke, heare *me* speake."

P. 240. (21) "*Lord Warwick,*"

"Read 'Plantagenet.' The words above, 'Why should you sigh, my lord?' belong to York, not to Warwick." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 241. (22) "*Exeter, so will I.*"

Pope printed "So, Exeter, *will I.*"

P. 242. (23) "*with*"

So the original play, and the second folio.—Omitted in the first folio.

P. 242. (24) "*from*"

So the original play, and the second folio.—The first folio has "to."

P. 242. (25) "*cost*"

Hanmer printed "truss" (a term in falconry).—Warburton would read "coast" (which Mr. Grant White adopts).—Qy. "souse"? Compare *King John*, v. 2;

"And, like an eagle o'er his aery, towers,
To *souse* annoyance that comes near his nest."

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P. 243. (26) "*sons and brother!*"

"I believe we should read '*cousin*' [with Capell] instead of '*brother*,' unless '*brother*' be used by Shakespeare as a term expressive of endearment, or because they embarked, like brothers, in one cause. Montague was only cousin to York, and in the quarto he is so called: Shakespeare uses the expression '*brother of the war*,' in *King Lear*." STEEVENS. "It should be '*sons and brothers*;' my *sons*, and *brothers* to each other." JOHNSON. "'*Brother*' is right. In the next page York twice calls Montague *brother*. This may be in respect to their being *brothers of the war*, as Mr. Steevens observes, or of the same council, as in *King Henry VIII.*, who says to Cranmer, 'You a brother of us.' Montague was brother to Warwick; Warwick's daughter was married to a son of York: therefore York and Montague were brothers. But as this alliance did not take place during the life of York, I embrace Mr. Steevens's interpretation rather than suppose that Shakespeare made a mistake about the time of the marriage." TOLLET. "The third folio reads as Dr. Johnson advises. But as York again in this scene addresses Montague by the title of *brother*, and Montague uses the same to York, Dr. Johnson's conjecture cannot be right. Shakespeare certainly supposed them to be brothers-in-law." MALONE. Compare too, *ante*, "*Mont.* And, *brother*, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood," &c. p. 235; and "*Mont.* Good *brother*, as thou lov'st and honour'st arms," &c. p. 238.

P. 243. (27) "*slight*"

Theobald gave, from the older play, "sweet;" which, says Steevens, "is, I think, the better reading of the two."

P. 243. (28) "*an*"

The folio has "any."

P. 244. (29) "*unto*"

The folio has "to." (In *The True Tragedie*, &c. the line is "Thou cosen Montague, shalt to Norffolke straight.")

P. 244. (30) "*of*"

Added by Hanmer. (In *The True Tragedie*, &c. the line is "Edward, thou shalt to Edmund Brooke Lord Cobham.")

P. 244. (31) "*Witty, courteous,*"

Theobald printed "Wealthy and *courteous*;" Capell, "*Witty*, and *courteous*." —Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "Stout, *witty*, *courteous*." (On the word "*witty*," see *Glossary*.)

P. 244. (32) "*The queen with all the northern earls and lords*
Intend"

See note 99 on *The First Part of King Henry VI.*

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P. 245. (33) "*uncle*,"

Qy. "uncles"? (compare "mine uncles" above).

P. 245. (34) "*devouring paws*;"

"Has been improperly objected to [as a misprint for "*devouring* jaws"]. Compare Milton's *Lycidas*;

'Besides what the grim wolf with privy *paw*
Daily devours apace.'" W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 247. (35) "*And cried*,"

Mr. Collier proposes "Ned *cried*."—"Qy. 'Edward'? At any rate, the folio reading is corrupt." W. N. LETTSOM.—The Cambridge Editors conjecture that a line, referring to Edward, is lost before this.

P. 247. (36) "*We bodg'd again*;"

"I suspect, with Dr. Johnson, that we should read 'We *budg'd* [*i.e.* retreated] again.'" MALONE.—"I believe that '*We bodg'd*' only means 'we boggled, made bad or bungling work of our attempt to rally.' A low unskilful tailor is often called a *botcher*." STEEVENS.—"To *bodge* and *botch* seem nearly the same word differently written and pronounced [which Malone had already remarked]. Mr. Nares revives the conjecture of Johnson, that we should read '*budge*;' but the context is decidedly against it." Richardson's *Dict.*

P. 248. (37) "*buckle*"

So the original play.—The folio has "buckler."

P. 249. (38) "*Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.*"

"I have placed this line *as it stands in the old play*. In the folio it is introduced, I believe, by the carelessness of the transcriber, some lines lower, after the words 'do mock thee thus;' where it appears to me out of its place." MALONE.

P. 249. (39) "*sir*,"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "sirs."

P. 250. (40) "*thou*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 165) would omit this word.

P. 251. (41) "*passions move*"

The Cambridge Editors print "passion moves:" but both the original play and the folio have the plural "*passions*,"—which may very well stand here in the old sense of the word, "exclamations of passion, sorrowings."

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P. 251. (42)

"*That face of his the hungry cannibals*
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood."

This passage is given in the folio as three lines, thus;

"*That Face of his,*
The hungry Caniballs would not haue toucht,
Would not haue stayn'd with blood."

In the second folio the last of these lines is (nonsensically) altered to

"*Would not haue stayn'd* the roses just *with blood.*"

Theobald printed

"*That face of his*
The hungry Canibals would not have touch'd,
Would not have stain'd the roses juic'd *with blood*" (!)

Hanmer, with the same arrangement, reads "—— the roses just i' th' bud;" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "—— the rose's hues *with blood.*" —"The following is a mere conjecture;

'That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd; [those roses, new in bloom,
The mountain beasts] would not have stain'd with blood.'

So that '*tigers of Hyrcania*' would have something to refer to. '*The* Cannibals,' as designating a particular nation; the man-eating Indians specifically. He would not have called the ancient Anthropophagi 'Cannibals.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 74.—"I believe Walker was right in supposing two half-lines to have been lost here. The received text, with deference to Warburton, is scarcely sense; for if cannibals would not have touched Rutland's face, much less would they have stained it with blood." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 252. (43) "*prize*"

The True Tragedie, &c. has "pride."—"If I were to change at all, I should prefer '*praise.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 167.

P. 253. (44) "*meeds,*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 242) thinks that "deeds" (which Johnson proposed) is the true reading. But the old text is quite right: "*meeds,*" *i.e.* merits, deserts. Compare, in p. 304, "my *meed* hath got me fame."

P. 254. (45) "*For never henceforth shall I joy again,*
Never, O never, shall I see more joy!"

"One of these verses was evidently intended by the writer as a substitute for the other." W. N. LETTSOM.

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P. 255. (46) "*And very well appointed, as I thought,*"

This line is found only in *The True Tragedie*, &c.—It has been inserted here by all the more recent editors, with the exception of Mr. Collier, who remarks, *ad l.*, that "if we were to adopt this line into the text, we should have no excuse for not inserting many more [lines] from the old 4to [8vo], 1595, not found in the folio, 1623, which we may presume were rejected by Shakespeare." But in the present long speech, bating this line, and one or two very trifling verbal alterations, the folio *agrees exactly with the original play;* nor do I well see how any one can read the passage attentively, and fail to be convinced that the line has been omitted in the folio by mistake. (In the first speech of act ii. sc. 6, Mr. Collier inserts a line from *The True Tragedie*, &c., which he observes is "obviously necessary to the sense," and adds, "how it became omitted in the folio, it is vain at this time of day to conjecture.")

P. 255. (47) "*like the night-owl's lazy flight,*
Or like an idle thrasher with a flail"—

So the older play.—The folio has "*Or like* a lazie *Thresher*," &c.

P. 255. (48) ". . . . . *with his power;*
. . . . . .
With aid of soldiers"

So *The True Tragedie*, &c.—The folio has

". . . . . *with* the Soldiers .
. . . . . .
With ayde of Souldiers;"

one of those alterations which it seems impossible that *Shakespeare* could have made.—"This circumstance is not warranted by history. Clarence and Gloster (as they were afterwards created) were sent into Flanders immediately after the battle of Wakefield, and did not return until their brother Edward got possession of the crown. Besides, Clarence was not now more than twelve years old. Isabel, duchess of Burgundy, whom Shakespeare calls the duke's aunt, was daughter of John I. king of Portugal, by Philippa of Lancaster, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt. They were, therefore, no more than third cousins." RITSON.

P. 256. (49) "*makes*"

The folio has "make."

P. 256. (50)
"*Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:*
. . . . . .
Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand."

The True Tragedie, &c. has

"*Their power I gesse them fifty thousand strong.*
. . . . . .
Can *but amount to* 48. *thousand.*"

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P. 256. (51) "*Why*, Via! *to London will we march amain;*"

So *The True Tragedie*, &c.—The folio, by mistake, omits "*amain.*"

P. 257. (52) "*fall'st,*"

So Steevens.—The folio has "failst." (The older play reads "faints," sec. ed. "faint'st.")—For an example of "fall" misprinted "faile," see note 146 on the preceding play.

P. 257. (53) "*throne;*"

Capell prints (with the older play) "king" (which perhaps is preferable).

P. 258. (54) "*wittingly*"

"How so? '*Willingly*,' I imagine." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 138.

P. 258. (55) "*in*"

So *The True Tragedie*, &c.—The folio has "with" (an error occasioned by the occurrence of the word both in the line above and the line below).

P. 259. (56)

"*And this soft courage makes your followers faint.*"

Mason, and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, read "*And this soft* carriage *makes your followers faint*,"—Mr. Collier asking, "What is 'soft courage,' but a contradiction in terms?" and adducing, in support of the alteration, the corresponding line of the older play,

"My Lord, this harmefull pittie makes your followers faint."

Mr. Singer, too, thinks the reading "'*soft* carriage' so obvious, that it is surprising it had not been admitted into the text long since." *Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 160.—But the old lection is undoubtedly the right one. Mason, the Ms. Corrector, Mr. Collier, and Mr. Singer seem not to have remembered that "*courage*" was often used formerly in the sense of "heart, spirit, mind:" and here "*soft courage*" is equivalent to *soft spirit*,—*softheartedness*.—Spenser has (and, according to Mr. Collier's criticism, the passage contains a "contradiction in terms")

"Disleall knight, whose *coward corage* chose
To wreake itselfe on beast all innocent," &c.

The Faerie Queene, B. ii. c. v. st. 5;

where Upton remarks, "*Courage* is heart or mind. *Coragium*, in the base Latinity, was used for *cor*." Compare, too, Ascham's *Toxophilus*, fol. 63, ed. 1589; "except the faulte be only in your owne selfe, which may come two wayes, eyther in hauing *a faint hart or courage*," &c. (Mr. Grant White retains the old reading in the present passage, but gives a most strange explanation of "*courage*:" he understands it in the sense of "encouragement;" "The queen means to say that the king's tame replies to her and to Clifford are poor encouragement to those who are fighting his battles.")

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P. 259. (57) "*thirty thousand*"

The True Tragedie, &c. has "fiftie *thousand*:" and Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes that "Holinshed gives Edward 48660 men."—For similar variations between the older and the more recent play, see note 50.

P. 260. (58) "*Since when*," &c.

To these words the folio prefixes "*Cla.*" (and *The True Tragedie*, &c. "*George*").—"Though Shakespeare gave the whole of this speech to Edward by substituting [in the last line of it] '*me*' for 'his brother,' the same division which is found in the quarto is inadvertently retained in the folio [but corrected in the second folio]." MALONE.

P. 260. (59) "*parle*;"

The folio has "parley" (as the older play has).

P. 260. (60) "*Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer*."

Capell prints "*Upon that Clifford* there, *that cruel child-killer*" (which is the reading of the older play, except that it has "Against" instead of "*Upon*").

P. 261. (61) "*wound*"

"'*Wounds*,' I think." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 168.

P. 261. (62) "Rich."

So *The True Tragedie*, &c.—The folio, by mistake, has "War."

P. 262. (63) "*deniest*"

So *The True Tragedie*, &c.—The folio has "denied'st;" a manifest error.

P. 263. (64) "*And look upon*,"

See note 121 on *The Winter's Tale*.

P. 263. (65) "*Beseeching thee*,"

"That is, beseeching the divine power. Shakespeare in new-forming this speech may seem, at the first view of it, to have made it obscure by placing this line immediately after 'Thou setter-up,' &c. What I have now observed is founded on a supposition that the words 'Thou setter-up,' &c. are applied to Warwick, as they appear to be in the old play. However, our author certainly intended to deviate from it, and to apply this description to the Deity . . . . In the old play the speech runs thus;

'Lord Warwick, I do bend my knees with thine,
And in that vow now join my soul to thee,

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Thou setter-up and puller-down of kings:—
Vouchsafe a gentle victory to us,
Or let us die before we lose the day!'

The last two lines are certainly here addressed to the Deity: but the preceding line, notwithstanding the anachronism, seems to be addressed to Warwick." MALONE.—Mr. Grant White denies that in the older drama it is Warwick who is called "setter-up and puller-down of kings:" but Malone appears to be right in thinking that the words are applied to Warwick. In act iii. sc. 3 of the present play Margaret says,

"Peace, impudent and shameless *Warwick!* peace,
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!"

P. 263. (66) "*the*"

The folio has "thy."

P. 263. (67) "*in heaven or in earth.*"

Several editors print (with Pope) "—— *or* on *earth*,"—forgetting that formerly "*in*" was often used as equivalent to "on."

P. 264. (68) "*deaths*,"

So *The True Tragedie*, &c.—The folio has "death."

P. 264. (69) "*chase;*"

See note 142 on *Love's Labour's lost.*—"We have had two very similar lines in the preceding play, p. 193, 'Hold, Warwick, seek thee out,' &c." MALONE.

P. 265. (70) "*will yean;*"

"Surely a line must be lost after '*yean.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 75.

P. 265. (71) "*So many months ere I shall shear the fleece:*"

Rowe's emendation; and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "*So many* yeares, *ere*," &c.; which Malone retains, madly explaining "yeares" to mean "the years which must elapse between the time of the yeaning of the ewes, and the lambs arriving to such a state as to admit of being shorn."

P. 265. (72) "*weeks*,"

Inserted by Rowe.

P. 267. (73) "*hast*"

The folio has "hath."—Corrected in the third folio.

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P. 267. (74) "*our*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "a."

P. 267. (75) "*stratagems*,"

The folio has "Stragems."

P. 267. (76)

"*O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,*
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!"

The True Tragedie, &c. has

"Poore *boy thy father gaue thee lif too* late,
And hath bereau'de thee of thy life too sone;"

which was given by Hanmer and Capell, except that they read, with the folio, "*O*" instead of "Poore."

P. 267. (77) "*cheek*"

The folio has "Cheekes."

P. 267. (78) "*wither*."

"Read, with the older play, 'perish.'" W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 268. (79) "*E'en for the loss of thee*,"

The folio has "Men *for the losse of thee*,"—for which Rowe (without any regard to the *ductus literarum*) substituted "Sad *for the loss of thee*," &c.—When, in my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 133, I conjectured "E'en *for the loss of thee*," &c. (which is also the emendation of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector), I was not aware that Capell had printed "Even *for the loss of thee*," &c.

P. 268. (80) "wounded."

The True Tragedie, &c. has "*wounded* with an arrow in his necke."—"In ridicule of this, Beaumont and Fletcher have introduced Ralph, the grocer's prentice, in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, '*with a forked arrow through his head*' [Act v. sc. 3,—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 227, ed. Dyce]. It appears, however, from Holinshed, p. 664, that this circumstance has some relation to the truth: 'The Lord Clifford, either for heat or paine, putting off his gorget suddenlie, with an *arrow* (as some saie) without a head, was striken into the *throte*, and immediately rendered his spirit.'" STEEVENS.

P. 269. (81) "*that tough commixture*"

So *The True Tragedie*, &c.—The folio has "Thy *tough* Commixtures."

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P. 269. (82) "*The common people swarm like summer flies;*"

This line is found only in *The True Tragedie*, &c., from which Theobald inserted it in the text, where it is obviously necessary for the sense.

P. 269. (83) "*And who shine now but Henry's enemies?*"

So the folio, except that it has "shines."—*The True Tragedie*, &c. has "*And who* shines *now but Henries* enemie?"

P. 269. (84) "*Giving no ground unto the house of York,*"

In the folio this is followed by

"They neuer then had sprung like Sommer Flyes,"

which Capell (with good reason) pronounced to be merely the line that occurs earlier in the original play, "*The common people swarm like summer flies,*"—see note 82,—"altered by either a publisher's or player's *bêtise*, and then crammed into a place where it has no concern possible."

P. 269. (85) "*deaths;*"

So *The True Tragedie*, &c.—The folio has "death."

P. 269. (86) "*too much*"

Not in *The True Tragedie*, &c.; and perhaps better away.

P. 269. (87) "*For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.*"

The True Tragedie, &c. has "And *at their hands*," &c.—"Qu. '*Nor* at their hands *have I* deserv'd no pity.' The sense, I think, requires this. '*For*' begins the fifth line preceding." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 298.

P. 269. (88) "Edw. *Whose soul is that* . . . .
Rich. . . . . .
Edw. . . . . .
If friend or foe, let him be gently us'd."

So these speeches (differing but slightly from the present text) are distributed in *The True Tragedie*, &c.—In the folio they stand thus;

"*Rich.* Whose soule is that which takes hir heauy leaue?
A deadly grone, like life and deaths departing.
See who it is.
Ed. And now the Battailes ended,
If Friend or Foe, let him be gently vsed."

"It seems absurd," observes Malone, "that Richard should first say to his brother, or to one of the soldiers, 'See who it is,' and then himself declare that it is Clifford; and therefore I suppose the variation in the folio arose not from Shakespeare, but from some negligence or inaccuracy of a compositor or transcriber."—Hanmer substituted "—— *like life* in death *departing.*" Capell gave Hanmer's lection, but conjectured "—— *like life and* breath's *departing.*"—Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "—— *like life and* breath *departing.*"

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P. 270. (89) "*But*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom conjectures "Yet."

P. 270. (90) "*his*"

So *The True Tragedie*, &c. and the fourth folio.—The first folio has "this."

P. 270. (91) "*Which*"

Surely when Shakespeare(?) substituted this word for the "As" of the older play, he intended (but forgot) to alter the "*such*" of the preceding line to "those." (Here *The True Tragedie*, &c. has

"He might *auoid such bitter* stormes as he
In his houre *of death* did giue vnto *our father*.")

P. 271. (92) "*This hand should chop it off;*"

The True Tragedie, &c. having "Ide cut *it off*," Capell printed (and rightly perhaps) "I'd *chop it off*."

P. 271. (93) "*the*"

Perhaps (as Capell conjectured) "thy."

P. 271. (94) "*For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,*"

The editor of the second folio substituted "*For* on *thy shoulder*," &c.—See note 67.

P. 272. (95) "two *Keepers*."

So *The True Tragedie*, &c.—The folio has "Sinklo, and Humfrey,"—the names of the players of the parts.

P. 272. (96) "*Let me embrace thee, sour adversity;*"

The folio has "*Let me embrace* the *sower* Aduersaries."—In my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 134, I proposed the reading which I have inserted in my present text ("*Let me embrace thee, sour adversitie*"); and I now find (1864) that the said reading had the full approbation of Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 168), and that it is adopted by Mr. Singer, Mr. Grant White, and the Cambridge Editors.

P. 272. (97) "*are gone to France for aid;*

. . . . . .

Is thither gone,"

"One of these '*gone's*' seems to be wrong; but I cannot devise a remedy." W. N. LETTSOM.

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P. 273. (98) "*And Nero will*"

Pope printed "*And Nero* would."—Steevens conjectured "A *Nero will.*"

P. 273. (99)

"*Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?*"

Here the folio omits "*that;*" accidentally, no doubt.—The corresponding line in the original play is "What art thou *that* talkes of kings and queens?" (Mr. Collier prints "*Say, what art thou* talkest *of,*" &c.; which is metrically at variance with what soon after follows, "Ay, but thou *talk'st* as if thou wert a king.")

P. 274. (100) "*in*"

Added by Rowe.

P. 275. (101) "*Sir John Grey,*"

The folio has "*Sir* Richard *Grey,*" &c. (and so the original play).

P. 275. (102) "*lands*"

So *The True Tragedie*, &c.—The folio has "Land."

P. 275. (103)

"*Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,*"

See note 158 on *The First Part of King Henry VI.*

P. 275. (104) "*Nay, whip me, then;*"

So the older play.—The folio has "*Nay* then *whip me.*"

P. 276. (105)

"K. Edw. *'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.*
L. Grey. *Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it, then.*"

Here Capell printed "*their father's* land;" an alteration made on account of the subsequent "*it.*" But see "*lands*" *thrice* before, and *five times* after, the present passage.—Here "*it*" would seem to mean "my suit." (At the close of this play, p. 320, we find

"Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent *it* for her ransom;"

where "*it*" means, of course, "the sum for which they were pawned.")—And vide note 1 on *Love's Labour's lost*, and note 12 on *The First Part of King Henry VI.*

P. 278. (106) "*looks sad.*"

So the editor of the second folio: and see, on the word "*Very* interpolated," Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 269.—The folio has "*lookes* very *sad.*"

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P. 278. (107) "*To whom, my lord?*"

The folio has "*To* who, *my Lord?*" but the corresponding speech in the older play is "Marrie her my Lord, to *whom?*" (The second folio has "*To whom*," &c.)

P. 278. (108) "*as*"

So *The True Tragedie*, &c.—The folio has "your;" an error occasioned by the occurrence of that word just before and just after.

P. 278. (109) "*use her honourably.*"

So the older play (and the second folio).—The first folio has "*vse her* honourable;" a reading unexceptionable in itself, but the next line proves that it is an accidental variation.

P. 279. (110) "*her soft laws,*"

See note 56 on *The Comedy of Errors.*

P. 279. (111)

"*Until my head, that this mis-shap'd trunk bears,*"

Steevens's conjecture.—The folio has "*Vntill my* mis-shap'd Trunke, that beares this Head."—Hanmer substituted "*Until* the head this mis-shap'd trunk doth bear." (Malone "believes our author is answerable for this inaccuracy"!)

P. 281. (112) "*like seat unto my fortune,*
And to my humble state conform myself."

The folio has "*And to my humble* Seat *conforme my selfe.*"—Corrected by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 282).

P. 281. (113) "*And if*"

Here, says Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 153), "we should undoubtedly write '*An if*'." But qy.?

P. 282. (114) "*Our*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "The."

P. 282. (115) "*beauty's*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "beauteous."

P. 282. (116) "*thy*"

Johnson and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitute "thee."

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P. 283. (117) "*thirty and six years*,"

The True Tragedie, &c. has "*thirtie and* eight *yeeres*."—"The number in the old play is right. The alteration, however, is of little consequence." MALONE.

P. 283. (118) "*and Oxford*,"

"Possibly 'and *Lord* Oxford' [which Hanmer gave]." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 263.—In this line the folio merely repeats *The True Tragedie*, &c.

P. 284. (119) "*eternal*"

So the older play.—The folio has "externall."

P. 285. (120) "*peace*,"

Added by the editor of the second folio.

P. 285. (121)
"*Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!*"

"The queen here applies to Warwick the very words [with the exception of "*Proud*" for "Thou," and "*puller*" for "plucker"] that Edward, p. 263, addresses to the Deity." MASON. See note 65.

P. 285. (122) "*soothe*"

Heath would read "smooth."

P. 287. (123) "*I'll*"

So *The True Tragedie*, &c.; and so too the folio in p. 291, where this is repeated.—Here the folio has "I."

P. 287. (124) "*But, Warwick,*
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,"

Something wrong here?—Theobald printed

"*But, Warwick,*
Thyself *and Oxford*," &c.;

and so Hanmer, except that he gave "*But, Warwick*, thou," &c.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads

"*But, Warwick*, thou
And Oxford, with five thousand warlike *men*."

P. 287. (125) "*mine eldest daughter*"

So both *The True Tragedie*, &c. and the folio. But Theobald substituted "my younger *daughter*," because Edward Prince of Wales married Anne the second daughter of Warwick; five years before which marriage the Duke of Clarence had wedded Warwick's eldest daughter Isabel.

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P. 287. (126) "*Shalt*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "Shall."

P. 288. (127) "*Ay, and shall have your will,*"

So Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 169).—The folio has merely "*And shall haue your will.*"—Rowe printed "*And* you *shall have your will.*"

P. 289. (128) "*Yes; but the safer*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has only "*But the safer.*"—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 259) would read "*But* then *the safer.*"

P. 290. (129) "*thy supposèd king,*"

So *The True Tragedie*, &c.—The folio has "the *supposed King:*" but see before, p. 286.

P. 291. (130)
"*Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.*"

So the folio,—from which *The True Tragedie*, &c. differs only in having "The elder, belike *Clarence* shall," &c.—But Theobald substituted "*Belike, the* younger; *Clarence will have the* elder." See note 125.

P. 291. (131) "*for love*"

The folio has "*for* the *loue.*"

P. 292. (132) "*in the towns about,*"

The folio has "*in the* Towne *about,*" &c. (and so the older play): but see the second speech of *Third Watchman*, p. 293 (which is not in the older play).

P. 293. (133) "*to*"

Qy. (with Capell) "in"?—the transcriber or compositor having by mistake repeated "*to*" from the preceding line.

P. 293. (134) "*While he himself keeps here in the cold field?*"

The word "*here*" was added by Hanmer.—"Folio, '*keepes.*' I think, 'keeps *here* in the,' &c. At any rate, 'keépèth in thè cóld field' [Theobald's reading] must be wrong." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 169.

P. 294. (135) "*last*"

"The word '*last,*' which is found in the old play, was inadvertently omitted in the folio." MALONE.

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P. 294. (136) "*now to create you*"

"Perhaps Johnson's proposed correction, 'to new-*create you*,' is right." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 294. (137) "*Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?*"

The modern addition, "—— *Clarence*, and *art thou here too?*" seems to be required for the metre. (Pope was the first who inserted "and;" but he omitted "*Yea*:" Capell gave both words.)

P. 295. (138) "*I'll follow you, and tell him there what answer*"

The words "*him there*" are not in the folio.—This line was amended by Pope to "*I'll follow you, and tell* you *what* reply," and by Capell to "*I'll follow you, and tell* his grace *what answer*." (Pope's "*tell* you" can hardly be right; for we must suppose that Warwick had already informed Somerset, &c. of the "answers" of Louis and the Lady Bona to Edward's message.)

P. 295. (139) "*new*"

Rowe substituted "now," which—unless we understand "*new*" in the sense of *newly*, *lately*—would seem to be right.

P. 296. (140) "*stands*"

The folio has "stand."

P. 296. (141) "*Comes*"

The folio has "Come."

P. 297. (142) "*ship*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "shipt."—Walker cites this passage (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 169) with the reading "slip" (a *slip*, I suppose).

P. 297. (143)

"*Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.*"

"What does this line refer to? Something must be lost." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 170,—where the Editor (Mr. W. N. Lettsom) observes in a note; "Perhaps this line belongs to King Edward, who may be supposed to have been sounding Gloster and Hastings, when he said just before, 'But whither shall we then?'"

P. 298. (144) "*imprisonment*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "prisonment."

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P. 299. (145) "*And all his lands and goods be confiscate.*"

The folio has "—— *and Goods confiscate.*"—The editor of the second folio (who had no more authority for his alterations than any of the modern editors) substituted "—— *and Goods* confiscated."—I adopt Malone's reading: compare *Merchant of Venice*, act iv. sc. 1, "all thy goods are *confiscate;*" also *The Comedy of Errors*, act i. sc. 1 and sc. 2; and *Cymbeline*, act v. sc. 5.

P. 301. (146) "*A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded!*"

To remedy the supposed imperfection in the metre of this line, Pope made the transposition "—— *and* persuaded soon;" while Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*A wise stout captain* he, *and soon persuaded.*" But the old text is not to be hastily altered,—the word "*captain*" being in various passages of our early dramatists a trisyllable—pronounced "*capitain;*" e. g. in Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and No King*, act iv. sc. 3;

"The king may do much, *captain*, believe it."

(Indeed Spenser writes, *Faerie Queene*, B. vi. c. xi. st. 3,

"It so befell, as fortune had ordayned,
That he which was their *capitaine* profest," &c.)

See Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 171, and Mr. W. N. Lettsom's note there.

P. 302. (147) "*shall*"

The True Tragedie, &c. has "should,"—preferably perhaps.

P. 302. (148) "*and thanks unto you all:*"

Was altered by Pope to "*and thanks* to *all.*"—Mr. W. N. Lettsom would merely omit "*and.*"

P. 303. (149) "*hasty*"

So both the folio and the original play ("*hastie*").—"Probably '*lusty;*' certainly not '*hasty.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 172.—Mr. Swynfen Jervis, independently, proposed the same correction.

P. 303. (150) "Oxf. *Let's levy men, and beat him back again.*"

So Malone.—In the folio this speech is assigned to "*King.*"—Mr. Collier thinks that "it is not at all inconsistent with the other speeches of the king in this scene:"—to me it appears utterly so. Besides, Henry has resigned the government into the hands of Warwick and Clarence (see p. 298); nor is *his* opinion now asked by Warwick, whose words are, "What counsel, *lords?*" Throughout the present scene Warwick speaks of Henry, and addresses him, as his "*sovereign;*"

"My *sovereign*, with the loving citizens," &c.

. . . . . .

"Fair *lords*, take leave, and stand not to reply.—

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Farewell, *my sovereign.*

. . . . . .

Farewell, sweet *lords.*"

(A little above, in the stage-direction at the commencement of this scene, the folio has "Somerset" instead of "*Exeter.*")

P. 303. (151) "*stir in*"

The folio has "*stirre* vp *in.*"

P. 304. (152) "*water-flowing tears;*"

"'*Flowing,*' quasi *shedding?* Compare 'tear-falling pity,' *King Richard III.* iv. 2." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 172.—Capell suggests "*water-flowing* eyes."

P. 304. (153) "*A York! A York!*"

The folio has "A *Lancaster*, a *Lancaster*,"—of which Malone offers a forced explanation, and Mr. Grant White a still more forced one.—*The True Tragedie*, &c. (in which the present scene is much shorter) has no stage-direction here, nor any mention of "*shouts*" in the text.—"Surely the shouts that ushered King Edward should be 'A *York!* A *York!*' I suppose the author did not write the marginal directions, and the players confounded the characters." JOHNSON. There can be no doubt that in our early dramas the greater part of the stage-directions was inserted by the actors.

P. 305. (154) "*And, lords, towards Coventry,*" &c.

"Warwick," as Mr. M. Mason has observed, "has but just left the stage, declaring his intention to go to Coventry. How then could Edward know of that intention? Our author was led into this impropriety by the old play, where also Edward says;

'And now towards Coventry let's bend our course,
To meet with Warwick and his confederates.'

Some of our old writers seem to have thought that all the persons of the drama must know whatever was known to the writers themselves or to the audience." MALONE.

P. 305. (155) "*The sun shines hot,*" &c.

'This couplet should stand after Gloster's speech, of which, perhaps, it is part." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 307. (156) "*If not, the city being but of small defence,*"

Here Pope omitted "*but.*"—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 172) proposes altering "*defence*" to "fence."

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P. 307. (157) "*an*"

The folio has "in."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 307. (158) "[Taking the red rose out of his hat."

Here the folio has no stage-direction. But we find in *The True Tragedie*, &c., "Sound a Parlie, and Richard and Clarence whispers togither, and then Clarence takes his red Rose out of his hat, and throwes it at Warwike."

P. 308. (159)

"*And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,*
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,"

The True Tragedie, &c. has

"*And set vp Lancaster.* Thinkest *thou*
That Clarence is so harsh vnnaturall."—

Steevens conjectures that the second line should stand

"*Clarence so harsh, so blunt, unnatural.*"—

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 31) proposes, but not confidently,

" . . . . . *so* blunt-unnatural."

P. 308. (160) "*Jephtha's*,"

The folio has "Iephah;" which in the third folio became "Iepthah."

P. 309. (161) "*my mangled body shows,*

. . . . . .

That I must yield my body to the earth,"

Is there not something wrong here?

P. 309. (162) "*Thus yields the cedar*," &c.

"It were better to read

'*Thus* to the axe's edge the cedar yields,
Whose arms,' &c.

Otherwise 'Whose arms' will refer to the *axe* instead of the *cedar*." STEEVENS. But the construction in the text is not unusual with our early writers.

P. 310. (163) "*clamour*"

So *The True Tragedie*, &c.—The folio has "Cannon."

P. 310. (164)

"War. *Sweet rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save yourselves;*
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven."

The modern editors have tried (unsuccessfully) various methods of improving this passage; in which the words of *The True Tragedie*, &c. are retained

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by our author. (Mr. Knight's note *ad l.* shows that he is not acquainted with the reading of the old copies.)

P. 311. (165) "*The*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 172) proposes "Our" or "These."

P. 313. (166) "*I drink the water of mine eyes.*"

So the older play in the corresponding passage.—The folio has "—— *of* my eye,"—which, with good reason, Malone suspects to be "rather an error in the transcriber than an alteration by Shakespeare."

P. 313. (167) "*Now,*"

The reading of *The True Tragedie*, &c. "Lo" is perhaps preferable.

P. 314. (168) "*thou likeness*"

So the quarto of 1619.—The octavo of 1595 has "the litnes."—The quarto of 1600 has "the lightnes."—The folio has "the *likenesse*," which Malone calls "the phraseology of Shakespeare's time," and compares, in *Julius Cæsar*, act v. sc. 3,

"*The* last of all the Romans, fare thee well,"—

a faulty reading, undoubtedly: see note *ad l.*—Compositors frequently mistook the contraction "ye" (*thou*) for "ye" (*the*).

P. 315. (169) "*swoon?*"

So the fourth folio.—The earlier eds. have "swound," "swowne," and "swoun." See note 93 on *The Winter's Tale.*

P. 315. (170) "*The*"

Is accidentally omitted in the folio.

P. 316. (171)

"*What, wilt thou not?—Where is that devil's butcher,*
Hard-favour'd Richard?—Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here:"

The folio has

"*What wilt y not? Where is that diuels butcher* Richard?
Hard fauor'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not heere."

But that "Richard" is an accidental addition we have proof in the corresponding passage of the original play;

"Whears the *Diuels butcher, hardfauored Richard,*
Richard where art thou? He *is not heere,*" &c.

(Qy. "—— *Richard, where art thou,*
Thou art not here?"

i.e. Richard, where art thou, *that* thou art not here?)

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P. 316. (172) "London. A room in the Tower.
King Henry is discovered," &c.

Here the stage-direction in *The True Tragedie*, &c. is "Enter Gloster to king Henry in the Tower."—The folio has "Enter Henry the sixt, and Richard, with the Lieutenant on the Walles:"—which is at variance with Richard's words in the concluding couplet of the present scene,—"I'll throw thy body in *another room*."

The Cambridge Editors remark; "We have retained the stage-direction of the Folios 'on the walls' instead of adopting Capell's alteration 'a Room in the Tower,' as it seems likely that the mistake lies in the expression 'another room,' which was retained from the older play, the author forgetting that he had changed the scene to the walls." This is not the only note in which the Cambridge Editors account for some strange mistake by attributing it to a constitutional forgetfulness on the part of Shakespeare.—Nearly all the headings of scenes and the stage-directions throughout the folio were doubtless added by the players.

P. 317. (173)

"*Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,*
That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fowl was drown'd."

The folio has "—— *the* Foole *was drown'd*" (which, according to what precedes, would mean Dædalus).—The passage stands thus in *The True Tragedie*, &c.;

"Why, what a foole was that of Creete?
That taught his sonne the office
Of a birde, and yet for all that the poore
Fowle was drownde."

P. 317. (174) "*fate,*
And . . . . . ."

Words added in the second folio.—On these two lines and the two preceding ones Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes, "I can make nothing out of them but that they are corrupt."

P. 317. (175) "*discord*"

So the older play.—The folio has "Discords."

P. 317. (176) "*An indigested and deformed lump,*"

The True Tragedie, &c. has

"To wit: *an* vndigest created *lumpe*."

The folio has

"To wit, *an indigested and deformed lumpe*:"

But I have no doubt that the words "To wit" were retained in the folio contrary to Shakespeare's intention,—he having expanded the rest of the original line into a complete verse. (In *The Sec. Part of King Henry VI.* act v. sc. 1 (p. 191), Richard is called, as in the present passage, "foul *indigested lump*.")

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P. 317. (177) "*Thou cam'st*—
Glo. *I'll hear no more :—die, prophet, in thy speech :*
For this," &c.

The True Tragedie, &c. has

"*Thou camst* into the world
Glo. Die prophet in thy speech, He heare
No more, *for this*," &c.

Theobald printed

"*Thou cam'st* into the world with thy legs forward.
Glo. I'll hear no more : die, prophet, in thy speech :
For this," &c.

"Had our editors," he observes, "had but a grain of sagacity or due diligence, there could have been no room for this absurd break ["*Thou cam'st* ——"], since they might have ventured to fill it up, with certainty too. The old 4to would have led them part of the way,

'*Thou cam'st* into the world ——'

And that the verse is to be completed in the manner I have given it, is incontestable; for unless we suppose King Henry actually reproaches him with this his preposterous birth, how can Richard in his very next soliloquy say,

'Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say
I came into the world with my legs forward' ?

I can easily see that this blank was caused by the nicety of the players, to suppress an indecent idea [?]. But, with submission, this was making but half a cure, unless they had expunged the repetition of it out of Richard's speech too."

P. 318. (178) "*keep'st*"

So the third folio.—The earlier eds. have "keptst" and "keept'st."

P. 319. (179) "*top*"

The folio has "tops" (and so the older play).

P. 319. (180) "*renown'd*
For hardy and undoubted champions ;"

So *The True Tragedie*, &c. ("renowmd" and "*renownd*").—The folio has "Renowne," &c.—Here Capell conjectured, and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads, "redoubted *champions*."

P. 319. (181) "*Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.*"

So *The True Tragedie*, &c.—"The folio reads '—— and *that* shalt execute.' But as the word '*shalt*' is preserved, the other must have been an error of the transcriber or compositor." MALONE.—"I suppose he speaks this line, first *touching* his *head*, and then *looking* on his *hand*." STEEVENS.

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P. 319. (182) "Q. Eliz. *Thanks*," &c.

So *The True Tragedie*, &c. ("Queen," &c.)—The folio has "*Cla.* Thanke," &c.—Mr. Collier says that in the folio 1664 this line "is *correctly* given to the King:"—he ought to have said "incorrectly."

P. 320. (183) "*Reignier*,"

The old eds. have "Ranard" and "Reynard."

P. 320. (184) "*it*"

See note 105.

P. 320. (185) "*befit the pleasure*"

The True Tragedie, &c. has "befits *the* pleasures;" the folio, "befits *the pleasure*."

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KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

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KING RICHARD III.

Was perhaps produced not long before 1597, the date of the earliest quarto. —So remarkable are the variations presented to us by the old copies of *King Richard III.*,—so greatly does the text of the quartos (or, properly speaking, that of the earliest quarto) differ from the text of the fo io, that a modern editor, who must necessarily give an eclectic text of this tragedy, is not a little perplexed in his choice of readings. Nor is the difference in question confined to words and phrases, to amplification of sentences, and appropriation of speeches; for the quartos contain important passages which are not found in the folio, while the folio, on the other hand, supplies passages no less important which are wanting in the quartos.—The text of the folio is, on the whole, inferior to that of the quartos, and, as Malone observes in a note, would seem to have been tampered with by the players: accordingly I now adhere to the quartos in sundry places where my form r edition exhibited the text of the folio.—In this tragedy Shakespeare cannot be said to have any obligations to an earlier play on the same subject by an unknown author, —*The True Tragedie of Richard the Third: wherein is showne the death of Edward the Fourth, with the smothering of the two yoong Princes in the Tower: with a lamentable ende of Shores wife, an example for all wicked women. And lastly the coniunction and ioyning of the two noble Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. As it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties Players*, 1594, 4to (reprinted for the Shakespeare Society in 1844).

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Edward the Fourth.
Edward, prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V., } sons to the King.
Richard, duke of York, }
George, duke of Clarence, } brothers to the King.
Richard, duke of Gloster, afterwards King Richard III., }
A young Son of Clarence.
Henry, earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.
Cardinal Bourchier, archbishop of Canterbury.
Thomas Rotherham, archbishop of York.
John Morton, bishop of Ely.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Norfolk.
Earl of Surrey, his son.
Earl Rivers, brother to King Edward's Queen.
Marquess of Dorset and Lord Grey, her sons.
Earl of Oxford.
Lord Hastings.
Lord Stanley.
Lord Lovel.
Sir Thomas Vaughan.
Sir Richard Ratcliff.
Sir William Catesby.
Sir James Tyrrel.
Sir James Blunt.
Sir Walter Herbert.
Sir Robert Brakenbury, lieutenant of the Tower.
Christopher Urswick, a priest. Another Priest.
Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.
Tressel and Berkeley, attending on Lady Anne.

Elizabeth, queen to King Edward IV.
Margaret, widow of King Henry VI.
Duchess of York, mother to King Edward IV., Clarence, and Gloster.
Lady Anne, widow of Edward, prince of Wales, son to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to Richard, duke of Gloster.
A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords and other Attendants; a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Soldiers, &c.

Scene—*England.*

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KING RICHARD III.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. A street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruisèd arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now—instead of mounting barbèd steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am cúrtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;—

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Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days—
I am determinèd to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul:—here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE *guarded, and* BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: what means this armèd guard
That waits upon your grace?
Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.
Glo. Upon what cause?
Clar. Because my name is George.
Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:—
O, belike his majesty hath some intent
That you shall be new-christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?
Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.

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These, as I learn, and such-like toys as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women:—
'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempers him to this extremity.[1]
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodville, her brother there,[2]
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think there is no man secure
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. Beseech[3] your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so; an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man;—we say the king
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;—
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;[4]
And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have naught to do.

Glo. Naught to do with Mistress Shore! I tell thee, fellow,

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He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave:—wouldst thou betray me?

Brak. Beseech[a] your grace to pardon me; and, withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.—
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,—
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,—
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
Meantime, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce: farewell.

[*Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.*

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.—
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

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Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home,—
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.
Glo. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And overmuch consum'd his royal person:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?
Hast. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit Hastings.*
He cannot live, I hope; and must not die
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.[6]
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:
What though I kill'd her husband and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns:
When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another street.*

Enter the corpse of King HENRY the Sixth, *borne in an open coffin,* Gentlemen *with halberds to guard it,—among them* TRESSEL *and* BERKELEY; *and* Lady ANNE *as mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,—
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament

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Th' untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—
[*The Bearers set down the coffin.*
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be 't lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—
O, cursèd be the hand that made these holes!
Cursèd the heart that had the heart to do it!
Cursèd the blood that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspéct
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him
Than I am made by my young lord and thee!—
Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interrèd there;
And still, as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.
[*The Bearers take up the coffin and move forwards.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.
Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys!
First Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.
Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou, when I command:

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Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.
[*The Bearers set down the coffin.*

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,—
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.—
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh!—
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead;
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butcherèd!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposèd evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,

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For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursèd self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand excus'd
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say that I slew them not?

Anne. Why, then, they are not dead:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then, he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provokèd by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provokèd by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too
Thou mayst be damnèd for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that holp to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

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Glo. I know so.—But, gentle Lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhát into a slower method,—
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause and most accurs'd effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live[7] one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheerèd by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The selfsame name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here. [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

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Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspécts with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
Not[8] when my father York and Edward wept
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain; in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never su'd to friend nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;
But, now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.
[*She looks scornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lips such scorn; for they were made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*Gives her his sword, and lays his breast open, kneeling.*
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry,—
[*She offers at his breast with his sword.*
But 'twas thy beauty that provokèd me.
Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward,—
[*She again offers at his breast.*
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*She lets fall the sword.*
Take up the sword again, or take up me.
Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,

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I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

[*Rises, and takes up his sword.*

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take, is not to give. [*She puts on the ring.*

Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place;
Where—after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey monastery, this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears—
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too
To see you are become so penitent.—
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

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Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.
[*Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkeley.*
Glo. Sirs, take up the corse.
Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?
Glo. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.
[*Exeunt all, except Gloster.*
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her;—but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;[9]
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman—
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal—[10]
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt and am mis-shapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,

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I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in the palace.*

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, RIVERS, *and* GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam: there's no doubt his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Riv. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* STANLEY.[11]

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;

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Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Riv. Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement
Between the Duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. Would all were well!—but that will never be:
I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and* DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:—
Who are they that complain unto the king
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Riv. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter.
The king, of his own royal disposition,

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And not provok'd by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send, that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.[12]

Glo. I cannot tell:—the world is grown so bad,
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster;
You envy my advancement and my friends':
God grant we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for—

Glo. She may, Lord Rivers!—why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she! marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis your grandam had a worser match.

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Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
With those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,—
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormèd at:

Enter Queen MARGARET, *behind.*

Small joy have I in being England's queen.
Q. Mar. [*aside*] And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech him!
Thy honour, state, and seat is due to me.
Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
'Tis time to speak,—my pains are quite forgot.
Q. Mar. [*aside*] Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.
Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends:
To royalise his blood I spilt mine own.
Q. Mar. [*aside*] Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.
Glo. In all which time you and your husband Grey
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—
And, Rivers, so were you:—was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.
Q. Mar. [*aside*] A murderous villain, and so still thou art.
Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick;
Ay, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—
Q. Mar. [*aside*] Which God revenge!

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Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;
And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's;
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. [*aside*] Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodemon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of Gloster, in those busy days
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king:
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be!—I had rather be a pedler:
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,—
As little joy may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. [*aside*] As little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.— [*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was;
But I do find more pain in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou ow'st to me,—
And thou a kingdom,—all of you allegiance:
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,

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And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?—
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!—
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, that was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers-by,—
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings,—when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live his natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag!

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Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O let them[14] keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell![15]
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathèd issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha!

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy, then; for I did think
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O let me make the period to my curse!

Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in—Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whett'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.

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Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!

Dor. Dispute not with her,—she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess, you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current:
O that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry:—learn it, learn it, marquess.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more: but I was born so high,
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!—
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest:—
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.[16]

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me:
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,—
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.

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O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!
Look, when he fawns he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess!—
Live each of you the subject[17] to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*

Hast. My hair doth stand on end[18] to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine: I muse why she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her: by God's holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong; and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains;—
God pardon them that are the cause of it!

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

Glo. [*aside*] So do I ever, being well advis'd;
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.[19]

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come.—Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. We wait upon your grace.

[*Exeunt all except Gloster.*

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach

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I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,—
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Hastings, Stanley, Buckingham;
And say it is the queen and her allies
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now, they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I sigh; and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends stol'n out of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.—
But, soft! here come my executioners.

Enter two Murderers.

How now, my hardy, stout-resolvèd mates!
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?
First Murd. We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. Well thought upon;—I have it here about me:
[*Gives the warrant.*
When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.
First Murd. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers: be assur'd
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.
Glo. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears:
I like you, lads;—about your business straight;
Go, go, dispatch.
First Murd. We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV. *The same. A room in the Tower.*

Enter CLARENCE *and* BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?
Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,—
So full of terror was the time!
Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.
Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw[20] a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalu'd jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept—
As 'twere in scorn of eyes—reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.
Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive

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To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept-in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air,
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renownèd Warwick;
Who cried aloud, "What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanish'd: then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,
"Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!"
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howlèd in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell,—
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O Brakenbury, I have done those things,
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!—
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in[21] me alone,—
O spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!—
Keeper, I prithee, sit by me awhile;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest!—

[*Clarence sleeps in a chair.*

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Sorrow breaks seasons[22] and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

First Murd. Ho! who's here?

Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

First Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

Sec. Murd. 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious.—Let him see our commission; and talk no more.

[*First Murd. gives a paper to Brak., who reads it.*

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands:—
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys;—there sits the duke asleep:
I'll to the king; and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

First Murd. You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom: fare you well. [*Exit Brakenbury.*

Sec. Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

First Murd. No; he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

Sec. Murd. When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgment-day.

First Murd. Why, then he'll say we stabbed him sleeping.

Sec. Murd. The urging of that word "judgment" hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

First Murd. What, art thou afraid?

Sec. Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damned for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

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First Murd. I thought thou hadst been resolute.

Sec. Murd. So I am, to let him live.

First Murd. I'll back to the Duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

Sec. Murd. Nay, I prithee, stay a little: I hope my holy humour[32] will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

First Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

Sec. Murd. Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

First Murd. Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

Sec. Murd. Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

First Murd. Where's thy conscience now?

Sec. Murd. In the Duke of Gloster's purse.

First Murd. So, when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

Sec. Murd. 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

First Murd. What if it come to thee again?

Sec. Murd. I'll not meddle with it,—it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'tis a blushing shame-faced spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and live without it.

First Murd. Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

Sec. Murd. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

First Murd. I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me.

Sec. Murd. Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

First Murd. Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

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Sec. Murd. O excellent device! and make a sop of him.
First Murd. Soft! he wakes.
Sec. Murd. Strike!
First Murd. No, we'll reason with him.
Clar. [*waking*] Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.
First Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.
Clar. In God's name, what art thou?
First Murd. A man, as you are.
Clar. But not, as I am, royal.
First Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.
Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.
First Murd. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.
Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?
Both Murd. To, to, to—
Clar. To murder me?
Both Murd. Ay, ay.
Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?
First Murd. Offended us you have not, but the king.
Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.
Sec. Murd. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.
Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:
The deed you undertake is damnable.
First Murd. What we will do, we do upon command.
Sec. Murd. And he that hath commanded is our king.

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Clar. Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder: will you, then,
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

Sec. Murd. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

First Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

Sec. Murd. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

First Murd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avengèd for the deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publicly:
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course
To cut off those that have offended him.

First Murd. Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

First Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster,
Who shall reward you better for my life
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

Sec. Murd. You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates you.

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Clar. O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.
Both Murd. Ay, so we will.
Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think of this, and he will weep.
First Murd. Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.
Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.
First Murd. Right,
As snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself:
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.
Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.
First Murd. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.
Sec. Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.
Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul[24] so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?—
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.
Sec. Murd. What shall we do?
Clar. Relent, and save your souls.
First Murd. Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.
Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.—
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me:
A begging prince what beggar pities not?[25]
First Murd. Ay, thus, and thus [*Stabs him*]: if all this will not do,
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.
[*Exit, with the body.*
Sec. Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands

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Of this mos, grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter First Murderer.

First Murd. How now! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?
By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you've been.

Sec. Murd. I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*

First Murd. So do not I: go, coward as thou art.—
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *London. A room in the palace.*

Enter King EDWARD, *led in sick*, Queen ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and others.*

K. Edw. Why, so;—now have I done a good day's work:—
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;[26]
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your king;
Lest he that is the supreme King of kings

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Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—
Nor you, son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignèdly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings; I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him;—Hastings, love lord marquess.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [*They embrace.*

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. [*to the Queen*] Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assurèd that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me!—this do I beg of God,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.
[*Embracing Rivers, &c.*

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.

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Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensèd peers.

Glo. A blessèd labour, my most sovereign liege.—
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;—
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;—
Of you, Lord Rivers,—and, Lord Grey, of you,
That all without desert have frown'd on me;—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen;—indeed, of all.[27]
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds
More than the infant that is born to-night:
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holiday shall this be kept hereafter:—
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.—
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead? [*They all start.*
You do him injury to scorn his corse.

Riv. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no one in this presence
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a wingèd Mercury did bear;

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Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buriéd.
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!
K. Edw. I prithee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.
Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.
K. Edw. Then say at once what is it thou request'st.
Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.
K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man,—his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who su'd to me for him? who, in my rage,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
And said, "Dear brother, live, and be a king"?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments, and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—
But for my brother not a man would speak,—

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Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this!—
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.—Ah,
Poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt King, Queen, Hastings, Rivers, Dorset, and Grey.*

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness!—Mark'd you not
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O, they did urge it still unto the king!
God will revenge it.—But, come, let us in,
To comfort Edward with our company.

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another room in the palace.*

Enter the Duchess of YORK, *with a* Son *and* Daughter *of* CLARENCE.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft, and beat your breast,
And cry, "O Clarence, my unhappy son!"

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us orphans, wretches, castaways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loth to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With daily prayers all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

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Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.
Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provok'd to 't by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.
Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
He is my son; ay, and therein my shame;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?
Duch. Ay, boy.
Son. I cannot think it.—Hark! what noise is this?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, *distractedly*; RIVERS *and* DORSET *following her.*

Q. Eliz. O, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.
Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?
Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence:—
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead!
Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,
That our swift-wingèd souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.
Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images:
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,

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And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,—
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I—
Thine being but a moiety of my grief—
To over-go thy plaints and drown thy cries!

Son. Ah, aunt, you wept not for our father's death!
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Children. Ah for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

Duch. Alas for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? and he's gone.

Children. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss!

Children. Were never orphans had so dear a loss!

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss!
Alas, I am the mother of these griefs!
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—
Alas, you three, on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd
That you take with unthankfulness his doing:
In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt

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Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him;
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, *and others.*

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see your grace:—humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen;—[*aside*] and make me die a good old man!—
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing:
I marvel that her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now chear each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd,[28] knit and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fet
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous
By how much the state's[29] green and yet ungovern'd:

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Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope the king made peace with all of us;
And the compáct is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me;[80] and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam,—and you, my mother,[81]—will you go
To give your censures in this business?

[*Exeunt all except Buckingham and Glostcr.*

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home;
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—my dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

Enter two Citizens, *meeting.*

First Cit. Good morrow, neighbour: whither away so fast?

Sec. Cit. I promise you I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?

First Cit. Yes,—that the king is dead.

Sec. Cit. Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear 'twill prove a giddy world.

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Enter a third Citizen.

Third Cit. Neighbours, God speed!
First Cit. Give you good morrow, sir.
Third Cit. Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death?
Sec. Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!
Third Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.
First Cit. No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign.
Third Cit. Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!
Sec. Cit. In him there is a hope of government,
That, in his nonage, council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.
First Cit. So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.
Third Cit. Stood the state so? No, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.
First Cit. Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.
Third Cit. Better it were they all came by his father,
Or by his father there were none at all;
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloster!
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
First Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.
Third Cit. When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.
Sec. Cit. Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason almost with a man

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That looks not heavily and full of dread.

Third Cit. Before the days of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God.—Whither away?

Sec. Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

Third Cit. And so was I: I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A room in the palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of YORK, *the young* Duke of YORK, Queen ELIZABETH, *and the* Duchess of YORK.

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night;
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince:
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say my son of York
Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother: "Ay," quoth my uncle Gloster,
"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:"
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a-growing and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch.[32] And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.[33]

Duch. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

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Duch. How, my young York? I prithee, let me hear it.
York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.
Duch. I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his nurse.
Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.
York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Q. Eliz. A parlous boy:—go to, you are too shrewd.
Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.[34]
Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.
Arch. Here comes a messenger.

Enter a Messenger.

What news?
Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.
Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?
Mess. Well, madam, and in health.
Duch. What is thy news, then?
Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Duch. Who hath committed them?
Mess. The mighty dukes
Gloster and Buckingham.
Q. Eliz. For what offence?
Mess. The sum of all I can I have disclos'd;
Why or for what these nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.[35]
Q. Eliz. Ay me, I see the downfall of our house!
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and awless throne:—
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.
Duch. Accursèd and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:

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And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self:—O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damnèd spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. [*to the Queen*] My gracious lady, go;
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep: and so betide to me
As well I tender you and all of yours!
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. A street.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal BOURCHIER, CATESBY, *and others.*

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, th' untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit;
Nor more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.

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Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor *and his Train.*

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all.
[*Mayor and his Train retire.*
I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Enter HASTINGS.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: what, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers!—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny,—Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon[26] expect him here; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessèd sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional:

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Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,[37]
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserv'd it;
Therefore,[38] in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary-men;
But sanctuary-children ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.—
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.
[*Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.*
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.[39]
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower;
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. [*aside*] So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without charácters, fame lives long.—
[*Aside*] Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

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Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—
Buck. What, my gracious lord?
Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.
Glo. [*aside*] Short summers lightly have a forward spring.
Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

Enter York, *with the* Cardinal *and* Hastings.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?
York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.
Prince. Ay, brother,—to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.
Glo. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?
York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
Glo. He hath, my lord.
York. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.
York. Then is he more beholding to you than I.
Glo. He may command me as my sovereign;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.
York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.[40]
Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.
Prince. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And being but[41] a toy, which is no grief to give.
Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.
York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it.
Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
York. O, then, I see you'll part but with light gifts
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

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Glo. It is too heavy for your grace to wear.
York. I weigh it lightly,[42] were it heavier.
Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.
Glo. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk:—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:—
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.
Buck. [*aside to Hastings*] With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning and so young is wonderful.
Glo. My lord, will't please you pass along?[43]
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.
York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?
Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.
York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, what should you fear?
York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.
Prince. I fear no uncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.
[*Sennet. Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings, Cardinal, and others; also the Lord Mayor and his Train.*
Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensèd by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy,
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

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Buck. Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby. Thou
Art sworn as deeply[44] to effect what we intend
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;—
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou, then, of Stanley? will not he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well, then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and show him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off your talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both.

[*Exit Catesby.*

Buck. My lord,[45] what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do:—
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
Th' earldom of Hereford, and the movables

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Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.
Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.
Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before* Lord HASTINGS' *house.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord! my lord!— [*Knocking.*
Hast. [*within*] Who knocks?
Mess. One from the Lord Stanley.
Hast. [*within*] What is't o'clock?
Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?
Mess. So it appears by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble self.
Hast. What then?
Mess. Then certifies your lordship, that this night
He dreamt the boar had rasèd off his helm:
Besides, he says there are two councils held;
And that may be determin'd at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.
Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance:
And for his dreams, I wonder he's so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:

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To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the boar will use us kindly.

Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. [*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And I believe will never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good news,—
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries:
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,—
That they who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out

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With Rivers, aughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, that think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of you,—
[*Aside*] For they account his head upon the bridge.

Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow;—good morrow, Catesby:—(46)
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord,
I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,—
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust:
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what, my lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads
Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.—
But come, my lord, let us away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow.
[*Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.*
How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask.

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Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now
Than when thou mett'st me last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee—keep it to thyself—
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that for me.
[*Throwing him his purse.*

Purs. God save your lordship! [*Exit.*

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I'm glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.
I'm in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.[47]

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain!
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving-work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.—
What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. [*aside*] And supper too, although thou know'st it not.—
Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Pomfret. Before the castle.*

Enter RATCLIFF, *with a guard, conducting* RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *to execution.*

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—

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To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damnèd blood-suckers.
Vaugh. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.
Rat. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.
Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death;
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.
Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.
Riv. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buckingham,
Then curs'd she Hastings:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!
And for my sister and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.
Rat. Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.[48]
Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace:
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *London. A room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the* Bishop of Ely, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, *and others, sitting at a table; Officers of the Council attending.*

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation.
In God's name, speak,—when is the royal day?
Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?
Stan. It is;[49] and wants but nomination.
Ely. To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.

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Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces: for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours;
Nor[50] I of his, my lord, than you of mine.—
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lords, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper: but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—
My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there:
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. [*Exit.*

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[*Takes him aside.*
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw you hence, my lord; I'll follow you.
[*Exit Gloster, followed by Buckingham.*

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Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord the Duke of Gloster?[51]
I have sent for these strawberries.
Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day;
There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good-morrow with such spirit.
I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.
Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face
By any likelihood he show'd to-day?[52]
Hast. Marry, that with no man here he's offended;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damnèd witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?
Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom th' offenders: whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deservèd death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil:
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot-strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.
Hast. If they have done this thing, my gracious lord,—
Glo. If! thou protector of this damnèd strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of "ifs"? Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head!—now, by Saint Paul, I swear
I will not dine until I see the same.—
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done:—[53]

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The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt all, except Hastings, Lovel, and Ratcliff.*

Hast. Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did rase his helm;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly:
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And started when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I need the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triúmphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!

Rat. Dispatch, my lord; the duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. The Tower-walls.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *in rusty armour, marvellous ill-favoured.*

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,

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And then begin again, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforcèd smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.

Enter the Lord Mayor *and* CATESBY.

Lord mayor,—

Glo. Look to the drawbridge there!

Buck. Hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you,—

Glo. Look back, defend thee,—here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence[54] defend and guard us!

Glo. Be patient, they are friends,—Ratcliff and Lovel.

Enter LOVEL *and* RATCLIFF,[55] *with* HASTINGS' *head.*

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd.—
Would you imagine, or almost believe,—
Were't not that, by great preservation,
We live to tell it you,—the subtle traitor

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This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloster?
May. What, had he so?
Glo. What, think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?
May. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.
Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, have prevented;[56]
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard[57]
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treason;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue[54] us in him, and wail his death.
May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak;
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.
Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
T' avoid the censures of the carping world.
Buck. But since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.
[*Exit Lord Mayor.*
Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:—
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,

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Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termèd so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging eye[59] or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:—
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York
My princely father then had wars in France;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appearèd in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle;
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learnèd bishops.

Buck. I go; and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords. [*Exit.*

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw,—
[*To Cate.*] Go thou to Friar Penker;—bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.

[*Exeunt Lovel, Catesby, and Ratcliff.*

Now will I in, to take some privy order,
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice that no manner person
Have any time recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*

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SCENE VI. *The same. A street.*

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is th' indictment of the good Lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:—
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
The precedent was full as long a-doing:
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while! Why, who's so gross
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to naught
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *The same. Court of Baynard's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *meeting.*

Glo. How now, how now! what say the citizens?
Buck. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.
Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?
Buck. I did; with his contráct with Lady Lucy,
And his contráct by deputy in France;
Th' insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the duke:
Withal I did infer your lineaments,—
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;

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Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpose
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse:
And when my oratory drew toward end,
I bade them that did love their country's good
Cry, "God save Richard, England's royal king!"

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statuas or breathing stones,[60]
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was,—the people were not us'd
To be spoke to but by the récorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again,—
"Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;"
But nothing spake in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, "God save King Richard!"
And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
"Thanks, gentle citizens and friends," quoth I;
"This general applause and cheerful shout
Argues your wisdom and your love to Richard:"
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?

Buck. No, by my troth, my lord.

Glo. Will not the mayor, then, and his brethren, come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our request;
Play the maid's part,—still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go; and if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks.

[*Exit Gloster.*

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Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, *and* Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter, from the castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request?
Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow or next day:
He is within, with two right-reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.
Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs and matters of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.
Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*
Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,[61]
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof;
But sore I fear[62] we shall not win him to it.
May. Marry, God defend his grace should say us nay!
Buck. I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again.

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?
Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.
Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:

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By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace. [*Exit Catesby.*
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence,—
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER, *in a gallery above, between two* Bishops. CATESBY *returns.*

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!
Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,—
True ornament to know a holy man.—(62)
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our request;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.
Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology:
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?
Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.
Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buck. You have, my lord: would it might please your grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault!
Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?
Buck. Know, then, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts—
Which here we waken to our country's good—
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;

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Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her[64] royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.[65]
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land;—
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
If not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not t' incur the last,—
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Unmeritable shuns[66] your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;—

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And much I need to help you, were there need;—
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,—
The right and fortune of his happy stars;
Which God defend that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considerèd.
You say that Edward is your brother's son:
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;
For first he was contrácto to Lady Lucy,—
Your mother lives a witness to his vow,—
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the King of France.
These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother of a many children,
A beauty-waning and distressèd widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree
To base declension and loath'd bigamy:
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time
Unto a lineal true-derivèd course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!

Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:—

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I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as, in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And egally indeed to all estates,—
Yet whether you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leave you.—
Come, citizens: zounds, I'll entreat no more.

Glo. O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.

[*Exit Buckingham; the Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens retiring.*

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit:
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again. [*Catesby goes to the Mayor, &c., and then exit.*] I am not made of stone,[67]
But penetrable to your kind entreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM *and* CATESBY; *the* Mayor, *&c. coming forward.*

Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave men,—
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whêr I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal or foul-fac'd reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live King Richard, England's worthy king!

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Mayor, &c. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace:
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. [*to the Bishops*] Come, let us to our holy work again.—
Farewell, good cousin;—farewell, gentle friends. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *London. Before the Tower.*

Enter, on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, Duchess of YORK, *and* DORSET; *on the other,* ANNE Duchess of GLOSTER, *leading* Lady MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S *young daughter.*

Duch. Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender princes.—(68)
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all together:—
And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.

Enter BRAKENBURY.

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath straitly charg'd the contrary.

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Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?
Brak. I mean the lord protector.
Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?
Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see them.
Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.
Brak. No, madam, no,—I may not leave it so:
I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [*Exit.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens.—
[*To the Duchess of Gloster*] Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
There to be crownèd Richard's royal queen.
Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news!
Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!
Dor. Be of good cheer:—mother, how fares your grace?
Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence!
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell:
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.
Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.—
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.
Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—
O my accursèd womb, the bed of death!

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A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous.

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I in all unwillingness will go.—
O, would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die, ere men can say, "God save the queen!"

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why?—When he that is my husband now
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish,—"Be thou," quoth I, "accurs'd,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife—if any be so mad—
More miserable by the life of thee[69]
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!"
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse,—
Which ever since hath kept mine eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Have I enjoy'd the golden dew of sleep,
But have been wakèd by his timorous dreams.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than from my soul I mourn for yours.

Q. Eliz. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Duch. [*to Dorset*] Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!—
[*To Anne*] Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!—

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[*To Queen Elizabeth*] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts
possess thee!—
I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.
Q. Eliz. Stay yet, look back with me unto the Tower.—
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids[70] your stones farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A room of state in the palace.*

Sennet. Enter RICHARD, *crowned;* BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, *a Page, and others.*

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—
Buck. My gracious sovereign?
K. Rich. Give me thy hand. [*Ascends the throne.*] Thus
high, by thy advice
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated:—
But shall we wear these honours for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!
K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed:—
Young Edward lives;—think now what I would speak.
Buck. Say on, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.
Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renownèd liege.
K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'tis so:—but Edward lives.
Buck. True, noble prince.
K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live! "True, noble prince!"—
Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull:—
Shall I be plain?—I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

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Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes:
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord,
Before I positively speak herein:
I will resolve your grace immediately. [*Exit.*

Cate. [*aside to another*] The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools
[*Descends from his throne.*
And unrespective boys: none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes:—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—
Boy!—

Page. My lord?

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man: go call him hither.
[*Exit Page.*
The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.

Enter STANLEY.

How now! what news with you?

Stan. My lord, I hear the Marquess Dorset's fled
To Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas
Where he abides.[71]

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby:—rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter;—

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The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.
[*Exit Catesby.*
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin:
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, *with* TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel?
Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient servant.
K. Rich. Art thou indeed?
Tyr. Prove me, my gracious sovereign.
K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?
Tyr. Ay, my lord;
But I had rather kill two enemies.
K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it: two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:—
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.
Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.
K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel:
Go, by this token:—rise, and lend thine ear: [*Whispers.*
There is no more but so:—say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.
Tyr. I will dispatch it straight. [*Exit.*[72]

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.
K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buck. I hear the news, my lord.
K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—well, look to it.

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Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
Th' earldom of Hereford, and the movables,
The which you promisèd I should possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king!—perhaps—

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rouge-mont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt all except Buckingham.*

Buck. Is it even so? rewards he my true service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on! [*Exit.*

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SCENE III. *Another room in the palace.*

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done,—
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
"O, thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes,"—
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost chang'd my mind;
But, O, the devil"—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—"We smotherèd
The most replenishèd sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd."
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king:—
And here he comes.

Enter King RICHARD.

All health, my sovereign lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,

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When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave [*Exit.*

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord,—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my lord: Ely is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come,—I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield;
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Before the palace.*

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.

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A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.—
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?
[*Retires.*

Enter Queen ELIZABETH *and the* Duchess of YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. [*aside*] Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to agèd night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. [*aside*] Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep, when[73] such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. [*aside*] When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, [*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but I?
[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. [*coming forward*] If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.

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If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.[74]

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handiwork;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in gallèd eyes of weeping souls,—[75]
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!

Duch. O Harry's wife, triúmph not in my woes!
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not[76] the high perfection of my loss:
Thy Clarence he is dead that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
Th' adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reserv'd their factor,[77] to buy souls,
And send them thither:—but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,[78]
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence.—

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Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, "The dog is dead"!

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time would come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad!

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was;
The flattering index of a direful pageant;
One heav'd a-high, to be hurl'd down below;
A mother only mock'd with two sweet babes;
A dream of what thou wert; a breath, a bubble;
A sign of dignity, a garish flag
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues to thee, and cries, "God save the queen"?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art:
For happy wife, a most distressèd widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one being su'd-to, one that humbly sues;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:
Thus hath[79] the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
From which even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife; and queen of sad mischance:—
These English woes will make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well-skill'd in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies!

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Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse:
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull; O, quicken them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit.*

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damnèd son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.
[*Drum within.*
I hear his drum:—be copious in exclaims.

Enter King RICHARD *and his Train, marching.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursèd womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say! [*Flourish. Alarum.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,

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Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Duch. Art thou my son?
K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.
Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.[80]
K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Duch. O, let me speak!
K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.
Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.
K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.
Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.
K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous,
More mild, but yet more harmful-kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me in thy company?
K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.
Duch. I prithee, hear me speak.
K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.
Duch. Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.
K. Rich. So.
Duch. Either thou'lt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;

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Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
Than all the cómplete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me; I say amen to her. [*Going.*

K. Rich. Stay, madam; I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,—
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hand soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt

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Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours
Than ever you and yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. Th' advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of honour,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul:
So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well, then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

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K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen: who else should be?
Q. Eliz. What, thou?
K. Rich. Even I: what think you of it, madam?[81]
Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?
K. Rich. That would I learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.
Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?
K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engraven[82]
"Edward and York;" then haply will she weep:
Therefore present to her—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies,[83]
And bid her dry her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.
K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.
Q. Eliz. There's no other way;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her?
Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but love[84] thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.
K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter:
A grandam's name is little less in love

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Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth;
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads[85] discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan[86] with interest
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.
Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chastisèd
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles?

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Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still-lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the king's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title "ever" last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as heaven and nature lengthen it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell and Richard like of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject love.[87]

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, plainly to her tell my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;—
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear—

Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath:
Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour;
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.
If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,
Swear, then, by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now, by the world,—

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death,—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

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K. Rich. Then, by myself,—
Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-misus'd.
K. Rich. Why, then, by God,—
Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
The unity the king thy brother[88] made
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain:
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
Th' imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, too[89] tender bedfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?
K. Rich. The time to come.
Q. Eliz. That thou hast wrongèd in the time o'erpast;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age;
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old wither'd plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by time misus'd o'erpast.
K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding!—if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her, follows to myself and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, dear mother,—I must call you so,—

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Be the attorney of my love to her:
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish-fond[90] in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. Yet thou didst kill my children.[91]

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I'll bury them:
Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss; and so, farewell.
[*Kissing her. Exit Queen Elizabeth.*
Relenting fool, and shallow-changing woman!

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY *following.*

How now! what news?

Rat. My gracious sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back:
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:—
Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Fly to the duke.—[*To Ratcliff*] Post thou to Salisbury:
When thou com'st thither,—[*To Catesby*] Dull, unmindful villain,
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,

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What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby:—bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go. [*Exit.*

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?

Rat. Your highness told me I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him,
White-liver'd runagate! what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,
He makes for England, here, to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's king but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.[92]
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-cónducting the rebels from their ships?

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Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace
Where and what time your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond:
I will not trust you, sir.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful:
I never was nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Go, then, and muster men. But leave behind
Your son, George Stanley: look your faith be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you. [*Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advértisèd,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter a third Messenger.

Third Mess. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death?
[*Strikes him.*
There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

Third Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;

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And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.
K. Rich. O, I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advisèd friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?
Third Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my lord.

Enter a fourth Messenger.

Fourth Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquess Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.
K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Re-enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,—
That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder tidings, yet they must be told.
K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost:—
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A room in* Lord STANLEY'S *house.*

Enter STANLEY *and* Sir CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:—
That, in the sty of the most bloody boar,

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My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?
Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.
Stan. What men of name resort to him?[92]
Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renownèd soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many more of noble fame and worth:
And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.
Stan. Return unto thy lord; commend me to him:
Tell him the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind. [*Giving letters.*
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Salisbury. An open place.*

Enter the Sheriff, *and Guard, with* BUCKINGHAM, *led to execution.*

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?
Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.
Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,
Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarrièd
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,—
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!—
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?
Sher. It is, my lord.[94]
Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day that, in King Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found

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False to his children or his wife's allies;
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him I trusted most;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs:
That high All-seer that I dallied with
Hath turn'd my feignèd prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
"When he," quoth she, "shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess."—
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Plain near Tamworth.*

Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD, Sir JAMES BLUNT, Sir WALTER HERBERT, *and others, with Forces, marching.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched,[95] bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes[96] his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms,—this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against this guilty homicide.

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Herb. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.
Blunt. He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,
Which in his dearest need will shrink from him.
Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Bosworth field.*

Enter King RICHARD *and Forces, the* Duke of NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, *and others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents,[97] even here in Bosworth field.—
My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk,—
Nor. Here, most gracious liege.
K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Up with my tent! here will I lie to-night;
[*Soldiers begin to set up the King's tent.*
But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.—
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse party want.—
Up with the tent!—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—
Call for some men of sound direction:—
Let's lack no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, Sir WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, *and others. Some of the* Soldiers *pitch* RICHMOND'S *tent.*

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,

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And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—
Give me some ink and paper in my tent:
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.—
My Lord of Oxford,—you, Sir William Brandon,—
And you, Sir Walter Herbert,—stay with me.—[98]
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:—
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent:
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me,—
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,—
Which well I am assur'd I have not done,—
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good night, good Captain Blunt [*Exit Blunt*].
Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business:
In to my tent; the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*

Re-enter, to his tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, CATESBY, *and others.*

K. Rich. What is 't o'clock?

Cate. It's supper-time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock.[99]

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—
Give me some ink and paper.—[100]
What, is my beaver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

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K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.
K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. Catesby,—
Cate. My lord?[101]
K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant-at-arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night. [*Exit Catesby.*
Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch.—
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.—
Ratcliff,—
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?
Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.
K. Rich. So, I am satisfied.—Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have. [*Wine brought.*
Set it down.[102]—Is ink and paper ready?
Rat. It is, my lord.
K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.—Ratcliff,
About the mid of night come to my tent
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.
[*King Richard retires into his tent, and sleeps. Exeunt Ratcliff and others.*

RICHMOND'S *tent opens, and discovers him and his* Officers, *&c.*
Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!
Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?[103]
Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:

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So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief,—for so the season bids us be,—
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to th' arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring[104] war.
I, as I may,—that which I would I cannot,—
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so-long-sunder'd friends should dwell upon:
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu: be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt Officers, &c. with Stanley.*

O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in the victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, O defend me still! [*Sleeps.*

The Ghost of Prince EDWARD, *son to King* HENRY the Sixth, *rises between the two tents.*

Ghost of P. E. [*to King Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth

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At Tewksbury: despair, therefóre, and die!—
[*To Richmond*] Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wrongèd souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of King HENRY the Sixth *rises.*

Ghost of K. H. [*to King Richard*] When I was mortal, my anointed body
By thee was punchèd full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower and me: despair, and die,—
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair, and die!—
[*To Richmond*] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in sleep: live thou,[105] and flourish!

The Ghost of CLARENCE *rises.*

Ghost of C. [*to King Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,[106]
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!—
[*To Richmond*] Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wrongèd heirs of York do pray for thee:
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish!

The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN, *rise.*

Ghost of R. [*to King Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! despair, and die!
Ghost of G. [*to King Richard*] Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!
Ghost of V. [*to King Richard*] Think upon Vaughan, and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy pointless[107] lance: despair, and die!
All three. [*to Richmond*] Awake, and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him!—awake, and win the day!

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The Ghost of HASTINGS *rises.*

Ghost of H. [*to King Richard*] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on Lord Hastings: so[108] despair, and die!—
[*To Richmond*] Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts of the two young Princes *rise.*

Ghosts of the two P. [*to King Richard*] Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower:
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die!—
[*To Richmond*] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Queen ANNE *rises.*

Ghost of Q. A. [*to King Richard*] Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword:[109] despair, and die!—
[*To Richmond*] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
Dream of success and happy victory!
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM *rises.*

Ghost of B. [*to King Richard*] The first was I that help'd thee to the crown;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!—

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[*To Richmond*] I died for hope[110] ere I could lend thee aid:
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.—
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—yes, I am:
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why,—
Lest I revenge myself upon myself.[111]
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O no! alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself!
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all "Guilty! guilty!"
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they,—since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?

Re-enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—
K. Rich. Who's there?
Rat. My lord,[112] 'tis I. The early village-cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

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K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!—
What thinkest thou,—will our friends prove all true?
Rat. No doubt, my lord.
K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear!—
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.
Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.[113]
K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armèd in proof and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the[114] eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.
[*Exeunt King Richard and Ratcliff.*

Re-enter OXFORD, *with other Lords, &c.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond!
Richm. [*waking*] Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.
Lords. How have you slept, my lord?
Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried on victory:[115]
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?
Lords. Upon the stroke of four.
Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.
[*He advances to the Troops.*
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this,—
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wrongèd souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those whom we fight against

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Had rather have us win than him they follow:
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets, boldly, cheerfully;[116]
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory! [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attendants, and Forces.*

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trainèd up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said Surrey, then?

Rat. He smil'd, and said, "The better for our purpose."

K. Rich. He was in the right; and so, indeed, it is.
[*Clock strikes.*

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—
Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,

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He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody.—
Ratcliff,—
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the selfsame heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.
K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle;—caparison my horse;—
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be orderèd:—
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placèd in the midst:
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we ourself will follow[117]
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well wingèd with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st thou, Norfolk?
Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I[118] on my tent this morning. [*Giving a scroll.*
K. Rich. [*reads*] "Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,[119]
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."
A thing devisèd by the enemy.—
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,[120]
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe:
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
[*To his Soldiers*] What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?

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Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, runaways,[121]
A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyèd country vomits forth
To desperate ventures[122] and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest;
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
They would distrain[123] the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost;[124]
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretagnes; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters?—[*Drum afar off.*] Hark! I hear their drum.—
Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?
Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.
K. Rich. Off with[125] his son George's head!
Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh:
After the battle let George Stanley die.
K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter NORFOLK *and Forces; to him* CATESBY.

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:[126]
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarums. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
Cate. Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.
K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.—
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter, from opposite sides, King RICHARD *and* RICHMOND; *they fight, and exeunt fighting.*[127] *Retreat and flourish. Then re-enter* RICHMOND, *with* STANLEY *bearing the crown, and divers other Lords, and Forces.*

Richm. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends!
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.
Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.
Lo, here, this long-usurpèd royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal:
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.
Richm. Great God of heaven, say Amen to all!—
But, tell me now,[128] is young George Stanley living?
Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if 't please you, we may now withdraw us.

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Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?
Stan. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.
Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births:
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us:
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red:—
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath[129] frown'd upon their enmity!—
What traitor hears me, and says not Amen?
England hath long been mad and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together![130]
And let their heirs—God, if thy will be so—
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge[131] of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives agen:
That she may long live here, God say Amen! [*Exeunt.*

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P. 353. (1) "*That tempers him to this extremity.*"

"I have collated the original quarto published in 1597, *verbatim*, with that of 1598. In the first copy this line stands thus;

'That *tempers* him to *this extremity*,'—

and so undoubtedly we should read. To *temper* is to *mould*, to *fashion*. So, in *Titus Andronicus;*

'Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And *temper* him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.'

In the quarto 1598 '*tempts*' was corruptly printed instead of '*tempers*.' The metre being then defective, the editor of the folio supplied the defect by reading

'That *tempts* him to this *harsh* extremity.'"

MALONE.—Here Mr. Collier prefers the reading of the folio, remarking that in *King Henry V.* act v. sc. 2, "we have had 'untempting' misprinted *untempering*,"—which is true; but which certainly gives no support to the lection "tempts" in the present line.

P. 353. (2) "*Antony Woodville, her brother there,*"

In this line "*Woodville*" is to be read as a trisyllable; but not to be printed, as it usually is in the recent editions, "*Woodeville:*" see note 78 on *The Merchant of Venice.*

P. 353. (3) "*Beseech*"

The old eds. have "I *beseech.*"

P. 353. (4)

"*Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;—*
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;"

"Folio, '*jealious.*' Why not write '*jealious*' in this place?" Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 154.—See note 78 on *The Merchant of Venice.*—The second and third of these lines were arranged thus by Steevens;

"We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip,
A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;"—

to which arrangement Dr. Guest vehemently objects: see his *Hist. of English Rhythms*, vol. i. p. 282.

P. 354. (5) "*Beseech*"

The old eds. have "I *beseech*" and "I do *beseech.*"

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P. 355. (6)

"*Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "——*with* post haste *up to heaven*," —which Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 105) thinks "we may allow to be an admissible correction of a probable misprint."—I believe the old text is right; "*with post-horse*" meaning—with the speediest possible conveyance: in the Induction to *The Sec. Part of Henry IV.*, Rumour speaks of "Making the wind my *post-horse*."

P. 359. (7) "*live*"

So the folio.—The quartos have "rest."—The words "*live*" and "lie" are frequently confounded in early books; and here Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "lie:" but surely the lection of the folio, "*live*," is supported by the preceding "*death*."

P. 360. (8) "*Not*"

The folio has "No" (which Malone defends on the strength of a passage quite dissimilar).—This is not in the quartos.

P. 362. (9) "*What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,*
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;"

Here Mr. Collier gives, with the folio, "*The bleeding witness of* my *hatred by*," which he says is "correct:" but surely the second of the above lines shows that it is quite the reverse.—1864. Much to my surprise, Mr. Grant White finds a reason for preferring the lection of the folio to that of the quartos.

P. 362. (10) "*Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal*—"

"Perhaps after '*wise*' we should read '*kind*' in the Elizabethan sense of the word." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 17.—Pope printed "*Young*, wise, and valiant, *and*," &c.

P. 363. (11) "STANLEY."

"In the early part of this play Lord Stanley, who is named such in the [third,] fourth, and fifth acts, is called *Derby*. He was not created Earl of Derby till after the accession of Henry VII. The necessary correction throughout was made by Theobald." KNIGHT.—Mr. Hunter (*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 82) objects, with some reason, to the expression which Theobald's alteration occasions in this scene,—"my Lord *of* Stanley:" but since a modern editor cannot allow the same character to figure under two names, he must either adopt Theobald's alteration, or substitute "Derby" wherever the old copies have "*Stanley*." (If I have counted rightly, "*Stanley*" occurs thirteen times in the quartos, and nineteen times in the folio,—that is, in the text and stage-directions;—prefixes to speeches and mentions of "George Stanley" not being included.)

1864. "He is called 'Derby' (the word being, of course, variously spelt)

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throughout the first and second Acts. He is called 'Lord Stanley' for the first time in Act iii. Scene 2. In Act iii. Scene 4 he is called 'Derby' in the stage-directions and 'Stanley' in the text. He is 'Stanley' in Act iv. Scene 1. In Act iv. Scenes 2 and 3, we find in the Folio 'Stanley' both in the stage-directions and the text. In the Quarto it is 'Derby' in the stage-directions, the name not occurring in the text. In Act iv. Scene 4 he is called 'Derby' in the stage-directions. In Act v. Scene 2, Richmond speaks of him as 'my father Stanley,' and in the next scene he is called 'Derby' in the stage-directions, and 'Stanley' in the text.—The error must have been due to the author, who would not have written 'my Lord of Stanley,' and therefore we have retained 'Derby' wherever both Quarto and Folio agree in reading it. 'An editor,' says Mr. Grant White, 'is not justifiable in substituting what his author should have written for what he did write.'" THE CAMBRIDGE EDITORS,—who, in quoting Mr. Grant White, ought not to have suppressed what that gentleman immediately subjoins, viz. "But as the personage in question is called 'Stanley' thirteen times during the third, fourth, and fifth Acts, in the folio, and as the variation has no essential importance, and 'Stanley' has held possession of the text for a century and a quarter, it may, under protest, be allowed to remain,"—*and remain it does in Mr. Grant White's edition.* Such, I continue to think, is the best method of dealing with this difficulty. To suppose that Shakespeare would have called the same person "Derby" in some places of the play, and "*Stanley*" in other places, appears to me a most extravagant idea: nor have I any doubt that the confusion of the names was occasioned by the conflicting texts of the tragedy. See *Introduction*, p. 349.

P. 365. (12) "*Makes him to send, that thereby he may gather*
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it."

Here the quartos agree in having "*and* to *remoue it;*" which Capell corrected as above.—The folio has merely "Makes him to send, that he may learne the ground," omitting the rest of the second line.

P. 367. (13)
"Q. Eliz. *As little joy, my lord, as you suppose*
. . . . . .
As little joy may you suppose in me,
. . . . . .
Q. Mar. [aside] *As little joy enjoys the queen thereof;*"

The old eds. have "*Q. M.* A *little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof.*"

P. 369. (14) "*If heaven have* . . . . .
. . . . . .
O, let them"

Rowe printed "*If* heavens *have*," &c. But compare *Richard II.* act i. sc. 2, vol. iv. p. 110;

"Put we our quarrel to the will of *heaven;*
Who, when *they* see," &c.

on which passage vide note.

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P. 369. (15) "*The slave of nature and the son of hell!*"

An anonymous critic apud Theobald proposes "*The* shame *of nature*," &c.; Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*The* stain *of nature and the* scorn *of hell;*" and Mr. Singer's Ms. Corrector reads "*The* shame *of nature and the* spawn *of hell.*"—But I believe the old text to be quite genuine.—The expression "*slave of nature*," according to Warburton, "alludes to the ancient custom of masters branding their profligate slaves; by which it is insinuated that his mis-shapen person was the mark that nature had set upon him to stigmatise his ill conditions."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 307) says; "Does '*slave*' here mean anything more than *villain, abandoned wretch?* This use of *slave* (compare the Italian *cattivo*, whence our *caitiff*) is frequent in old plays: *Othello*, iv. 2;

'Some cogging, cozening *slave*,' &c."

And a little after (p. 309) he observes; "Therefore, a *slave of nature* will mean neither more nor less, I think, than a *born villain.*"

P. 370. (16) "*Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.*"

"Can this speech be really Buckingham's? Compare the two following speeches of Margaret with each other. I speak doubtfully." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 188.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes that perhaps it should be given to Rivers.

P. 371. (17) "*subject*"

So the two latest quartos.—The other eds. have "subiects."

P. 371. (18) "*on end*"

So the quartos that preceded the folio; which has "an *end*." See note 120 on *The Second Part of King Henry VI.*

P. 371. (19) "*And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.*"

So the two earliest quartos, except that they have "*Lo:*" (= "*Lords*").—The folio has "—— *and* yours *my* gracious Lord."

P. 373. (20) "*Methought that I had broken from the Tower,*

. . . . . .

Methought that Gloster stumbled . .

. . . . . .

Methought I saw"

See note 17 on *The Winter's Tale.*

P. 374. (21) "*in*"

Rowe substituted "on,"—which Mr. Collier silently adopts.

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P. 374. (22)

"Brak. *I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest!*—
[Clarence sleeps in a chair.
Sorrow breaks seasons"

"In the folio in the beginning of this scene we find—'Enter Clarence and *Keeper;*' and after he has spoken this line, 'I will, my lord,' &c., we have—'Enter *Brakenbury*, the Lieutenant of the Tower.' But in the quarto 1597, the scenical direction at the beginning of this scene is—'Enter Clarence and *Brakenbury;*' and after Clarence reposes himself, and Brakenbury has wished him good night [not "good *night*," but "good rest"], he naturally makes the observation—'Sorrow breaks seasons,' &c. The Keeper and Brakenbury, who was Lieutenant of the Tower, were certainly the same person. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the text, which is regulated according to the original quarto 1597, is right." MALONE.—(Mr. Hunter (*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 83) thinks that the folio rightly represents the dialogue as being held "between Clarence and a keeper;" and observes that "it is improbable Brakenbury, who was the Lieutenant of the Tower, *should pass the night* in the sleeping-room of his prisoner." But the opening of this scene—

"*Brak.* Why looks your grace so heavily *to-day?*
Clar. O, *I have pass'd a miserable night*," &c.—

shows distinctly that it takes place *during the day*,—in the earlier part of the day,—Brakenbury having just come to visit his prisoner: and when Clarence says to Brakenbury,

"Keeper, I prithee, *sit by me awhile:*
[*Quartos*—I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;]
My soul is heavy, and *I fain would sleep*,"—

he evidently means no more than that *Brakenbury should remain beside him while he refreshed himself by a short slumber*. Hence it is that, immediately after wishing Clarence "good rest," Brakenbury remarks,

"*Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,*
Makes the night morning, *and the noon-tide night.*")

P. 376. (23) "*my holy humour*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "*this* passionate *humor* of mine."—"The second murderer's next speech proves that '*holy*' was the author's word. The player-editors probably changed it, as they did many others, on account of the statute, 3 Jac. I. c. 21. A little lower, they, from the same apprehension, omitted the word '*faith.*'" MALONE.

P. 379. (24) "*Hast thou* . . . . *thy soul,*
. . . . . .
And art thou yet to thy own soul"

The folio has

"Haue you . . . . your soules,
. . . . . .
And are you *yet to* your *owne* soules."

Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes; "The first four lines of this speech are ad-

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dressed to the Second Murderer only, who alone had recommended Clarence to make his peace with God. The 4tos therefore are right in using the singular. The other two lines require the plural."

P. 379. (25)

"Clar. *Relent, and save your souls.*

. . . . . .

A begging prince what beggar pities not?"

So the first quarto (except that in the third line of Clarence's speech it has "*Oh if* thy *eye*"); and so the later quartos (with some very trifling variations).—The folio has

"*Clar. Relent, and saue your soules:*
Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne,
Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
If two such murtherers as your selues came to you,
Would not intreat for life, as you would begge
Were you in my distresse.
1 *Relent?* no: *'Tis cowardly and womanish.*
Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, diuellish:
My Friend, I spy some pitty in thy lookes:
O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreate for mee,
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.
2 Looke behinde you, my Lord."

In my former edition I adopted here (as the Cambridge Editors do) the very violent transposition first proposed by Tyrwhitt;

"*Clar. Relent, and save your souls.*
First Murd. Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.
Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,—
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,—
Would not entreat for life?
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress:
A begging prince what beggar pities not?
Sec. Murd. Look behind you, my lord."

But I am now convinced that the best way of remedying the confusion which the intolerable carelessness of the player-editors has occasioned here, is to omit, with Capell and Mr. Staunton, the lines which are found only in the folio,—lines belonging to some manuscript that differed from the manuscript of the tragedy followed in the original quarto.

P. 380. (26) "*From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;*"

Here Pope substituted "recall" for "*redeem*,"—an alteration which also occurred to Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 278).

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P. 382. (27)

"*Of you, Lord Rivers,—and, Lord Grey, of you,*
That all without desert have frown'd on me;—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen;—indeed, of all."

So the four first quartos; from which the later quartos only differ in having "*Of you* my *Lord Riuers*," &c.—The folio has

"*Of you* and you, *Lord Riuers and* of Dorset,
That all without desert haue frown'd on me:
Of you Lord Woodnill, and Lord Scales of you,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all."

Malone remarks; "The eldest son of Earl Rivers was Lord Scales; but there was no such person as Lord Woodville."

P. 387. (28) "*splinter'd,*"

Dr. Richardson (*Dict.* sub *Splent*, &c.) remarks, that in the present line "*splinter'd* is by more [most?] editors altered to *splinted*:"—but they had the authority of all the quartos except the first for that alteration.—(In *Othello*, act ii. sc. 3, we have "This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to *splinter*," &c.)

P. 387. (29) "*the state's*"

The folio has "*the* estate is."—Corrected by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 72).—This is not in the quartos.

P. 388. (30) "Riv. *And so in me*," &c.

"Capell, with great probability, assigns this speech to Hastings, and the next to Stanley. See his note." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 388. (31) "*Madam,—and you, my mother,*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "*Madam, and you my* Sister,"—which Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight have replaced in the text: but, throughout the present scene at least, Gloster evidently keeps up towards the Queen an appearance of due respect,—which would be not a little violated if here he addressed *his mother first*.

P. 390. (32) "Arch."

The folio has "Yor."—To the corresponding speech the quartos prefix "Car."—see note 35.

P. 390. (33) ". . . . . *he should be gracious.*
. . . . . *my gracious madam.*"

So the folio.—"I think it is the latter '*gracious*' that is wrong." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 290. Perhaps so: but in page 392 the Archbishop calls the Queen "*gracious* lady."—The quartos give the second of these lines thus, "Why madame, so no doubt he is."

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P. 391. (34) "Arch. *Good madam, be not angry with the child.*"

In the folio this line is given to "Dut.;" in the quartos to "Car.:" see next note.

P. 391. (35) "Q. Eliz. *For what offence?*
Mess. . . . . .
. . *my gracious lady.*"

"This question is given in the quarto to the Archbishop (or Cardinal, as he is there called), where also we have in the following speech 'my gracious *lady*.' The editor of the folio altered '*lady*' to '*lord*;' but it is more probable that the compositor prefixed '*Car.*' (the designation there of the Archbishop) to the words, 'For what offence?' instead of '*Qu.*,' than that '*lady*' should have been printed in the subsequent speech instead of '*lord*.'" MALONE.—Johnson was the first who saw that the question here belonged to the Queen.

P. 393. (36) "*Anon*"

"The word '*Anon*' may safely be omitted." STEEVENS.

P. 394. (37) "*Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,*"

The sixth quarto has "—— *the* greatnesse *of this* [the later quartos have "his"] *age.*"—Warburton reads "—— *the* greenness *of* his *age;*" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (very unhappily) "—— *the* goodness *of* his *age.*"—Johnson explains the text thus; "Compare the act of seizing him with the *gross* and licentious practices of *these times,*"—an explanation which does not satisfy me.—1864. Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes; "The context seems to require a word like '*cunning*' or '*knowledge;*' for the meaning is apparently, 'Examine the matter well, the superior knowledge and cleverness of the present age, and you will find you can seize the child without breaking sanctuary.'"

P. 394. (38) "*Therefore,*"

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. have "And *therefore,*"—the eye of the transcriber or of the original compositor having caught the word "And" from the second line above.

P. 394. (39) "*Where it seems best unto your royal self.*"

So the two earliest quartos.—The later eds. have "*Where it* thinkst [and "think'st"] *best,*" &c.—Walker (who has shown that in the line of *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 2, as given in the folio, "Does it not, *thinkst* thee, stand me now vpon," &c., "*thinkst* thee" is to be understood as "*thinks't* thee," i.e. "*thinks it* thee") would here read "*Where it* thinks *best,*" &c. (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 284),—and rightly perhaps: but since Walker's reading involves *the rejection of a letter*, I have preferred, with the modern editors, that of the two earliest quartos.

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P. 395. (40) "*I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.*"

A line which the editors have tried variously to amend: Hanmer reads "—— *uncle* then, *give*," &c.; Warburton, "—— *this* your *dagger*."

P. 395. (41) "*. . . . . will give;*
And being but"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes

"*. . . . . will give't,*
Being but"

P. 396. (42) "*I weigh it lightly,*"

Hanmer printed "I'd *weigh it lightly.*"—Mr. W. N. Lettsom conjectures "I'd wear *it lightly.*"

P. 396. (43) "*My lord, will't please you pass along?*"

Hanmer printed "*My* gracious *lord,*" &c.; Capell, "—— *please* your highness *pass along?*" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "—— *please* your grace to *pass along?*"

P. 397. (44) "*deeply*"

Qy. "deep"?

P. 397. (45) "*My lord,*"

The old eds. have "Now *my lord.*"

P. 400. (46) "*good morrow;—good morrow, Catesby:—*"

Pope gave "*good morrow;*—and *good morrow, Catesby.*"

P. 401. (47) "*Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.*"

After this line the folio has

"*Priest.* Ile wait vpon your Lordship,"

the very words with which, according to the folio, Hastings soon after addresses Buckingham. The quartos have them in neither place; and to me it is perfectly plain (as it was to Theobald, Malone, &c.) that they were inserted in the folio *twice* by mistake. (After

"Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you,"

the quartos have the stage-direction, "*He whispers in his eare.*")

P. 402. (48) "*Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.*"

So the folio.—The editor of the second folio substituted "*Make haste; the houre of death is* now expir'd."—The corresponding line in the quartos is

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"Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your lives is out" (which we have had, a little above, from the folio, with the omission, however, of the words "Come, come").—Steevens proposed altering "*expiate*" to "expirate;" which Messrs. Singer and Grant White have adopted.—Malone compares, in our author's 22d *Sonnet*,

"Then look I death my *days* should *expiate*;"

and observes, "'*Expiate*' is used for '*expiated*;' so *confiscate*, *contaminate*, *consummate*, &c. &c. It seems to mean *fully completed* and *ended*."

P. 402. (49) "Buck. *Are all things ready for that royal time?*
Stan. *It is*;"

I should prefer the modern alteration, "*Stan.* They are:" but compare, in *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* p. 153 of the present volume;

"are all things well,
According as I gave directions?
First Mur. 'Tis, my good lord."

P. 403. (50) "*Nor*"

So the quartos, though in this speech they differ somewhat from the folio, which has "Or."

P. 404. (51) "*Where is my lord the Duke of Gloster?*"

See note 37 on *The First Part of King Henry VI.*

P. 404. (52) "*By any likelihood he show'd to-day?*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "*By any* liuelyhood *he*," &c.; which reading Mr. Knight has supported by citing from *All's well that ends well*, act i. sc. 1, "the tyranny of her sorrows takes all *livelihood* from her cheek."—But Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes that "'livelihood' scarcely accords with 'love or *hate*' above."—Qy. "—— *he* shows *to-day*"?

P. 404. (53) "*Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done:—*"

Theobald altered this to "*Lovel and* Catesby, *look*," &c.—"The scene," he observes, "is here in the Tower; and Lord Hastings was cut off on that very day, when Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan suffered at Pomfret. How then could Ratcliff at the same instant be both in Yorkshire and the Tower? In the very scene preceding this, we find him conducting those gentlemen to the block. The players in their edition first made the blunder as to Ratcliff attending Lord Hastings to death; for in the old quarto we find it rightly, '*Exeunt: Manet Catesby with Hastings.*' And in the next scene, before the Tower-walls, we find Lovel and Catesby come back from the execution, bringing the head of Hastings."—Tyrwhitt remarks; "Mr. Theobald should have added, that, *in the old quarto*, no names are mentioned in Richard's speech. He only says—'*some* see it done.' Nor, *in that edition*, does Lovel appear in the next scene; but only Catesby, bringing the head

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of Hastings. The confusion seems to have arisen, when it was thought necessary that Catesby should be employed *to fetch* the Mayor, who, in the quarto, is made to come without having been sent for. As some other person was then wanted to bring the head of Hastings, the poet, or the players, appointed Lovel and Ratcliff to that office, without reflecting that the latter was engaged in another service on the same day at Pomfret."—Malone says; "I have adopted the emendation, because in *one* scene at least it prevents the glaring impropriety mentioned by Mr. Theobald. But unfortunately, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed, this very impropriety is found in the next scene, where Ratcliff is introduced, and where it cannot be corrected without taking greater liberties than perhaps are justifiable. For there, in consequence of the injudicious alteration made, I think, by the players, instead of—'Here comes the Mayor,' the reading of the quarto, we find in the folio—

'But what, is *Catesby* gone?
Rich. He is; and see, he brings the mayor along.'

Catesby being thus employed, he cannot bring in the head of Hastings; nor can that office be assigned to Lovel only, because Gloster in the folio mentions *two* persons,

'Be patient, they are friends,—*Ratcliff* and Lovel.'"—

According to Mr. Knight, "this is one of those positions in which the poet has trusted to the imagination of his audience rather than to their topographical knowledge," &c.—See, too, Mr. Hunter's *New Illust. of Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 89.

P. 406. (54) "*innocence*"

Is it not strange that the Cambridge Editors, who inform us that here the first quarto reads "*innocence*," should yet adopt the later lection "innocency"?—On these words confounded in our early writers, see Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 45.

P. 406. (55) "Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF," &c.

See note 53.

P. 407. (56)

"*Which now the loving haste of these our friends,*
Somewhat against our meaning, have prevented;"

See note 116 on *Love's Labour's lost.*

P. 407. (57) "*Because, my lord, we would have had you heard*"

"Is this English? Should we read '*hear*' instead of '*heard*'? Or did '*have*' creep in from the line above, expelling '*that*'? Was the line originally

'Because, my lord, we would *that you had* heard'?"

W. N. LETTSOM.

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P. 407. (58) "*Misconstrue*"

So quarto 1622.—The earlier quartos and the folio have "Misconster." See note 25 on *The Merchant of Venice*.

P. 408. (59) "*raging eye*"

So the folio; which reading was very plausibly altered by Pope to "ranging *eye*." — The quartos have "lustfull *eye*."—(In Dryden's *Virgil*, *Æn.* viii., we find "*raging eyes*.")

P. 410. (60) "*But, like dumb statuas or breathing stones*,"

Here all the old eds. have "statues" (see note 102 on *The Second Part of King Henry VI.*); and all the quartos, except the earliest two, have "breathlesse" instead of "*breathing*."—Rowe printed "*dumb* statues *or* unbreathing *stones*;" and Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "*dumb statuas*, unbreathing *stones*."

P. 411. (61) "*He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed*," &c.

Here Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier retain the spelling of the old copies, "*He is not* lulling *on*," &c.: but why?—In *Troilus and Cressida*, act i. sc. 3, the old eds. have "The large Achilles, on his press'd bed *lolling*," &c.—I give, with the quartos, "*a lewd day-bed*," &c., because I feel convinced that the alteration in the folio, "*a lewd* Loue-*Bed*," &c., was not made by the poet.

P. 411. (62) "*But sore I fear*"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The old eds. have "*But* sure *I feare*."—Compare, at the conclusion of *The Merchant of Venice*,

"I'll *fear* no other thing
So *sore*," &c.

P. 412. (63)

"May. *See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!*
Buck. *Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,*
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,—
True ornament to know a holy man.—"

The last two lines are only in the folio;—which has "*True* Ornaments *to know*," &c., a most palpable error. (At p. 416, the folio makes Richard call Buckingham "*Cousins*:" and see notes 67 and 70.)

P. 413. (64) "*Her*"

The folio has "His."—This line is not in the quartos.

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P. 413. (65)

"*And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf*
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion."

Here Hanmer altered "*in*" to "*into*," forgetting that Shakespeare (like his contemporaries) frequently uses "*in*" as equivalent to "into;" *e.g.*

"A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she *in* a river threw," &c.

A Lover's Complaint, st. 6.—

Johnson proposed to read "*And almost* smoulder'd *in the swallowing gulf*," &c., explaining "smoulder'd" (a word, by the by, which no where occurs in Shakespeare) to mean *smothered;* and Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 243) unhesitatingly approves of Johnson's conjecture. I nevertheless feel assured that here the poet wrote "*shoulder'd;*" in defence of which several passages might be adduced besides the following one, cited by Steevens from a paper in Lysons's *Environs of London*, vol. iii. p. 80, n. l.; "—— lyke tyraunts and lyke madde men helpynge to *shulderynge* other of the sayd bannermen ynto the dyche," &c.

P. 413. (66) "*shuns*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 174) would read "shames."

P. 415. (67) "*stone*,"

The old eds. have "stones."

P. 416. (68)

"*Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,*
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender princes.—"

So Theobald.—These lines are only in the folio, which has "—— *the tender* Prince." But Anne herself presently declares that she is going to the Tower,

"To gratulate the gentle *princes* there
[*The quartos* To gratulate the *tender princes* there]."

(Let no one object to the alteration on metrical grounds: we have had before, p. 408,

"Have any time recourse unto the *princes*.")

P. 418. (69) "*And be thy wife—if any be so mad—*
More miserable by the life of thee"

"The quartos read 'by the *death* of thee,' which corresponds with Anne's words in A. i. sc. 2, p. 356." COLLIER.

P. 419. (70) "*sorrow bids*"

The folio has "Sorrowes *bids;*" which is altered in the fourth folio to "sorrows bid."—This speech is not in the quartos.

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P. 420. (71)

"Stan. *My lord, I hear the Marquess Dorset's fled*
To Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas
Where he abides."

So the quartos.—The folio has

"*Stanley.* Know *my* louing *Lord, the Marquesse Dorset*
As *I heare, is fled to Richmond,*
In the *parts where he abides.*"

On which reading Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes; "'Know' is incompatible with the hesitating '*I hear*'."

P. 421. (72)

"Tyr. *I will dispatch it straight.* [Exit."

So the folio.—The quartos have

"*Tyr.* 'Tis done, my gracious [*the two latest quartos* good] lord.
K. Rich. Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere we sleep?
Tyr. Ye shall, my [*the three latest quartos* Yea, my good] lord. *Exit.*"

Boswell calls this "a passage very characteristic." But Mr. Collier observes; "The same question had been put to Catesby by Richard, near the end of A. iii. sc. 1, p. 397. It was therefore, perhaps, omitted here in the folio."

P. 425. (73) "*When . . . when*"

The editor of the second folio substituted "Why . . . *when*" (wrongly, as the next line shows).—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "*When* . . . while."

P. 426. (74)

"*I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;*
I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him."

"[In the second line] the quarto has 'I had a *Richard*,' which the editor of the folio corrected by substituting 'I had a *husband*.' In a subsequent speech in this scene, p. 435, '*my* brother' being printed in the quarto by mistake, instead of '*thy* brother,' the editor of the folio corrected the wrong word, and printed '*my husband*.' It is clear that a Christian name was intended here, though by a mistake in the original copy *Richard* was substituted for *Henry*." MALONE.—See also Capell's *Notes*, &c. vol. ii. P. iii. p. 186.—1864. I print, with the Cambridge Editors, "*Harry*," on account of what precedes and follows.

P. 426. (75) "*That foul defacer of God's handiwork;*
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in gallèd eyes of weeping souls,—"

The two last lines are only in the folio, where, through carelessness, they are transposed.—Capell first arranged them as above; "for what reason," says Mr. Knight, "we know not:" I would hope, however, that the reader knows.

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P. 426. (76) "*Match not*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "Matcht *not*." (I notice this only because Mr. Hunter (*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 92) mentions the latter reading as that "of the old copies.")

P. 426. (77) "*hell's black intelligencer;*
Only reserv'd their factor,"

"The flow *seems* unlike Shakespeare; or is this fancy? Possibly '*intelligence*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 56.—Hanmer substituted "the *factor*:" but here it would seem that "*hell*" is equivalent to "the powers of hell."

P. 426. (78)
"*Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray*,"

Pope printed "*Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray*, for vengeance;" Capell, "*Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar* for him; *saints pray*." —Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 15) conjectures "*Earth gapes, hell burns*, heaven weeps, *fiends roar, saints pray*."

P. 427. (79) "*For joyful mother, one that wails the name;*
. . . . . .
Thus hath," &c.

So the quartos (and so Capell and Mr. Staunton).—The folio has

"*For ioyfull Mother, one that wailes the name:*
For one being sued too, one that humbly sues:
For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care:
For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:
For she being feared of all, now fearing one:
For she commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath," &c.

P. 429. (80) "*Then patiently hear my impatience*."

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector changes "*hear*" to "bear:" but (without laying any stress on Mr. Singer's objection to the change (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 174),—viz. that "*accent* of reproof" in the next speech shows it to be wrong) the old reading may certainly stand.

P. 432. (81)
"K. Rich. *Even I: what think you of it, madam?*"

So the quartos, except that they have "I, *euen I*," &c.—The folio has "*Euen* so: How *thinke you of it?*"

P. 432. (82) "*engraven*"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The old eds. have "ingraue."

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P. 432. (83) "*bodies*,"

The folio has "body."—This is not in the quartos.

P. 432. (84) "*love*"

So Tyrwhitt.—The folio has "hate."—This is not in the quartos.—"Surely, '*love*,' not '*hate*' or '*have*'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 175.

P. 433. (85) "*Leads*"

Capell conjectured "Treads;" which is the reading of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

P. 433. (86) "*loan*"

So Theobald.—The folio has "Loue."—This is not in the quartos.

P. 434. (87) "*love*."

So the quartos.—The folio has "low."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 175) says; "'*Low*' cannot be from Shakespeare's pen. Qu. '*now*'? [which Pope gave.]"

P. 435. (88) "*thy brother*"

So the seventh quarto.—The earlier quartos have "my *brother*."—The folio has "my husband."

P. 435. (89) "*too*"

The old eds. have "two."

P. 436. (90) "*peevish-fond*"

So the quartos; except that the two earliest have a comma between the words, while the later ones omit it.—Malone saw that a compound epithet was intended here, though he did not print the words as such; and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "*peeuish* found."

P. 436. (91) "*But thou didst kill my children.*"

"The line is incomplete; perhaps '*my* harmless *children*,' or some better epithet." Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 8.

P. 437. (92)

"Stan. *Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.*
K. Rich. *Unless for that he comes to be your liege,*
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes."

Mr. Hunter (*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 93) says that Stanley's speech,

"Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess,"

is "in fact a broken sentence, Richard interrupting him." Not so, surely.

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Stanley has previously told Richard his *guess* in the matter; and Richard having again put to him the question, what Richmond "makes upon the seas," Stanley now replies, "Unless *for that* [i.e. for the reason already given], I cannot guess." Richard immediately catches up the words "Unless for that," &c., using "*for that*" in a different sense.

P. 440. (93) "*What men of name resort to him?*"

"The verse is maimed. Qu. 'What men of *note and* name'? &c." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 265.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*What men of name* and mark *resort to him?*"

P. 440. (94) "*This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?*
Sher. *It is, my lord.*"

So the quartos (except that, according to them, the interlocutors in this scene are Buckingham and *Ratcliff*); the word "*fellows*" being addressed by the Duke to the Guard generally.—The folio has

"*This is All-soules day* (Fellow) *is it not?*
Sher. *It is;*"

which Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight [and, 1864, Mr. Grant White] have brought back into the text: but it seems rather odd that Buckingham should call the Sheriff "fellow;" and as odd that the Sheriff (see his preceding speech) should reply so curtly.

P. 441. (95) "*wretched,*"

"Palpably wrong." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 175.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "reckless."—Mr. Singer thus defends the old reading; "Shakespeare uniformly uses the word *reckless* in the sense of *careless*. . . . . That '*wretched*' is the word of the poet, and therefore the most 'appropriate' and undoubted, will appear from the use of it by Roderigo in *Othello*, when he receives his death-wound, and exclaims, 'Oh, *wretched* villain!'" *Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 176.

P. 441. (96) "*That spoil'd* . . . . . .
Swills . . . *and makes*"

Capell printed "*That* spoils."—Pope gave "Swill'd . . . *and* made."—"This sudden change from the past time to the present, and *vice versâ*, is common to Shakespeare. So in the Argument prefixed to his *Rape of Lucrece;* 'The same night he treacherously *stealeth* into her chamber, violently *ravished* her,' &c." MALONE.

P. 442. (97) "*Here pitch our tents,*"

In this line the folio has "tent;" but the quartos have "*tents*," and rightly, it would seem; Richard speaking of *the tents* for himself and his officers. Presently he speaks of his own particular tent; "Up with *my* tent!" and "Up with *the* tent!"

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P. 443. (98)

"*Give me some ink and paper in my tent:*
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.—
My Lord of Oxford,—you, Sir William Brandon,—
And you, Sir Walter Herbert,—stay with me.—"

So the folio.—The quartos insert the first four of these lines lower down, immediately before Richmond says,

"Let [*The first quarto* Come let] us consult upon to-morrow's business," &c.

and they entirely omit the fifth and sixth lines.

If we here follow the quartos exactly, we lose two lines which seem to form a necessary portion of this speech; and if we only so far follow the quartos as to place the first four of these lines lower down, that arrangement involves the awkwardness of the line,

"*Sir William Brandon*, you shall bear my standard,"

being immediately succeeded by

"My Lord of Oxford,—*you, Sir William Brandon.*"

I have therefore adhered to the folio.

P. 443. (99) "*It's supper-time, my lord;*
It's nine o'clock."

So the folio.—The quartos have "It is sixe of clocke [*and* sixe of the clocke], full supper time;" and Steevens's remark, that "a supper at so late an hour as *nine* o'clock, in the year 1485, would have been a prodigy," induced me, in my former edition, to print "*It's* six *o'clock.*"—Mr. Grant White observes; "Richmond has said before, 'The weary sun *hath made* a golden set;' and on the 22d of August (the date of Bosworth Field) sunset in England is about seven o'clock; and Northumberland and Surrey are said, by Ratcliff, a few lines below, to have gone through the lines about cock-shut time, or twilight, which was of course considerably later even than seven. Therefore, as Mr. Verplanck well concludes, the insertion of 'six' confuses the time of all this Act."

P. 443. (100) "*Give me some ink and paper.—*"

Omitted by Pope, Hanmer, and Capell; and rightly perhaps:—"Words," says Capell, "proceeding from printers, in all likelihood, from having their eye caught by a line opposite: useless they are undoubtedly, to say no more of them; for the matters spoke of in them are enquir'd for afterwards, in fitter place, and with fitter expressions." *Notes*, &c. vol. ii. P. iii. p. 190.

P. 444. (101) "K. Rich. *Catesby,—*
Cate. *My lord?*"

The quartos have

"*King. Catesbie.*
Rat. *My lord.*"

The folio has

"*Rich.* Ratcliffe.
Rat. *My Lord.*"

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P. 444. (102) "*Set it down.*"

Pope printed "There, *set it down;*" and Capell, "So, *set it down*" (both of them omitting the "*So*" in the first line of this speech).

P. 444. (103) "*Tell me, how fares our loving mother?*"

Hanmer gave "*Tell me, how fares* it with *our*," &c.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*Tell me,* I pray, *how fares our*," &c.

P. 445. (104) "*mortal-staring war.*"

Capell printed "*mortal*-fearing *war.*"—Malone conjectures "*mortal*-scaring *war;*" and Mr. Staunton (not happily), "*mortal*-stabbing *war.*"—But may not the original reading mean "mortally-[=deadly]-*staring war,*" or, as Steevens explains it, "war that looks big, or stares fatally on its victims"?

P. 446. (105) "*thou,*"

Added by Rowe (in his sec. ed.), and by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

P. 446. (106) "*I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,*"

"*Fulsome* was sometimes used, I think, in the sense of *unctuous.* The wine in which the body of Clarence was thrown was *Malmsey.*" MALONE.—"If Clarence had been choked by this wine, he might fairly enough have employed the epithet *fulsome* in its vulgar and accepted sense. Shakespeare, however, seems to have forgot himself. The Duke (as appears from act i. sc. ult.) was killed before he was thrown into the Malmsey butt, and consequently could not be *washed to death.*" STEEVENS.—An alteration made in the third folio, "—— *wash'd to death* in *fulsome wine,*" does not affect the sense of the line: but qy. did the author write "—— *wash'd* in *death with fulsome wine*"?

P. 446. (107) "*pointless*"

Inserted by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—Capell inserted "hurtless."—That an epithet has dropt out here, who can possibly doubt?

P. 447. (108) "*so*"

Added by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—Pope inserted "and."

P. 447. (109) "*And fall thy edgeless sword:*"

Here we surely have an accidental repetition from the speech of Clarence's Ghost. For "*edgeless sword*" Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "powerless arm."

P. 448. (110) "*I died for hope*"

Theobald reads "*I died for* holpe" (*i.e.* help); Hanmer, "*I died* forsoke" (Capell, "forsook").—Steevens conjectures "*I died* forholpe" (*i.e.* unaided,

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unhelped); Tyrwhitt, "*I died* foredone."—But, however we are to understand the reading "*died for hope*," the following passage in Greene's *James the Fourth* seems to determine that it is right;

> "'Twixt love and fear continual are the wars;
> The one assures me of my Ida's love,
> The other moves me for my murder'd queen:
> Thus find I grief of that whereon I joy,
> And doubt in greatest hope, and death in weal.
> Alas, what hell may be compar'd with mine,
> Since in extremes my comforts do consist!
> War then will cease when dead ones are reviv'd;
> Some then will yield when I am *dead for hope*."
>
> *Dram. Works*, p. 217, ed. Dyce, 1861.

Both in the passage just quoted (which was first adduced by me in my *Few Notes*, &c. p. 104), and in that of our text, Mr. Grant White thinks that "*for hope*" is equivalent to "to *hope*."

P. 448. (111) "*Great reason why,—*
Lest I revenge myself upon myself."

The old eds. have (with various punctuation)

"*great reason why,*
Lest I reuenge. What *my selfe vpon my selfe?*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom (who was the first to see the true reading here) remarks that "the 'What' is derived from the line above."

P. 448. (112) "Rat. *My lord,*"

So the two latest quartos.—The other eds. have "*Rat.* Ratcliffe, *my lord*" (an error occasioned by the prefix).

P. 448. (113)

> "*Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.*
> K. Rich. *O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!—*
> *What thinkest thou,—will our friends prove all true?*
> Rat. *No doubt, my lord.*
> K. Rich. *O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear!—*
> *Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd*
> *Came to my tent; and every one did threat*
> *To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.*
> Rat. *Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.*"

Here I have made the transposition first suggested by Mason. The three lines—

> "*Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd*
> *Came to my tent; and every one did threat*
> *To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard*"—

occur somewhat earlier (and with strange impropriety) in all the old eds., form-

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ing the conclusion of Richard's soliloquy, just before the entrance of Ratcliff. In other respects I here follow the quartos.—The folio has merely

"*Your Friends are vp, and buckle on their Armour.*
King. *O Ratcliffe, I feare, I feare.*
Rat. *Nay good my Lord, be not affraid of Shadows:*"

according to which text, as Mason remarks, "Ratcliff bids him not to be afraid of shadows, without knowing that he had been haunted by them." (Mr. W. N. Lettsom would make still further transpositions in this portion of the play.)

P. 449. (114) "*Come, go with me;*
Under our tents I'll play the," &c.

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 176) says; "*Perhaps* we ought to point,

'*Come, go with me*
Under our tents; I'll play the,' &c.;"

which punctuation was given by Hanmer and Capell.

P. 449. (115) "*Came to my tent, and cried on victory:*"

Altered by Pope to "—*cried* out *Victory;*" and by Warburton to "—*cried* On! victory!"—But compare, for the expression, "This quarry *cries on* havoc," *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 2; and "whose noise is this that *cries on* murder?" *Othello*, act v. sc. 1.

P. 450. (116) "*boldly, cheerfully;*"

So Pope.—The old eds. have "*boldly* and *cheerefully*" (which, of course, Dr. Guest thinks the author wrote: see *Hist. of English Rhythms*, vol. i. p. 229). —Mr. Staunton prints "bold and *cheerfully*."

P. 451. (117) "*we ourself will follow*"

Here, the line being manifestly mutilated, Pope inserted "*ourself.*"—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*we will follow* them."

P. 451. (118) "*This found I*"

Amended by Pope to "*This* paper *found I.*"

P. 451. (119) "*Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,*"

The old eds. have "——*not* so *bold,*" and "—— *not to bold.*"—Compare Hall and Holinshed.

This couplet is not marked in the old copies as read by Richard: but the stage-direction in the quartos, "*He* [Northumberland] *sheweth him a paper,*" would be alone sufficient to prove that the king, not Northumberland, reads it.

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P. 451. (120) "*Conscience is but a word that cowards use,*"

"So the quartos 1597 and 1598. '*But*' being accidentally omitted in a later quarto [in the later quartos], the editor of the folio supplied the omission by reading, '*For* conscience is a word,' &c." MALONE.

P. 452. (121) "*rascals, runaways,*"

So the second folio.—The quartos and the first folio have "*rascals*, and *runawayes.*"

P. 452. (122) "*ventures*"

The old eds. have "aduentures."

P. 452. (123) "*distrain*"

The old eds. have "restraine."—"*Distrain*" is the reading of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, of Warburton, and of Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 242, —where, in a note, Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes; "Shakespeare has twice used this word elsewhere, both times in the sense of *seize*, with no reference whatever to rent. Malone's note [on the present passage] is a jumble of error and contradiction").

P. 452. (124) "*at our mother's cost?*"

This should be "*at our* brother's *cost:*" but Shakespeare was led into the error by following a misprint in Holinshed. The person meant is Charles Duke of Burgundy, who was *brother*-in-law to Richard.

P. 452. (125) "*Off with*"

Perhaps Shakespeare wrote, as Hanmer printed, "*Off* instantly *with.*"

P. 453. (126) "*Daring an opposite to every danger:*"

So all the old eds., except the quarto of 1634, which has "*Daring* and *opposite,*" &c. (an alteration proposed by Tyrwhitt).—"The old reading," says Malone, "is perhaps right. *An opposite* is frequently used by Shakespeare and the contemporary writers for *adversary;*" and he cites from Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602,

"Myself, myself, will *dare* all *opposites.*"

P. 453. (127) "——and exeunt fighting," &c.

Mr. Knight retains the stage-direction of the old copies "—— they fight; Richard is slain," &c., and says in his note, "it is important to preserve it, as showing the course of the dramatic action." How Mr. Knight understands "the dramatic action" to be carried on here, I cannot conceive. If, after Richard is killed in the sight of the audience, Stanley enters bearing the crown which he has plucked off from his "dead temples," there must have been two Richards in the field.—The fact is, that here, as frequently

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elsewhere, in the old copies, the stage-direction is a piece of mere confusion: Richard and Richmond were evidently intended by the author *to go off the stage, fighting*. (Towards the end of *Macbeth*, the folio has "*Exeunt* [*Macbeth and Macduff*] *fighting*;" then, immediately after, "*Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine*;" and presently, "*Enter Macduffe, with Macbeths head*".).—It seems strange that the modern editors should have neglected to mark a change of scene here; which the audience of Shakespeare's days were evidently intended to imagine.

1864. Here the Cambridge Editors print "*Alarum. Enter* RICHARD *and* RICHMOND; *they fight.* RICHARD *is slain. Retreat and flourish. Re-enter* RICHMOND, DERBY *bearing the crown, with divers other Lords*;" on which enigma their note runs thus; "We have retained the stage-direction of the Quartos and Folios, 'they fight, Richard is slain,' in preference to 'they fight, and exeunt fighting' of Mr. Dyce, because it is probable from Derby's speech, 'From the dead temples of *this* bloody wretch,' that Richard's body is lying where he fell, in view of the audience."—But, as I have already observed, it is not to be doubted that for most of the stage-directions in our old plays the actors, not the authors, were responsible: and, indeed, even now-a-days there is nothing unusual in dramatic poets leaving the stage-directions to be inserted by others. ("The stage-directions in the Second Part of 'Faust' were written not by Goethe, but by his editors." Anster's *Preface* to *Faustus: The Second Part*, p. xvii.) Nor is any stress to be laid on the expression "*this* bloody wretch:" in p. 441 Richard, though not present, is called "*this* foul swine" and "*this* guilty homicide."

P. 453. (128) "*now*,"

I have inserted this word in preference to Pope's "first."

P. 454. (129) "*hath*"

So the three latest quartos and the fourth folio.—The other eds. read "haue;" which, though "*heaven*" is frequently used as a plural (see note 10 on *King Richard II.*), I doubt if our author would have written here.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 177) would retain "have," and, in the preceding line, alter "*heaven*" to "heavens."

P. 454. (130) "*The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:*
All this divided York and Lancaster,
. . . . . .
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together."

I have adopted here the punctuation which was recommended by Johnson; and which is also that of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector. (Drayton has

"which thing all-powerfull Fate
So happily produc't out of that prosperous Bed,
Whose mariages CONIOYND *the White-rose and the Red*," &c.
Poly-olbion, Fifth Song, p. 76, ed. 1622.)—

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1864. Mr. Grant White points the passage as follows;

> "The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:
> All this divided York and Lancaster.
> Divided in their dire division,
> O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
> The true succeeders of each royal house,
> By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!"

"The construction," he says, "is a little involved perhaps, but plain enough. The sense is, 'all this (*i.e.* what has just been related) divided York and Lancaster. O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth, &c., who were divided in their dire division (*i.e.* the division of York and Lancaster), by God's fair ordinance join together.'" But surely, as Mr. Robson observes to me, "what has just been related" was not *the cause* of the division of York and Lancaster,—it was *the consequence* of that division.

P. 454. (131) "*Abate the edge*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "Rebate *the edge*,"—very improperly. "*Abate*" in the present passage, and the contracted form "*bate*" in the opening speech of *Love's Labour's lost* ("That honour which shall *bate* his scythe's keen edge"), are equivalent to "*rebate*:" so, too, in the novel of *Pericles*, 1608, by Wilkins, "Absence *abates* that edge that Presence whets" (p. 20, ed. Mommsen); where Mr. Collier (Supplem. Notes to his *Shakespeare*, vol. i. p. 272, ed. 1858) would alter "*abates*" to "rebates."

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KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

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KING HENRY VIII.

First printed in the folio of 1623.—I agree with Mr. Hunter and Mr. Collier in thinking that this play was written after the death of Queen Elizabeth, and that, of course, the passage concerning her successor (act v. sc. ult.,

"Nor shall this peace sleep with her," &c.)

formed a portion of Cranmer's speech as originally composed; a passage which Theobald and others, who contended that *Henry the Eighth* was written before the death of Elizabeth, pronounced to be a subsequent addition to the text. The following memorandum in the Stationers' Registers—

"12 Feb. 1604[-5].

Nath. Butter] Yf he get good allowance for the Enterlude of K. Henry 8th before he begyn to print it, and then procure the wardens hands to yt for the entrance of yt, he is to have the same for his copy"—was referred by Chalmers to Samuel Rowley's *When you see me, you know me*, 1605; but Mr. Collier "feels no hesitation in concluding that it referred to Shakespeare's drama, which had probably been brought out at the Globe Theatre in the summer of 1604" (*Introd. to King Henry VIII.*); and perhaps Mr. Collier is right.—It has been before mentioned (see the Memoir of Shakespeare, p. 111) that the Globe was burned down June 29th, 1613, in consequence of the discharge of some small cannon during the performance of a piece which, according to two authorities,* was named *Henry the Eighth*, but according to Sir Henry Wotton,† was "a new play called *All is true*." Now it is difficult to believe that our author's *Henry the Eighth* was "a new play" in 1613; for, without taking into consideration the memorandum above quoted, Shakespeare at that date had, in all likelihood, ceased to write; and if we suppose that the piece in question was by him, we must adopt the notion of Malone that *King Henry the Eighth* had "been revived in 1613, under the title of *All is true*, with new decorations, and a new Prologue and Epilogue. Mr. Tyrwhitt observes, that the Prologue has two or three distinct references to this title; a circumstance which authorises us to conclude, almost with certainty, that it was an occasional production, written some years after the composition of the play. *King Henry VIII.* not being then printed, the fallacy of calling it a new play on its revival was not easily detected." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 396. But Gifford positively maintains that the piece acted in 1613 was not written by Shakespeare,—that it was "constructed, indeed, on the history of Henry VIII., and, like that, full of shows; but giving probably a different view of some of the leading incidents of that monarch's life. Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*, as Mr. Malone affirms, was written in 1601; if it had been merely revived, the Prologue would have adverted to the circumstance: but it speaks of the play as one which *had*

* Stowe's *Annales*, by Howes, p. 926, ed. 1631; and Thomas Lorkin,—*Letter, Ms. Harl.* 7002.

† *Reliq. Wotton.* p. 425, ed. 1685.

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not yet appeared; it calls the attention of the audience *to a novelty;* it supposes, in every line, that they *were unacquainted with its plan;* and it finally tells them that, if they came to hear a bawdy play, a noise of targets, or to see a fellow in a fool's coat, they would be deceived. Could the audience expect any thing of this kind? or was it necessary to guard them against it, in a favourite comedy, with which they had all been perfectly familiar for twelve years?" *Memoirs of Ben Jonson,* &c. p. cclxxiii.—The Prologue and Epilogue, whoever wrote them, are manifestly not by Shakespeare.—Roderick (apud Edwards's *Canons of Criticism*) long ago noticed certain peculiarities in the versification of this play; and recently attempts have been made to prove that portions of it were composed by Fletcher.—Frequently in *King Henry VIII.* we have all but the very words of Holinshed.—That two plays, partly on the same subject as the present drama, and most probably preceding it, were composed in 1601,—*The Rising of Cardinal Wolsey* and *Cardinal Wolsey,*—we are informed by Henslowe, whose memoranda concerning them are, as usual, rather confused: see his *Diary,* pp. 189, 193-8, 200, 202-4, 221, 222, ed. Shake. Soc.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Eighth.
Cardinal Wolsey.
Cardinal Campeius.
Capucius, ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.
Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury.
Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Suffolk.
Earl of Surrey.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
Gardiner, king's secretary, afterwards bishop of Winchester.
Bishop of Lincoln.
Lord Abergavenny.
Lord Sands.
Sir Henry Guildford.
Sir Thomas Lovell.
Sir Anthony Denny.
Sir Nicholas Vaux.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
Cromwell, servant to Wolsey.
Griffith, gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.
Three Gentlemen.
Doctor Butts, physician to the King.
Garter King-at-Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Brandon, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.
Door-keeper of the Council-chamber. Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

Queen Katharine, wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.
Anne Bullen, her maid of honour, afterwards queen.
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Bishops, Lords, and Ladies in the Dumb-shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

Spirits.

Scene—*Chiefly in London and Westminster; once at Kimbolton.*

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PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working,[1] full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and th' opinion that we bring,
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us ne'er an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you're known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

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KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. An ante-chamber in the palace.*

Enter, on one side, the Duke of NORFOLK; *on the other, the* Duke of BUCKINGHAM *and the* Lord ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done
Since last we saw in France?
Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.[2]
Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.[3]
Nor. 'Twixt Guines and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.
Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last

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Made former wonders its: to-day, the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain India; every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this masque
Was cried incomparable; and th' ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise: and, being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one; and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns—
For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;[4]
To the disposing of it naught rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right-reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder

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That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of's self-drawing web,[5] he gives us note[6]
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives; which buys for him[7]
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him,—let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, t' appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon; and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in he papers.[8]

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?[9]

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values

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The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
Th' ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. Like't your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,—
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,—that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, 't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome.—Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, *the purse borne before him; certain of the* Guard, *and two* Secretaries *with papers. The* Cardinal *in his passage fixes his eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha?
Where's his examination?

First Secr. Here, so please you.

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Wol. Is he in person ready?
First Secr. Ay, please your grace.
Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt Wolsey and Train.*
Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd,[10] and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book[11]
Outworths a noble's blood.
Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that's th' appliance only
Which your disease requires.
Buck. I read in's looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick: he's gone to the king;
I'll follow, and outstare him.
Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.
Buck. I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.
Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,
In seeming t' augment it wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.
Buck. Sir,

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I'm thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,—
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,—by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both,—for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform't; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, th' interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.[12]

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified
As he cried, "Thus let be:" to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead: but our count-cardinal[13]
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,—
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To th' old dam, treason,—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,—
For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey,—here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him: he[14] privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,

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And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd,—[15]
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know—
As soon he shall by me—that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON, *a* Sergeant-at-arms *before him, and two or three of the* Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
My lord the Duke of Buckingham and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo, you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present:[16] 'tis his highness' pleasure
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my Lord Aberga'ny, fare you well!

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company.—[*To Abergavenny*] The king
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd!

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Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king t' attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—[17]
Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot:—no more, I hope.
Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.
Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?[18]
Bran. He.
Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold; my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.[19] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. The council-chamber.*

Cornets. Enter King HENRY, Cardinal WOLSEY, *the* Lords of the Council, Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, *and* Attendants. *The* King *enters leaning on the* Cardinal's *shoulder.*

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

[*The King takes his state. The Lords of the Council take their several places. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.*

A noise within, crying "Room for the Queen!" *Enter* Queen KATHARINE, *ushered by the* Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK: *she kneels. The* King *rises from his state, takes her up, kisses and places her by his side.*

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.
K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us:—half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:

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The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,—
Whose honour heaven shield from soil!—even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides[20] of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,—
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring th' event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things that are known alike;[21] which are not wholesome

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To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to th' hearing; and, to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? in what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: this makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; that their curses now
Live where their prayers did: and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience[22] is a slave
To each incensèd will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.[23]

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me but
By learnèd approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,

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By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best action.[24] If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,[25]
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution![26] Why, we take
From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission: pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. [*aside to the Secretary*] A word with you.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I'm sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker;
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.
Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove

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Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so cómplete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear—
This was his gentleman in trust—of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech,—that if the king
Should without issue die, he'll[27] carry 't so
To make the sceptre his: these very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
His dangerous conception in this point.[28]
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought[29] to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.[30]

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute

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With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd[31] the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; "that oft," says he,
"Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after, under the confession's seal,[32]
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd,—'Neither the king nor 's heirs,
Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love[33] o' the commonalty: the duke
Shall govern England.'"

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on.—
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dangerous for him
To ruminate on this so far, until[34]
It forg'd him some design, which being believ'd,
It was much like to do: he answer'd, "Tush,
It can do me no damage;" adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,

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The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah-ha!
There's mischief in this man:—canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember
Of such a time:—being my sworn servant,[35]
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; what hence?

Surv. "If," quoth he, "I for this had been committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
Th' usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in 's presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him."

K. Hen. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee; what say'st?

Surv. After "the duke his father," with "the knife,"
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was,—were he evil us'd, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us: by day and night,
He's traitor to the height.[35] [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III. *The same. A room in the palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain *and* Lord SANDS.

Cham. Is't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?
Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.
Sands. They've all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.[37]
Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,[38]
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

How now!
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?
Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.
Cham. What is't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I'm glad 'tis there: now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.
Lov. They must either—
For so run the conditions—leave those remnants
Of fool and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance

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Pertaining thereunto,—as fights and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom,—renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear[39] away
The lag-end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I'm glad they're going;
For, sure, there's no converting of 'em: now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady,
Held[40] current music too.

Cham. Well said, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?

Lov. To the cardinal's:
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

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Sands. He may, my lord,—'has wherewithal; in him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal;
They're set here for examples.[41]
Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along.—Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I'm your lordship's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. The presence-chamber in York-Place.*

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, *a longer table for the guests. Enter, on one side,* ANNE BULLEN *and divers* Lords, Ladies, *and* Gentlewomen, *as guests; on the other, enter* Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As far 's good company, good wine, good welcome,[42]
Can make good people.—O, my lord, you're tardy:

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, *and* Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.
Cham. You're young, Sir Harry Guildford.
Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.
Lov. O that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!
Sands. I would I were;

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They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit?—Sir Harry,
Place you that side; I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:
[*Seats himself between Anne Bullen and another Lady.*
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,—
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*

Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you're fairly seated.—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, *attended, and takes his state.*

Wol. Ye're welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*

Sands. Your grace is noble:—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry:—gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

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Anne. You're a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.
Sands. Yes, if I make[43] my play.
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—
Anne. You cannot show me.
Sands. I told your grace they would talk anon.
[*Drum and trumpets, and chambers discharged, within.*
Wol. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, some of ye. [*Exit a Servant.*
Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end, is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war ye're privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is't?
Serv. A noble troop of strangers,—
For so they seem: they've left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.
Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend him.
[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All rise, and the tables are removed.*
You've now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and once more
I shower a welcome on ye;—welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King *and others, as masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the* Lord Chamberlain. *They pass directly before the* Cardinal, *and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd me[44]
To tell your grace,—that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,

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Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They've done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses Anne Bullen.*

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee! [*Music. Dance.*

Wol. My lord,—

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:—
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Goes to the Masquers, and returns.*

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see, then.

[*Comes from his state.*

By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—here I'll make
My royal[45] choice.

K. Hen. Ye've found him, cardinal: [*Unmasking.*
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I'm glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Prithee, come hither: what fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,—
The Viscount Rochford,—one of her highness' women.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweetheart,

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I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you [*Kisses her*].—A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one:—sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you:—let's be merry:—
Good my lord cardinal, I've half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt with trumpets.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *London. A street.*

Enter two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

First Gent. Whither away so fast?

Sec. Gent. O,—God save ye!
E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

First Gent. I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

Sec. Gent. Were you there?

First Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

Sec. Gent. Pray, speak what has happen'd.

First Gent. You may guess quickly what.

Sec. Gent. Is he found guilty?

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First Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.
Sec. Gent. I'm sorry for't.
First Gent. So are a number more.
Sec. Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?
First Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where to his accusations
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on th' examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To have brought,[46] *vivâ voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.
Sec. Gent. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?
First Gent. The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.
Sec. Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself?
First Gent. When he was brought again to the bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he swet extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.
Sec. Gent. I do not think he fears death.
First Gent. Sure, he does not,—
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.
Sec. Gent. Certainly
The cardinal is the end of this.
First Gent. 'Tis likely,

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By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

Sec. Gent. That trick of state
Was a deep-envious one.

First Gent. At his return
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally,—whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,[47]
And far enough from court too.

Sec. Gent. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy,—

First Gent. Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his arraignment; tipstaves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side: with him* Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir WILLIAM SANDS, *and common people.*

Sec. Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death;
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies

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More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now forgive[48] me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me I cannot take[49] peace with: no black envy
Shall mark my grave.[50]—Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,[51]
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water-side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming: see the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for 't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,

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Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:—
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where[52] they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I've done; and God forgive me!

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Train.*

First Gent. O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

Sec. Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

First Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

Sec. Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

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First Gent. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.
Sec. Gent. I am confident;
You shall, sir: did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?
First Gent. Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.
Sec. Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.
First Gent. 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
Th' archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.
Sec. Gent. I think you've hit the mark: but is't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.
First Gent. 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. An ante-chamber in the palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, *reading a letter.*

Cham. "My lord,[53]—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When

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they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason,—His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, sir."

I fear he will indeed: well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.[54]
Cham. Good day to both your graces.
Suf. How is the king employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What's the cause?
Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. 'Tis so:
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else.
Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the league
'Tween us and th' emperor, the queen's great-nephew,
He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs,—and all these for his marriage:
And out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: and is not this course pious?
Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true
These news are everywhere; every tongue speaks 'em,

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And every true heart weeps for't: all that dare
Look into these affairs see this[55] main end,—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into[56] what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the Pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:—
My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The king has sent me otherwhere: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships!

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*[57] *Norfolk opens a folding-door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

K. Hen. Who's there, ha?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I, ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way

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Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.
K. Hen. Ye're too bold:
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—[*To Campeius*] You're welcome,
Most learnèd reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us and it.—[*To Wolsey*] My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.
Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.
K. Hen. [*to Norfolk and Suffolk*] We are busy; go.
Nor. [*aside to Suf.*] This priest has no pride in him!
Suf. [*aside to Nor.*] Not to speak of:
I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.
Nor. [*aside to Suf.*] If it do,
I'll venture one have-at-him.[58]
Suf. [*aside to Nor.*] I another.
[*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*
Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom;
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learnèd ones, in Christian kingdoms
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learnèd priest, Cardinal Campeius,—
Whom once more I present unto your highness.
K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,

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And thank the holy conclave for their loves:
They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission;—by whose virtue—
The court of Rome commanding—you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant
In the unpartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come.—Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,—
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,
Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit Wolsey.*

Re-enter WOLSEY, *with* GARDINER.

Wol. [*aside to Gard.*] Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
You are the king's now.

Gard. [*aside to Wol.*] But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner. [*They converse apart.*

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learnèd man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread, then,
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers

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There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.
[*Exit Gardiner.*

The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
O, 'tis a tender place! and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. An ante-chamber in the* Queen's *apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN *and an old* Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither: here's the pang that pinches:—
His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing;—O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in majesty[59] and pomp,—the which
To leave's a[60] thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first t' acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer,[61] 'tis a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.

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Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again.
Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our best having.
Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.
Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts—
Saving your mincing—the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth,—
Old L. Yes, troth, and troth;—you would not be a queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.
Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,[62]
Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth.
Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little;
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.
Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself

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Would for Carnarvonshire, although there long'd
No more to the crown but that.—Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were 't worth to know
The secret of your conference?
Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.
Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note 's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you,[63] and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.
Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.
Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail t' approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you.—[*Aside*] I've perus'd her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the king,
And say I spoke with you.

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Anne. My honour'd lord.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,—
Am yet a courtier beggarly,—nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh-fish here,—fie, fie upon[64]
This cómpell'd fortune!—have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open 't.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once—'tis an old story—
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt:—have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year—for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises more thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess:—say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on 't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood[65] a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
What here you've heard to her.

Old L. What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV. *The same. A hall in Black-Friars.*

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, *with short silver wands; next them, two* Scribes, *in the habit of doctors; after them, the* Archbishop of CANTERBURY *alone; after him, the* Bishops of LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, *and* Saint ASAPH; *next them, with some small distance, follows a* Gentleman *bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two* Priests, *bearing each a silver cross; then a* Gentleman-usher *bare-headed, accompanied with a* Sergeant-at-arms *bearing a silver mace; then two* Gentlemen *bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two* Cardinals, WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS; *two* Noblemen *with the sword and mace. Then enter the* King *and* Queen, *and their trains. The* King *takes place under the cloth of state; the two* Cardinals *sit under him as judges. The* Queen *takes place at some distance from the* King. *The* Bishops *place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; between them, the* Scribes. *The* Lords *sit next the* Bishops. *The* Crier *and the rest of the* Attendants *stand in convenient order about the hall.*

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides th' authority allow'd;
You may, then, spare that time.
Wol. Be 't so.—Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.
Crier. Henry King of England, &c.
K. Hen. Here.
Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.
Crier. Katharine Queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here

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No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I've been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance,—glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Which[66] of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice[67]
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foull'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,

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Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,—
And of your choice,—these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless
That longer you defer[68] the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,—
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen,—or long have dream'd so,—certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice

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For you or any: how far I've proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if 't be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But[69] if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
T' oppose your cunning. You're meek and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps,[70] and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers; and your words,
Domestics to you,[71] serve your will as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual: that again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt t' accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by 't: 'tis not well.
She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

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Grif.[72] Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return.—Now, the Lord help,[73]
They vex me past my patience!—Pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, Griffith, and her other Attendants.*

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in naught be trusted,
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone—
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out—
The queen of earthly queens:—she's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears,—for where I'm robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once and fully satisfied,—whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady—spake one the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You're excus'd:

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But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,[74]
The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to 't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:—
Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came;—give heed to't:—
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A[75] marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: i' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he—
I mean the bishop—did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advértise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bottom of my conscience,[76] enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting[77] power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought
I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't than
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in 't by me: then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are

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Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well—
By all the reverend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd:—first I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long: be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons:—unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my allegèd reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd[78] o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*

K. Hen. [*aside*] I may perceive
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor

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This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-belovèd servant, Cranmer,
Prithee, return: with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court:
I say, set on. [*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. Palace at Bridewell: a room in the* Queen's *apartment.*

The Queen *and some of her Women at work.*

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave working.

Song.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!
Gent. An 't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.
Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?
Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

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Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on 't.
They should be good men; their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!
Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife:
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?
Wol. May 't please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.
Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not,—so much I am happy
Above a number,—if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,[79]
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.
Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—
Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange-suspicious;
Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake,—
Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in English.
Wol. Noble lady,
I'm sorry my integrity should breed—
And service[80] to his majesty and you—

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So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,—
You have too much, good lady; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your[81] cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My Lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,—
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [*aside*] To betray me.—
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
Ye speak like honest men,—pray God, ye prove so!—
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,—
More near my life, I fear,—with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men or such business.
For her sake that I have been,—for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,—good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause:
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless!

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears:
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,—
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,—
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:

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They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He's loving and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better and your cause;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my ruin:
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye: holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye;
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,—
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries;
I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would you have me—
If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, 'has banish'd me his bed already,—
His love, too long ago! I'm old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

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Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?
A woman—I dare say, without vain-glory—
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye've angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
[*To her Women*] Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes!
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allow'd me:—like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.

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The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle-noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware you lose it not: for us, if please you[82]
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray, forgive me,
If I have us'd myself unmannerly;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Ante-chamber to the* King's *apartment in the palace.*

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, *the* Duke of SUFFOLK, *the* Earl of SURREY, *and the* Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me

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Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me I know;
What we can do to him,—though now the time
Gives way to us,—I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in 's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true:
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter[83] to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th' eye o' the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, "I do," quoth he, "perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen."

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

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Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have 't.

Sur. Now, all my joy[84]
Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to 't!

Nor. All men's!

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete[85]
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid![86]

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suf. No, no;
There be more wasps that buzz about his nose
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cried "Ha!" at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry "Ha!" louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd in his opinions;[87] which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and

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Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager
And widow to Prince Arthur.
Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.
Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'Tis so.—
The cardinal!

Enter WOLSEY *and* CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave't you the king?
Crom. To his own hand, in's bedchamber.
Wol. Look'd he o' th' inside of the papers?[88]
Crom. Presently
He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade[89]
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me awhile. [*Exit Cromwell.*
It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen![90]
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The Marchioness of Pembroke!
Nor. He's discontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!
Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—

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This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vex'd at something.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on's heart!

Suf. The king, the king!

Enter the King, *reading a schedule, and* LOVELL.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by th' hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords,—
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts[91]
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There,—on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will:

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Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual objects,[92] he should still
Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*Takes his seat, and whispers Lovell, who goes to Wolsey.*

Wol. Heaven forgive me!—
Ever God bless your highness!

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You're full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure[93] a brief span
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I've kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

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Wol. [*aside*] What should this mean?
Sur. [*aside to the others*] The Lord increase this business!
K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?
Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours:—my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fil'd with my abilities:[94] mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.
K. Hen. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: the honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.
Wol. I do profess
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be,—
Though all the world[95] should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty,

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As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken.—
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this;
[*Giving him papers.*
And after, this: and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.
[*Exit, frowning upon Wolsey: the Nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering.*

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafèd lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so;
This paper has undone me:—'tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the Popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! what cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king?—Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune,
Will bring me off again.—What's this?—"To the Pope"!
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to 's holiness. Nay, then, farewell!
I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

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Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, *the* Earl of SURREY, *and the* Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal; who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.
Wol. Stay,—
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.
Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it,—
I mean your malice,—know, officious lords,
I dare and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy:
How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,[96]
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You've Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king—
Mine and your master—with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents:[97]—now, who'll take it?
Sur. The king, that gave it.
Wol. It must be himself, then.
Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.
Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals—
With thee and all thy best parts bound together—

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Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you
You have as little honesty as honour;
That I in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.[98]

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to the Pope against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My Lord of Norfolk,—as you're truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—[99]
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I'll startle you

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Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I'm bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my head.—Have at you!
First, that, without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to th' emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis,[100] to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to[101] be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you've sent innumerable substance—
By what means got, I leave to your own conscience—
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing

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Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far! 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine,[102] within this kingdom,
Fall into[103] the compass of a *præmunire*,—
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels,[104] and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection:—this is my charge.[105]

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little-good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all except Wolsey.*

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness![106]
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope;[107] to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This[108] many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O how wretched

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Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspéct of princes, and their ruin,[109]
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I'm fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy,—too much honour:
O 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

Crom. I'm glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I'm able now, methinks—
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel—
T' endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.—
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learnèd man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,

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When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!—[a10]
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord árchbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I've told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forgo
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention

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Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's: then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessèd martyr. Serve the king;
And,—prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A street in Westminster.*

Enter two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

First Gent. You're well met once again.

Sec. Gent. So are you.(111)

First Gent. You come to take your stand here, and behold

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The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

Sec. Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

First Gent. 'Tis very true; but that time offer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis well: the citizens,
I'm sure, have shown at full their royal[112] minds—
As, let 'em have their rights, they're ever forward—
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

First Gent. Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

Sec. Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

First Gent. Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

Sec. Gent. I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

First Gent. That I can tell you too. The árchbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learnèd and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learnèd men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which she was remov'd to Kimbolton,[113]
Where she remains now sick.

Sec. Gent. Alas, good lady!—

[*Trumpets.*

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.[114]

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THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of trumpets. Then enter,

1. *Two* Judges.
2. Lord Chancellor, *with the purse and mace before him.*
3. Choristers, *singing.* [*Music.*
4. Mayor of London, *bearing the mace. Then* Garter, *in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
5. Marquess DORSET, *bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the* Earl of SURREY, *bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. Duke of SUFFOLK, *in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the* Duke of NORFOLK, *with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the* Cinque-ports; *under it, the* Queen *in her robe; her hair*[115] *richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the* Bishops of London *and* Winchester.
8. *The old* Duchess of NORFOLK, *in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the* Queen's *train.*
9. *Certain* Ladies *or* Countesses, *with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

A royal train, believe me.—These I know:—
Who's that that bears the sceptre?
First Gent. Marquess Dorset:
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.
Sec. Gent. A bold brave gentleman.—That should[116] be
The Duke of Suffolk?
First Gent. 'Tis the same,—high-steward.
Sec. Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk?
First Gent. Yes.
Sec. Gent. [*looking on the Queen*] Heaven bless thee!
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.
First Gent. They that bear
The cloth of honour o'er her are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

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Sec. Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of[117] Norfolk.
First Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.
Sec. Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed.
First Gent. And sometimes falling ones.
Sec. Gent. No more of that.
[*Exit procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

First Gent. God save you, sir! where have you been broiling?[118]
Third Gent. Among the crowd i' th' abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled[119]
With the mere rankness of their joy.
Sec. Gent. You saw
The ceremony?
Third Gent. That I did.
First Gent. How was it?
Third Gent. Well worth the seeing.
Sec. Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.
Third Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,—
Doublets, I think,—flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,

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And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, "This is my wife," there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

Sec. Gent. But what follow'd?[120]

Third Gent. At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saintlike,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly:
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the árchbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As, holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems,
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum.* So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

First Gent. Sir,[121]
You must no more call it York-place, that's past;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost:
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

Third Gent. I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that th' old name
Is fresh about me.

Sec. Gent. What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

Third Gent. Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary;
The other, London.

Sec. Gent. He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of th' árchbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

Third Gent. All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when 't comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

Sec. Gent. Who may that be, I pray you?

Third Gent. Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly

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A worthy friend. The king
Has made him master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.
Sec. Gent. He will deserve more.
Third Gent. Yes, without all doubt.—
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye[122] shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Kimbolton.*

Enter KATHARINE, *dowager, sick; led between* GRIFFITH *and* PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace?
Kath. O Griffith, sick to death!
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair:—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?
Grif. Yes, madam; but I think[123] your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.
Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward—
As a man sorely tainted—to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.
Kath. Alas, poor man!
Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his covent,[124] honourably receiv'd him;

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To whom he gave these words,—" O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!"
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still: and, three nights after this,
After the hour of eight,—which he himself
Foretold should be his last,—full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessèd part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one that by suggestion
Tith'd[125] all the kingdom: simony was fair-play;
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning: he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now,[126] nothing:
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,—
Which was a sin,—yet in bestowing, madam,

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He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;[127]
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to. [*Sad and solemn music.*

Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her:—softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden visards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent curtsies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order; at which (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

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Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we're here.
Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
Grif. None, madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessèd troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the music leave;
They're harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*
Pat. [*aside to Grif.*] Do you note
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthy colour?[128] Mark her eyes!
Grif. [*aside to Pat.*] She's going, wench: pray, pray.
Pat. [*aside to Grif.*] Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—
Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif. You're to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.
Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly. There's staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [*Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.*

Re-enter GRIFFITH, *with* CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from th' emperor,

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My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same,—your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I'm past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.
[*Giving it to Katharine.*

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king;—

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding;—
She's young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope she will deserve well;—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,—
And now I should not lie,—but will deserve,

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For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is, for my men;—they are the poorest,[129]
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over, to remember me by:
If heaven had pleas'd t' have given me longer life
And able[130] means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents:—and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say his long trouble now is passing[131]
Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I'm dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth; although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading Katharine.*

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ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. A gallery in the palace.*

Enter GARDINER, bishop of Winchester, *a* Page *with a torch before him.*

Gard. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?
Boy. It hath struck.
Gard. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!
Whither so late?
Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?
Gard. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.
Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.
Gard. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: affairs that walk—
As they say spirits do—at midnight have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.
Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd
She'll with the labour end.
Gard. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.
Lov. Methinks I could

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Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gard. But, sir, sir,—
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you're a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,—
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's[132] made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time[133] will load him. Th' árchbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day—
Sir, I may tell it you, I think—I have
Incens'd the lords o' the council that he is—
For so I know he is, they know he is—
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they mov'd,
Have broken with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint,—of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him,—'hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord: I rest your servant.
[*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*

As LOVELL *is going out, enter the* King *and the* Duke of SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night;[134]
My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.

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Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?
Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.
K. Hen. What say'st thou, ha?
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?
Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.
K. Hen. Alas, good lady!
Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!
K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
Th' estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night; and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.
K. Hen. Charles, good night. [*Exit Suffolk.*

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?
Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the árchbishop,
As you commanded me.
K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?
Den. Ay, my good lord.
K. Hen. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?
Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.
K. Hen. Bring him to us.
[*Exit Denny.*
Lov. [*aside*] This is about that which the bishop spake:
I am happily come hither.

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Re-enter DENNY, *with* CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery. [*Lovell seems to stay.*] Ha!
I have said. Be gone.
What! [*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*

Cran. [*aside*] I am fearful:—wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspéct of terror. All's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord! you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. [*kneeling*] It is my duty
T' attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury. [*Cran. rises.*
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I've news to tell you: come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us,[125]
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. [*kneeling*] I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up:
Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my halidom, [*Cran. rises.*
What manner of man are you! My lord, I look'd

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You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and t' have heard you,
Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you! such things have been done.
You're potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witness', than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice[136] for no leap of danger,
And woo[137] your own destruction.

Cran. God and your majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
Th' occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring [*Giving ring.*
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honour. God's bless'd mother!

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I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*] He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter old Lady.

Gent. [*within*] Come back: what mean you?
Old L. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessèd wings!
K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say ay; and of a boy.
Old L. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'tis a girl,—
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.
K. Hen. Lovell!

Re-enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir?
K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.
[*Exit.*
Old L. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Lobby before the council-chamber.*

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper, &c. *attending.*

Cran. I hope I'm not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me

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To make great haste.—All fast? what means this?—Ho!
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?
D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?
D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.
Butts. [*aside*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily: the king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*
Cran. [*aside*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician: as he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me—
God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice—
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

The King *and* BUTTS *appear at a window above.*

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight—
K. Hen. What's that, Butts?
Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.
K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?
Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.
K. Hen. Ha! 'tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought
They had parted so much honesty among 'em—
At least, good manners—as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.

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By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon. [*Curtain drawn.*

THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.[138]

Enter the Lord Chancellor, *the* Duke of SUFFOLK, *the* Duke of NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, *and* CROMWELL. *The* Chancellor *places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the* Archbishop of CANTERBURY. *The rest seat themselves in order on each side.* CROMWELL *at the lower end, as secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?
Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns[139] his grace of Canterbury.
Gard. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?
Gard. Yes.
D. Keep. My lord árchbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.
Chan. Let him come in.
D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.
[*Cranmer approaches the council-table.*
Chan. My good lord árchbishop, I'm very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels:[140] out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,—
For so we are inform'd,—with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,

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But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer—
Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour—this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living—
I speak it with a single heart, my lords—
A man that more detests, more stirs[141] against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of the[142] public peace, than I do.
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crookèd malice nourishment
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gard. My lord, because we've business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you;
You're always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end,—

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'Tis my undoing: love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gard. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gard. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;[143]
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gard. I've done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord:—it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us:—are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,

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But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?
Gard. What other
Would you expect? you're strangely troublesome.—
Let some o' the guard be ready there!

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?
Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I've a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring I take my cause [*Showing ring.*
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.
Chan. This is the king's ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.
Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Chan. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him!
Would I were fairly out on 't!
Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man,—whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,—
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye!

Enter the King, *frowning on them; he takes his seat.*

Gard. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,

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His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flatteries now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and bare[144] to hide offences.
To me, you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.—
[*To Cranmer*] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest,
He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.[145]

Sur. May 't please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man,—few of you deserve that title,—
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom: there's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall ne'er have while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather—
If there be faith in men—meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,—
I'm sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him,—if a prince

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May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends, for shame, my lords!—My Lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is,[146] a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons: you shall have
Two noble partners with you; th' old Duchess of Norfolk,
And Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please you?—
Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart
And brother-love I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart:[147]
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, "Do my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever."—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The palace-yard.*

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter *and his* Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Parish-garden?[148] ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue!

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is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em.—I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings! do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible—
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons—
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot—
You see the poor remainder—could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,
To mow 'em down before me: but if I spar'd any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;
And that I would not for a cow, God save her![149]

[*Within*] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door,—he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in 's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me, till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling

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such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out "Clubs!" when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place: at length they came to the broomstaff with[150] me; I defied 'em still: when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work: the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too: from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye've made a fine hand, fellows:
There's a trim rabble let in: are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: ye're lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards, when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They're come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess!

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Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache!
Port. You i' the camlet,
Get up o' the rail; I'll pick you o'er the pales else![151]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The palace.*

Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK *with his marshal's staff,* Duke of SUFFOLK, *two* Noblemen *bearing great standing-bowls for the christening-gifts; then four* Noblemen *bearing a canopy, under which the* Duchess of NORFOLK, *godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a* Lady; *then follows the* Marchioness of DORSET, *the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and* Garter *speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King *and Train.*

Cran. [*kneeling*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners and myself thus pray;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!
K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?
Cran. Elizabeth.
K. Hen. Stand up, lord.—
[*Cranmer rises.—The King kisses the Child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.
Cran. Amen.
K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye've been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.
Cran. Let me speak, sir,

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For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant—heaven still move about her!—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be—
But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba[152] was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd and fear'd: her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with her:
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways[153] of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd: peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him:—our children's children

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Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An agèd princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die,—
She must, the saints must have her,—yet a virgin;
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To[154] the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man! never before
This happy child did I get any thing:
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren,[155] I am much beholding;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful.—Lead the way, lords:—
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;
She will be sick else. This day no man think
'Has business at his house; for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We've frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, "That's witty!"
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd 'em: if they smile,
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

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P. 483. (1) "*Sad, high, and working,*"

Mr. Staunton prints "*Sad*, and high-working."

P. 484. (2) "*How have ye done*
Since last we saw in France?
Nor. *I thank your grace,*
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there."

Qy. is "*saw*" in the first speech to be defended by the passages cited in note 122 on *Measure for Measure*? or is it an error occasioned by "*saw*" in the second speech?—The third folio has "*Since last we saw* y' *in France.*"

P. 484. (3) "*Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,*
Met in the vale of Andren."

"'*Those suns of glory*,' that is, those glorious suns. The editor of the third folio plausibly enough reads 'Those *sons* of glory;' and, indeed, as in old English books the two words are used indiscriminately, the luminary being often spelt *son*, it is sometimes difficult to determine which is meant, *sun* or *son*. However, the subsequent part of the line, and the recurrence of the same expression afterwards, p. 485, l. 16, are in favour of the reading of the original copy." MALONE.—In the second folio "*Andren*" is altered to "Arde;" but Shakespeare gave the word as he found it in Holinshed's *Chron.*; "The daie of the meeting was appointed to be on the thursdaie the seauenth of Iune, vpon which daie the two kings *met in the vale of Andren*," &c. vol. iii. p. 649, ed. 1808; again, p. 654, "in the vallie of *Anderne*," &c.

P. 485. (4) "*Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal,*" &c.

Stands thus in the folio;

"Which Actions selfe, was tongue too.
Buc. All was Royall,
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gaue each thing view. The Office did
Distinctly his full Function: who did guide,
I meane who set the Body, and the Limbes
Of this great Sport together?
Nor. As you guesse:
One certes, that promises no Element
In such a businesse.
Buc. I pray you," &c.

Here Theobald arranged the dialogue as the author evidently intended it to be distributed. (The passage was partially corrected in the fourth folio.)

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P. 486. (5) "*Out of's self-drawing web,*"

"Thus it stands in the first edition. The later [modern] editors, by injudicious correction, have printed 'Out of his *self-drawn* web.'" JOHNSON.

P. 486. (6) "*he gives us note*"

The folio has "O *giues vs note;*" "but," as Capell observes, "'O' is a press-corruption of *A* or '*a*, which (as all know) upon occasion means *he*." *Notes*, &c. vol. i. P. ii. p. 75. (Mr. Knight accuses the modern editors of having "corrupted" this passage: he prints "*Out of his self-drawing web,*—O! give *us noté!*—"; calls "O! give *us note!*—" "THE ORIGINAL READING," and "*one of Shakespeare's happy parentheses,*" &c. &c.)

P. 486. (7) "*A gift that heaven gives; which buys for him*"

So Warburton.—The folio has "*A guift that heauen giues* for him, which buyes." "Palpably wrong," says Walker. "Surely we should read with Warburton," &c. *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 177.

P. 486. (8) "*He meant* . . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . *he papers.*"

Qy. "*He* means"?—"'*Papers*,' a verb; his own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch in him whom he papers down. I don't understand it, unless this be the meaning." POPE.—"Wolsey published a list of the several persons whom he had appointed to attend on the king at this interview. See Hall's *Chronicle*, Rymer's *Fœdera*, tom. xiii. &c." STEEVENS.—Mr. Staunton conjectures "—*he* paupers."

P. 486. (9) "*What did this vanity*
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector's alteration, "—— *minister* consummation *of*," is made without any regard to the sense or to the metre.—Johnson explains the passage thus; "What effect had this pompous show, but the production of a wretched conclusion?"—According to Mr. Staunton, the meaning of "*But furnish communication of*" &c. is, "But furnish discourse on the poverty of its result."

P. 488. (10) "*is venom-mouth'd,*"

The folio has "*is* venom'd-*mouth'd.*"

P. 488. (11) "*A beggar's book*"

"So in *Second King Henry VI.* act iv. sc. 7, 'Because my *book* (i.e. *learning*) preferr'd me to the king.' Collier is wrong in questioning Wolsey's learning; see Griffith's account of him in act iv. sc. 2: still, a sneer at his learning is

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not in character of Buckingham, who was himself 'a learned gentleman.' Qy. 'A beggar's *brat*'? Compare Burton's *Anat. of Melancholy*, Part 2, Sec. 3, Mem. 2; '*A beggar's brat* will be commonly more scornful, imperious, insulting, insolent than another man of his rank.'" W. N. LETTSOM.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*A beggar's* brood."

P. 489. (12) "*rinsing.*"

The folio has "wrenching." (On words which, according to our present orthography, commence with the letter *r*, and which were formerly sometimes written with *wr*,—see my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 164.)

P. 489. (13) "*count-cardinal*"

"Wolsey is afterwards called '*king* cardinal.' Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors [not Capell] read '*court*-cardinal.'" MALONE.—"Read '*court-cardinal*' with Pope. The notes of Malone and Capell in defence of '*count*' are ridiculous." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 489. (14) "*he*"

Added in the second folio.

P. 490. (15) "*the emperor thus desir'd,—*"

"Perhaps we should read 'the emperor *then* desir'd.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 298.

P. 490. (16) "*I am sorry*
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present:"

i.e. (in the words of Mr. Staunton) "I am sorry, since it is to see you deprived of liberty, that I am a witness of this business."—Mr. Collier most erroneously punctuates the passage thus;

"I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty: to look on
The business present, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower;"

and says that "Brandon means, 'Adverting to my present duty, it is his highness' pleasure,' &c."

P. 491. (17) "*One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—*"

Here the folio has "—— *his* Councellour;" but afterwards (p. 505) rightly, "Sir Gilbert Pecke his *Chancellour*," &c.—Corrected here by Theobald,—who also reads "And *Gilbert*," &c.

P. 491. (18) "*Nicholas Hopkins?*"

Theobald's correction.—The folio has "Michael *Hopkins?*"—"In the Ms. '*Nich.*' only was probably set down, and mistaken for '*Mich.*'" MALONE.

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P. 491. (19) "*I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,*
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun.—My lord, farewell."

A very difficult passage, and most probably corrupted. Johnson proposed to read "—— *cloud puts* out," &c., but he was not satisfied with his conjecture (though Capell thinks that reading right,—*Notes*, &c. vol. i. P. ii. p. 78).—Steevens suggests "Be-*darkening my clear sun.*"—The folio has "*My* Lords, *farewell;*" which is retained by Mr. Knight, who quite forgets that Abergavenny is going to the Tower along with Buckingham.

P. 492. (20) "*sides*"

Altered by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "ties."

P. 492. (21) "*You know no more than others; but you frame*
Things that are known alike;"

"That is, you know no more than other counsellors; but you are the person who frame those things which are afterwards proposed, and known equally by all." MASON.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "belike" for "*alike*" (which "substitution was made first by Theobald: see Nichols's *Illustrations*, vol. ii. p. 459." STAUNTON).

P. 493. (22)
"*Allegiance in them; that their curses now*
Live where their prayers did: and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience"

The folio has
"*Allegeance in them; their curses now*
. . . . . .
This *tractable obedience.*"

I give the first line as amended by Walker; see "*Omissions in consequence of Absorption,*" in his *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 254.—In the last line I adopt Rowe's reading; for I believe myself to have been wrong when I formerly defended the lection of the folio, "This *tractable obedience,*" on the supposition that "This" was here, as it sometimes is in our early writers, little else than redundant. (Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "Their *tractable obedience.*")

P. 493. (23) "*business.*"

The folio has "basenesse,"—a sheer misprint, and the next thing to nonsense, as Southern (Ms. emendation in his copy of the fourth folio) and Warburton saw: yet Steevens thought that it afforded a "meaning sufficiently clear;" Mr. Knight prefers it to the "much feebler" modern reading; and Mr. Collier was content with it, till he had his Ms. Corrector's *imprimatur* for "*business.*"

P. 494. (24) "*action.*"

The folio has "Act."

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P. 494. (25) "*Things done well,*"

Hanmer printed "*Things* that are *done well.*"

P. 494. (26) "*A trembling contribution!*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector changes "*trembling*" to "trebling."

P. 495. (27) "*that if the king*
Should without issue die, he'll"

Here Rowe altered "*he'll*" to "he'd." But in such sentences we frequently find our early writers using *will* where we now should use *would:* see note 10 on *A Midsummer-Night's Dream;* compare too our author in *Coriolanus*, act i. sc. 9,

"*If I should* tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds."

So also a later writer, Cowley, in *Love's Riddle*, act i. sc. 2;

"*I'd* see you hung up for a thing to scare
The crows away, before *I'll* spend my breath
To teach you any." *Works*, vol. iii. 75, ed. 1708.

P. 495. (28) "*His dangerous conception in this point.*"

The folio has "This *dangerous*," &c.

P. 495. (29) "*brought*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 178) would read "wrought."

P. 495. (30) "*Hopkins:*"

Here, and in the next speech, the folio has "Henton" (and we know that the person in question belonged to the convent of *Henton*, near Bristol); but, as previously in this play, p. 491, and subsequently, p. 505, he is called "*Hopkins*," the modern editors, from Theobald downwards [1864, with the exception of Mr. Grant White], to prevent confusion, have adopted the latter name here; and they seem quite justified in adopting it.

P. 496. (31) "*fear'd*"

The folio has "feare."

P. 496. (32) "*the confession's seal,*"

Theobald's correction.—The folio has "*the* Commissions *Seale.*"

P. 496. (33) "*To gain the love*"

The word "*gain*" was first added in the fourth folio.

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P. 496. (34) "*and that 'twas dangerous for him*
To ruminate on this so far, until"

So Rowe.—The folio has "—— *dangerous For* this," &c.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes

"*and that 'twas dangerous*
For him to ruminate this so far, until."

P. 497. (35) "*being my sworn servant,*"

Qy. is "*sworn*" to be considered as a dissyllable here—"*sworen*"?—which would render unnecessary the older emendation, "he *being my sworn servant,*" or the more recent one, "*being my* servant sworn."

P. 497. (36) "*He's traitor to the height.*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*He* is a daring *traitor to the height.*"

P. 498. (37)
"*That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin*
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em."

The folio has

"*That neuer* see *'em pace before, the Spauen*
A *Spring-halt rain'd among 'em:*"

and Malone thinks that "A *springhalt,*" &c. has been altered "without any necessity"!—Pope printed "And *springhalt,*" &c.: but I prefer "Or *springhalt,*" &c., which I had substituted in my copy long before I knew that such was the reading of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

P. 498. (38) "*too,*"

So the fourth folio.—The earlier folios have "*too*'t."

P. 499. (39) "*wear*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "wee."

P. 499. (40) "*Held*"

"Read," says Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "'*Hold*' with Var. 1821."—I think the old lection right. Compare, p. 509, "and *held* for certain," &c. In both passages there is an ellipsis.

P. 500. (41) "*Men of his way should be most liberal;*
They're set here for examples."

Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "*way*" to "sway" and "*set*" to "sent;" and Mr. Collier now adopts the former alteration, which is perhaps the least innocent of the two. That "*his way*" means "his ecclesiastical function" admits of no doubt (as Mr. Singer long ago remarked, *Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 183): it is manifest from the context, "That *churchman*" and "ill *doctrine.*"

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P. 500. (42)

"*As far 's good company, good wine, good welcome,*"

The folio has "*As* first, *good Company,*" &c.—Theobald printed "*As* first-good *company,*" &c. (persuading himself that "first-good *company*" might mean "the best company in the land, of the best rank").—Hanmer gave "*As*, first, *good company*, then *good wine*, *good welcome.*"—Mr. Halliwell's conjecture, "*As far good company,*" suggested to me the reading which I now give; and which (even if "*As far as*" be *not* pronounced "*As far 's*") does not make this line more rugged than some other lines in the play; *e.g.*

"If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me." p. 501.

P. 502. (43) "*if I make*"

Hanmer printed "*if I* may *make;*" Capell, "*if I* may choose."

P. 502. (44) "*me*"

Added by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, and by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 179).

P. 503. (45) "*royal*"

See note 75 on *The Sec. Part of King Henry IV.*

P. 505. (46) "*To have brought,*"

The folio has "*To* him *brought.*"—The correction was made in the fourth folio.

P. 506. (47) "*find employment,*"

i. e. find employment *for.*

P. 507. (48) "*now forgive*"

The folio has "*now* to *forgiue.*"

P. 507. (49) "*'Gainst me I cannot take*"

The folio has "*Gainst me*, that *I cannot take.*"

P. 507. (50) "*Shall mark my grave.*"

The folio has "*shall* make *my Graue.*"—Corrected by Warburton.

P. 507. (51) "*me,*"

Added by Rowe (Walker approving, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 179).

P. 508. (52) "*where*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "when."

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P. 509. (53) "*My lord*," &c.

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 8) attempts (very unsuccessfully) to arrange this letter as verse.

P. 510. (54) "*Well met, my lord chamberlain.*"

Hanmer printed, for the metre,

"*Well met, my* good
Lord chamberlain."

P. 511. (55) "*this*"

Altered in the fourth folio to "his."

P. 511. (56) "*Into*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "E'en to."

P. 511. (57) "Exit Lord Chamberlain," &c.

The stage-direction in the folio is "Exit Lord Chamberlaine, and the King drawes the Curtaine and sits reading pensiuely."—The curtain in question was a *traverse:* see *Memoir of Shakespeare*, p. 42.

P. 512. (58) "*I'll venture one have-at-him.*"

So the folio ("*one; haue at him*").—The second folio has "*one* heave *at him*,"—most erroneously.

P. 514. (59) "*in majesty*"

The folio has "*in* a *Maiesty*."—See Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 122.

P. 514. (60) "*leave's a*"

The folio has "*leaue, a.*"

P. 514. (61) "*Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce*
It from the bearer,"

Here, according to Warburton, "*quarrel*" means "arrow;" according to Johnson, "quarreller."—Hanmer printed "quarr'ler."—"I cannot suppose either arrow or square dart to be meant . . . but should rather read, with Steevens,

'Yet if that quarrel fortune *to* divorce
It from the bearer;'

that is, 'But if discord happen to separate it,'—making '*fortune*' a verb." Nares's *Gloss.* in "*Quarrel.*"—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "*quarrel*" to "cruel;" and Mr. Staunton, who calls Warburton's explanation "portent-

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ous," does not scruple to propose "squirrel."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "—— *that* fortune's quarrel."—After all, may not the old text be right, and Warburton's explanation of it the true one? The metaphor of fortune suddenly, as by the stroke of an *arrow, divorcing pomp from its bearer*, is doubtless somewhat violent; but perhaps it is supported by an earlier passage of the play where mention is made of the *divorce* occasioned by the *axe*,

"And, as the long *divorce of steel* falls on me," &c. p. 507.

(In Shakespeare's days *quarrel* was a very common term for an arrow.)

P. 515. (62)

"*'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,*"

The editor of the second folio reads "——*bow'd* now *would*," &c.; and several modern editors print "bowed:" but "*hire*" is to be read as a dissyllable.

P. 516. (63) "*opinion to you,*"

The folio has "*opinion* of you, *to you.*"

P. 517. (64) "*fie, fie upon*"

The folio has "*fye, fye*, fye *vpon.*"

P. 517. (65) "*salute my blood*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 180), quoting from our author's cxxi st Sonnet,—

"For why should others' false-adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?"—

asks, "Is this the same phrase?" Doubtless it is.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "elate *my blood*," — very unnecessarily. — Mr. Staunton observes "'*Salute*' here means *move* or *exhilarate.*"

P. 519. (66) "*too? Which*"

The folio has "*too?* Or *which.*" (The "Or" was repeated by mistake from the beginning of the line.)

P. 519. (67) "*nay, gave notice*"

"Though the author's common liberties of speech might justify the old reading, yet I cannot but think that '*not*' was dropped before '*notice*,' having the same letters, and would therefore follow Sir T. Hanmer's correction." JOHNSON.

P. 520. (68) "*defer*"

So the fourth folio.—The earlier folios have "desire,"—a misprint for "*deferre.*"—Malone's absurd defence of "desire," which influenced me in my former edition, has, I find, imposed on Mr. Grant White.

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P. 521. (69) "*But*"

Pope's addition (required both by the sense and the metre).

P. 521. (70) "*You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,*
Gone slightly o'er low steps,"

"Perhaps we should read '*favour*,' and also '*lightly*.' Is not the construction, '*by the favour of fortune and of his highness*'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 254.

P. 521. (71)
"*Where powers are your retainers; and your words,*
Domestics to you," &c.

"'*Where powers*,' &c., where you have the power of doing whatever you wish; where power is, as it were, the retainer to your will. '*Powers*' in the plural, the power of doing this or that. '*Your words*,' &c. You have but to say the word, and what you wish is done. So, I think, we should understand the passage. Could Shakespeare have been thinking of Matthew viii. 8, 9 '—— but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed. For I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me: and I say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 180.—"I believe we should read

'Where powers are your retainers, and your *wards*,
Domestics to you,' &c.

The Queen rises naturally in her description. She paints the powers of government depending upon Wolsey under three images; as his *retainers*, his *wards*, his *domestic servants*." TYRWHITT.—"So, in Storer's *Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal*, a poem, 1599;

'I must have notice where their *wardes* must dwell.
I car'd not for the gentrie, for I had
[Tithe-gentlemen,] yong nobles of the land,' &c." [p. 47, ed. 1826.]
STEEVENS.

P. 522. (72) "Griff."

The folio has "*Gent. Vsh.*"

P. 522. (73) "*Now, the Lord help,*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 179) says, "Read 'Now, the Lord help *me*,'" &c. But, among other passages that might be cited, compare our author's *Comedy of Errors*, act iv. sc. 4;

"*God help*, poor souls, how idly do they talk!"

(Not "*God help* them," &c.)

P. 523. (74) "*oft*,"

An accidental repetition?

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P. 523. (75) "*A*"

The folio has "And."

P. 523. (76) "*The bottom of my conscience,*"

The folio has "*The* bosome *of my Conscience,*"—an error which Theobald corrected from Holinshed, whom Shakespeare follows here.

P. 523. (77) "*splitting*"

The folio has "spitting."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 524. (78) "*paragon'd*"

Hanmer printed "paragon."

P. 526. (79) "*Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,*"

Altered by Rowe to "—— *I am* wise *in.*"—I now prefer the old reading.—Pope printed "Do *seek me out, and that way I am* wise *in.*"

P. 526. (80) "*And service,*" &c.

Edwards would make this and the next line change places.

P. 527. (81) "*your*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "our."

P. 530. (82) "*please you*"

The folio has "you please."

P. 531. (83) "*The cardinal's letter*"

The folio has "*The Cardinals* Letters." But compare, p. 532, "this *letter* of the cardinal's," and p. 537, "The *letter*, as I live," &c.

P. 532. (84) "*Now, all my joy*"

Here Mr. Grant White well defends the text by citing from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*, act iv. sc. 4,

> "*Now all my* blessing on thee! thou hast made me
> Younger by twenty years."

P. 532. (85) "*She is a gallant creature, and complete*"

"Qu. '*creäture*' and '*cómplete*'? Yet *creäture*' seems to require more of a pause after it." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 21. See too his *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 293.

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P. 532. (86) "Sur. *But, will the king*
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 189) would give "*The Lord forbid!*" to the Chamberlain. But compare *The First Part of King Henry IV.* act v. sc. 2,

"*Hot.* Did you beg any? *God forbid!*"

where, indeed (see note 136, vol. iv. p. 306), Walker would make a similar alteration.

P. 532. (87) "*He is return'd in his opinions,*" &c.

"The meaning is this. Cranmer, says Suffolk, 'is returned in his opinions,' *i.e.* with the same sentiments which he entertained before he went abroad, 'which (sentiments) have satisfied the king, together with all the famous colleges' referred to on the occasion.—Or, perhaps the passage (as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes) may mean—*He is return'd* in effect, having sent *his opinions*, *i.e.* the opinions of divines, &c. collected by him. Mr. Rowe altered these lines as follows;

'He is return'd *with* his opinions, which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Gather'd from all *the* famous colleges
Almost in Christendom.'" STEEVENS.

P. 533. (88) "*papers?*"

The folio has "Paper."—Compare, p. 534, "*Papers* of state he sent me to peruse."

P. 533. (89) "*You he bade*"

Hanmer printed "And *you he bade;*" Capell, "*You*, my lord, *he bade.*"

P. 533. (90) "*There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen!*"

Walker would read "——*Bullen!* Bullen!"—"for the line of nine syllables is alien to Shakespeare." *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 78.—Hanmer gave "*There's more in* it *than* a *fair visage.—Bullen!*" and, since his day, the line has been less violently altered to "*There* is *more in* it *than fair visage.—Bullen!*"

P. 534. (91) "*Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts*"

Rowe printed "——*and* then *anon he casts.*"—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "*Strikes his breast hard and* oft; *anon he casts.*"

P. 535. (92) "*And fix'd on spiritual objects,*"

So the fourth folio.—The first folio has "*And fixt on Spirituall* obiect."—"*Objects*, surely; unless, indeed, *object* had then some meaning with which we are not now acquainted." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 264.

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P. 535. (93) "*spiritual leisure*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*spiritual* labour,"—most erroneously. See Glossary, in "*Leisure.*"

P. 536. (94) "*Yet fil'd with my abilities:*"

i. e. "have gone an equal pace with my abilities." JOHNSON.—The folio has "*Yet* fill'd *with*," &c.

Here, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, 1858, Mr. Collier writes as follows; "Every old copy has 'fill'd,' which modern editors have, as it were, conspired to consider a misprint. The Rev. Mr. Dyce ('Remarks,' p. 139) blames us for having no note upon it in our first edition; but the fact is, that we always avoid notes, when the sense is plain enough without them. What Wolsey means to say is, that his endeavours had always come too short of the measure of his desires, although that measure had been filled to the best of his abilities. Why are we to alter the reading of the folios, and change 'fill'd' to *fil'd*, when 'fill'd' answers the purpose much better? Sense can hardly be made out of *filed*, and the figure is lost." Here Mr. Collier *expressly states* that "I blamed him for having no note upon 'fill'd,'" and *insinuates* that I did *not* blame him for retaining that misprint:—but let us test Mr. Collier's statement and insinuation by the very words in my *Remarks*, &c. to which he refers;

"On this passage Mr. Collier has no note, having blindly adopted the reading of the folios; which is so obviously wrong, that when the other modern editors corrected it to 'fil'd,' they [Capell excepted] did not even mention the original misprint. Richardson, in his excellent *Dictionary*, cites the present passage as the first example of the verb *File*.

"The misprint of '*fill'd*' for 'fil'd' is a common one. Where the first quarto of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money* has rightly

> 'Who taught you manners and apt carriage,
> To rank yourselves? who *fil'd* you in fit taverns?'
>
> (Act iii. sc. 4.)

the second quarto and the folio have 'filled.'"

P. 536. (95) "*I do profess*
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be,—
Though all the world," &c.

The folio has no point after "*and will be.*"—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 181) observes; "If there be no other corruption, the period after '*be*' ought to be replaced by a comma; otherwise the words appear unintelligible. Even so, however, this will be a most harsh instance of ἀνακολουθία. But I rather think that a line is lost, somewhat to the following effect;

"*that* I *am, have, and will be,*
[In heart and act, tied to your service; yea,]
Though all the world should," &c.—

Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 187) says that all is made "congruous and clear," if we read

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"*More than mine own: that* I *am* true, *and will be,*
Though all the world," &c.—

Dr. Badham (*Cambridge Essays*, vol. for 1856, p. 288) proposes to read

"*More than mine own; that am* your slave, *and will be,*" &c.—

Mr. Collier, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, 1858, prints

"*More than mine own: that* aim I *have, and will.*"

"*i.e.*" he says, "and will have."—But though this speech would certainly seem to be *mutilated*, I do not believe that it is *corrupted*. I cannot see the slightest reason for supposing that any error lies in the words "*am, have, and will be*" (*i.e.* am, have been, and will be): a similar ellipsis occurs in the preceding speech of the Cardinal;

"Which ever *has* and ever *shall be* growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it."

Compare too *Othello*, act iv. sc. 1;

"Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He *hath*, and *is* again *to cope* your wife."—

In the present state of the text (for we can now never hope to recover the lost line or lines), all that an editor ought to do here is to put a comma and a dash after "*that am, have, and will be,*" as if there were an anacoluthon occasioned by the agitation of the speaker.

P. 538. (96) "*disgrace,*"

The folio has "Disgraces."

P. 538. (97) "*letters-patents:*"

Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier print "*letters* patent:" but the folio is right, according to the phraseology of Shakespeare's time: and compare *Richard II.* vol. iv. pp. 128, 138.

P. 539. (98)

"*If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you*
You have as little honesty as honour;
That I in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies."

The "*I*" in the third line was inserted by Theobald.—"This unnecessary emendation [Theobald's] has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. The construction is, 'I, that dare mate a sounder man than Surrey, tell you, you have as little honesty as honour.'" MALONE. (What nonsense!)—"A line is assuredly lost;

'*I should tell you*
You have as little honesty as honour,
[To rail in such irreverent wise on me,]
That in the way of loyalty,' &c.

'*Honesty*' is 'decency.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 182.

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P. 539. (99) "*Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,*—"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "Whom *if he liue*," &c.; and so perhaps the author wrote here: but it is one of those passages in which I do not venture to retain "whom."

P. 540. (100) "*Cassalis*,"

The folio has "Cassado."

P. 540. (101) "*to*"

An interpolation?

P. 541. (102) "*legatine*,"

The folio has "Legatiue." (The later folios have "Legantive" and "Legantine.")

P. 541. (103) "*into*"

Qy. "in [*i.e.* into]," —as Pope gave?

P. 541. (104) "*Chattels*,"

The folio has "Castles."

P. 541. (105) "*this is my charge.*"

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 86) thinks that we ought to print "this' *my charge*,"—"this'" being the contraction of "this is," which the folio has in *Measure for Measure*, act v. sc. 1.

P. 541. (106) "*Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!*"

The punctuation in the folio is "Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatnesse;" which Mr. Hunter (*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 108) would retain, interpreting the line thus; "Norfolk has said, in a strain of light familiarity [rather, of deep insult], 'So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal;' Wolsey says, taking up the words Norfolk had used, 'So *farewell* to the *little good* you bear me:' when, the conviction of his lost estate flashing across his mind, he proceeds, 'Farewell,'—did I say 'Farewell?' did I repeat the word after the man?—Yes, it is too surely so—'a long farewell to all my greatness!'" But no such recondite meaning was intended here by the author:—it is certain, 1st, that in the folio the interrogation-point is frequently equivalent to an exclamation-point; 2dly, that in the folio the interrogation-point is sometimes found where it can have no place,—*e.g.*, thus, in an earlier speech of the present play (p. 492),

"No, my Lord?
You know no more then others? But you frame," &c.

P. 541. (107) "*hope;*"

The folio has "hopes."

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P. 541. (108) "*This*"

"These"?

P. 542. (109)

"*There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,*
That sweet aspéct of princes, and their ruin,"

Pope printed

". . . . . .
That sweet aspect of princes, and our *ruin;*"

Hanmer,

"*There is betwixt that smile* he *would aspire to,*
That sweet aspect of princes and his *ruin;*"

and Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 148) says, "I suspect [we should read] '*his.*'"—Capell adopts Hanmer's "he,"—"but not his change in the next line, *his* for '*their*,' '*their*' referring to '*princes*,' and '*their ruin*' meaning—ruin they bring." *Notes*, &c. vol. i. P. ii. p. 90. So, too, Malone understands "*their ruin*" to mean "their displeasure, producing the downfall and *ruin* of him on whom it lights:" and compare the expressions "*their wrongs*" and "*their punishment*," cited and explained by me in note 131 on *The Tempest;* also an earlier passage of the present play, p. 511, "And free us from *his slavery*," i. e. the slavery imposed on us by Wolsey.

P. 543. (110) "'*em!*—"

The folio has "him."

P. 544. (111) "*So are you.*"

Pope gave "And *so are you*,"—rightly, perhaps.

P. 545. (112) "*royal*"

See note 75 on *The Sec. Part of King Henry IV.*

P. 545. (113) "*Kimbolton*,"

The folio has "Kymmalton."—Corrected in the third folio.

P. 545. (114)

"Sec. Gent. *Alas, good lady!*— [Trumpets.
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming."

After these words the folio has a stage-direction, "*Ho-boyes;*" which seems to have crept in from the prompter's book, and refers, I suppose, to the "hautboys" which were presently to accompany the singing of the Choristers.

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P. 546. (115) "her hair"

The folio has "*in* her haire" (an error occasioned by the immediately preceding "*in* her robe").

P. 546. (116) "*That should*"

Hanmer printed "The next *should*;" and Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 183) proposes "*That* lord *should*."

P. 547. (117) "*of*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 183) is inclined to *dele* this word.

P. 547. (118)

"First Gent. *It is; and all the rest are countesses.*

. . . . . .

First Gent. *God save you, sir! where have you been broiling?*"

Here I follow the arrangement proposed by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* vol. iii. p. 184).—The folio distributes these speeches thus;

"1 It is, and all the rest are Countesses.
2 Their Coronets say so. These are Starres indeed,
And sometimes falling ones.
2 No more of that.
Enter a third Gentleman.
1 God saue you Sir. Where haue you bin broiling?"

In the last speech Walker (*Id. ibid.*) conjectures "—— *sir!* why, *where*," &c. —The insertions of the earlier editors are "—— *sir!* say *where*," &c., and "—— *sir!* and *where*," &c.

P. 547. (119) "*I am stifled*"

"Read '*I' am* stifled;' '*stifled*' is a trisyllable." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 185.

P. 548. (120) "*So strangely in one piece.*
Sec. Gent. *But, what follow'd?*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 185) would read "*So strangely* into *one piece*."—Pope gave "*But*, pray, *what follow'd?*"

P. 548. (121) "*Sir*," &c.

Capell printed "Good *sir*," &c.—(In the Varior. I find

"*Sir, you*
Must no more call it York-place, that is past;"

which I do not believe Shakespeare wrote.)

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P. 549. (122) "*ye*"

Qy. repeated by mistake from the preceding line?

P. 549. (123) "*think*"

The folio has "thanke."—Corrected in the second folio.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom prefers "thought."

P. 549. (124) "*covent*,"

See note 146 on *Measure for Measure*.

P. 550. (125) "*Tith'd*"

So Hanmer.—The folio has "Ty'de."

P. 550. (126) "*is now*,"

Has been altered to "now is,"—rightly perhaps.

P. 551. (127) "*the good that did it*;"

Is explained to mean "the goodness that founded it."—Pope printed "*the good* he *did it*."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*the good* man *did it*."—Mr. Staunton boldly substitutes "*the good that* rear'd *it*."

P. 552. (128) "*colour*?"

So Singer; and so Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 186); nor can there be a doubt that it is the genuine reading.—The folio has "cold."

P. 554. (129) "*they are the poorest*,"

"Surely, 'they are *o' th'* poorest'," says Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 187).

P. 554. (130) "*able*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 187) proposes "abler."

P. 554. (131) "*Say his long trouble now is passing*"

A mutilated line, but not easily to be repaired. Pope printed "And tell him, *his long trouble now is passing*:" Capell, "*Say, his long trouble now is passing* from him."

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P. 556. (132) "*he's*"

The folio has "is."

P. 556. (133) "*time*"

The folio has "Lime."—Corrected in the fourth folio.

P. 556. (134) "*no more to-night;*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 189) queries "*no more* with you *to-night.*"

P. 558. (135) "*you a brother of us,*" &c.

i.e., says Johnson, "you being one of the council, it is necessary to imprison you, that the witnesses against you may not be deterred."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "to *a brother of us,*" &c.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom thinks that some words have dropt out here.

P. 559. (136) "*precipice*"

The folio has "Precepit."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 559. (137) "*woo*"

The folio has "woe."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 562. (138) "[Exeunt.

THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER," &c.

The folio has "A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed vnder the State. Enter Lord Chancellour," &c.—"This," says Mr. Collier, "is not to be considered a new scene," &c.: but most assuredly Shakespeare intended that his audience should *suppose* a change of scene here,—a change from the Lobby before the Council-chamber to the interior of the Council-chamber.)

P. 562. (139) "*concerns*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "'cerns;" comparing "Why, sir, what '*cerns* it you if I wear pearl and gold?" *The Taming of the Shrew*, act v. sc. 1.

P. 562. (140) "*In our own natures frail, and capable*
Of our flesh; few are angels:"

"If this passage means any thing, it may mean 'few are perfect, while they remain in their mortal capacity,' *i.e.* while they are capable [in a condition]

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of being invested with flesh." STEEVENS.—"'*Capable of our flesh*' may mean 'susceptible of fleshly temptations.'" STAUNTON.—Malone printed

"*In our own natures frail*, incapable;
Of our flesh, few are angels."—

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector and Mason, each with a different punctuation, would alter "*capable*" to "culpable" (a reading "originally proposed by Theobald: see Nichols's *Illustrations*, vol. ii. p. 468." STAUNTON).

P. 563. (141) "*A man that more detests, more stirs against*,"

Mr. Collier prints, with his Ms. Corrector, "——*more* strives *against*:" but he probably would have allowed the old reading to remain, if he had recollected the following passage in *Richard II.* act i. sc. 2;

"Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's blood
Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,
To *stir against* the butchers of his life!"

(where, by the by, the Ms. Corrector, rather inconsistently, makes no change.)

P. 563. (142) "*the*"

Was rightly substituted by Rowe and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector for "a" of the folio.

P. 564. (143) "Chan. *This is too much*;"

To the present speech, and to the next three speeches of the Chancellor, the folio prefixes "*Cham.*"—Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 86) would read "This' *too much*." See note 105.

P. 566. (144) "*To hear such flatteries* . . . . .
They are too thin and bare"

Here the folio has "flattery" instead of "*flatteries*," and "base" instead of "*bare*." The first of these errors was corrected by Pope: the correction of the second was proposed by Malone (who is pleased to deny that "flattery" is an error, and refers the "*They*" of the next line to "*commendations*").

P. 566. (145) "*Than but once think this place becomes thee not*."

So the fourth folio.—The first folio has "——*thinke* his *place*," &c.,—which Malone brings back into the text, and explains—"Who dares to suppose that the place or situation in which he is, is not suitable to thee also?"—forgetting, it would seem, the previous stage-direction (p. 562) about the "*seat being left void*" for the Archbishop of Canterbury, and that Cranmer has just taken that "seat" or "place" at the bidding of the king,—"Good man, *sit down*."—(The misprint of "his" for "*this*" (as I have shown in my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 142) is of frequent occurrence.)

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P. 567. (146) "*That is*,"

Which Rowe altered to "There *is*," means, says Malone, "My suit is:" but I suspect that Rowe's alteration is right.

P. 567. (147) "*heart*:"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "hearts."

P. 567. (148) "*Parish-garden?*"

In my former edition I printed (with the fourth folio) "Paris-*garden*," remarking; "The folio has 'Parish *Garden*,'—which, as a vulgar corruption, might suit the Porter: but if we retain it, we must also presently retain 'Powles.'" In opposition to which remark, Mr. Grant White observes that "Paris Garden was called Parish Garden by people of the Porter's class;" and that "The folio, as in numerous other instances, has '*Powle's*:' but this is a mere phonographic irregularity, not a characteristic vulgarism like 'Parish' above."

P. 568. (149) "*Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;*
And that I would not for a cow, God save her!"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads

"*Let me ne'er hope to see a* queen *again;*
And that I would not for a crown, *God save her!*"

"which," observes a critic in *Blackwood's Magazine* for Sept. 1853, p. 318, "is certainly entitled to consideration; but it is quite possible that the Porter's Man's language, being that of a clown, may be designedly nonsensical." —Qy. are we to understand that the Porter's Man was "a huge feeder,"—resembling in that respect the Guard, who were notorious for their consumption of beef? Cowley, in one of his early poems, says,

"And *chines of beef* innumerable send me,
Or from *the stomach of the Guard* defend me."
The Wish,—Works, vol. iii. p. 44, ed. 1708.—

1864. "When Collier's Ms. Corrector altered '*chine*' to '*queen*,' he seems to have been confounding in his memory the christening procession of the next scene with the coronation procession of act iv. sc. 1." W. N. LETTSOM.—"The expression, 'my cow, God save her!' or 'my mare, God save her!' or 'my sow, God bless her!' appears to have been proverbial; thus, in Greene and Lodge's *Looking Glasse for London*, 1598, 'my blind mare, God bless her!'" STAUNTON.—A writer in *The Literary Gazette* for January 25, 1862, p. 95, says; "The concluding word '*her*,' in the altered passage [*i.e.* the passage as altered by Collier's Ms. Corrector], of course refers to '*queen*,' whereas in the ordinary reading it can only refer to '*cow*.' Plausible as the alteration seems, its value is entirely annihilated by the fact, for the communication of which we are indebted to a Devonshire correspondent, that a phrase evidently identical with that used by Shakespeare (or Fletcher), in the passage in question, exists and is in use to this day in the South of England. 'Oh! I would not do that for a cow, save her tail,' may still be heard in the mouths of the vulgar in Devonshire. This coincidence of expression

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leaves no doubt that the genuine reading is '*cow*,' not '*crown*;' and the porter's man was thinking of a chine of beef, an object much dearer to his eyes than a queen."

P. 569. (150) "*with*"

So Pope and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "to" (an accidental repetition from "*to* the broomstaff").

P. 570. (151)

"*You i' the camlet,*
Get up o' the rail: I'll pick you o'er the pales else!"

Mason would read "*Get up* off *the rail*," or "*Get* off *the rail*."—Here the folio has "*Ile* pecke *you*," &c.; but in *Coriolanus*, act i. sc. 1, it has

"As I could *picke* my Lance."

Mr. Knight prints, by the advice of a friend, "*I'll pick you o'er the* pates *else*,"—which supposes that the intruder "i' the camlet" was furnished with more heads than one.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*I'll* peck *you o'er the* poll *else*."

In the speeches throughout this scene which now stand as prose there are such traces of metre as might lead us to suspect that the author originally intended them for verse: but that they will not admit of a satisfactory metrical arrangement may be seen in Capell's edition.

P. 571. (152) "*Saba*"

Here the name of Solomon's royal guest has been improperly altered to "Sheba." Compare Marlowe;

"Be she as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as *Saba*, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall."
Doctor Faustus,—*Works*, p. 87, ed. Dyce, 1858.

and Peele;

"Diana for her dainty life, Susanna being sad,
Sage *Saba* for her soberness," &c.
Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes,—*Works*, p. 529, ed. Dyce, 1861.

and William Gager, in a copy of Latin verses addressed to Queen Elizabeth (hitherto, I believe, unpublished);

"Deservit Cassandra tibi; te *Saba* salutat," &c.

and (as Mr. Grant White observes) both in the Septuagint and in the Vulgate she is called *Saba*.

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P. 571. (153) "*ways*"

The folio has "way."—Corrected in the fourth folio. (In this line Mr. Collier proposes "tread" instead of "*read*,"—an alteration forbidden by the context,—"*From her*.")

P. 572. (154) "*To*"

Qy. "Unto"?

P. 572. (155) "*And your good brethren*,"

The folio has "*And* you *good Brethren*."—Corrected by Thirlby.

END OF VOLUME FIFTH.

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